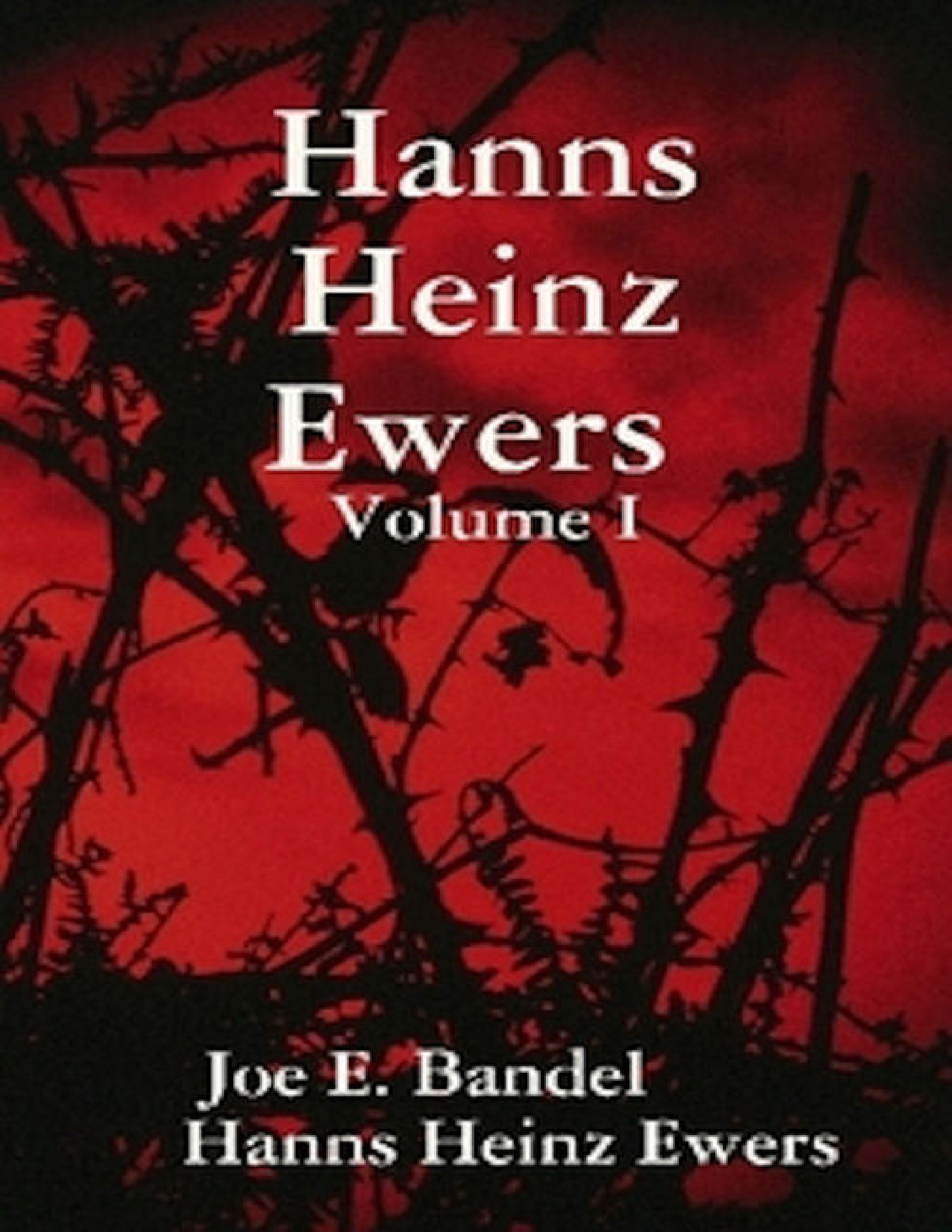
Hanns
Heinz
Ewers
Volume I
Joe E. Bandel
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Hanns Heinz Ewers Volume I

By
Hanns Heinz Ewers

Translated by Joe E. Bandel
Joe E. Bandel

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This book is dedicated to my children and step-children., Lyssa, Crystal, Whitney, Dylan, Sarah and Jason. Dreams can come true. Even if it is four pages at a time. Don’t ever give up!

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Alraune 1911
Der gekreuzigte Tannhäuser 1901
Die Knopfsammlung 1902
Delphi 1904
Die blauen Indianer 1908
Die Spinne 1908
Der Tod des Barons Jesus Maria von Friedel 1908
Mein Begräbnis 1910
Anthropoovaropartus 1910
Die Kurve 1910
Bibelbilli 1910
Meine Mutter, die Hex 1922

HANNS HEINZ EWERS VOLUME I

HANNS HEINZ EWERS

HANNS HEINZ EWERS AND THE NATION OF CULTURE

THE SPIDER

THE CRUCIFIED MINSTREL

DELPHI

THE CURVE

MY BURIAL

ANTHROPOOVAROPARTUS

THE DEATH OF BARON JESUS MARIA VON FRIEDEL

THE BUTTON COLLECTION

BIBLE BILLY

THE BLUE INDIANS

MY MOTHER THE WITCH

INTOXICATION AND ART

EDGAR ALLEN POE

Hanns Heinz Ewers

Hanns Heinz Ewers was born in Düsseldorf Germany on 3 November 1871. Both of his parents were artists. His father was a painter and a singer. His mother was a painter and a gifted storyteller. He, himself, was a writer, poet, playwright, filmmaker and comedian.

His film, The Student of Prague, was the first film ever to make use of a double. His most famous novel, Alraune, has been translated into twenty languages and made into a film five times. He is mostly known as a horror writer in the tradition of Edgar Allan Poe.

Why then have most people not heard of him?

The easy answer is that he was a strong supporter of German nationalism during the Second World War even though he was also a strong supporter of the Jewish cause as well. In the end Ewers books were banned in Nazi Germany and he died in 1943 persona non grata in poverty.

After the war his Nazi affiliation caused his literary works to be shunned and he has been largely forgotten.

This is the easy answer. The harder and more accurate answer is very complex because he was a very complex person. As I translate more of his material I will try to find more answers to the life of this very interesting person as well.

Hanns Heinz Ewers and the Nation of Culture

In the translation work I've done so far some of the most striking things are Hanns Heinz Ewers references to a Nation of Culture that stands over all nations, all races and all religions. It has its own citizens, government and laws. It alone is worthy of the artist's love, loyalty and creativity.

How did this sacred dream erode into obsessive German nationalism?

It is generally accepted that most of his work is autobiographical in nature. Hidden within his stories we can find glimpses into his worldview and into his world. This question has puzzled me and I've come to a rather startling conclusion.

Hanns Heinz Ewers was interested in the occult at an early age. What does this mean? What occult? What did he study? While we may never know the answers completely, we can shed some light on the world in which he lived.

But first it is worth mentioning the three stages or degrees of occultism in general that comprise the Western Mystery Tradition. The first stage is spiritual work as you attempt to connect with your Higher Self or Holy Guardian Angel as it was sometimes called. It is called the mystical path as well.

The second stage was the integration of the Shadow and connection with the earth. It is at this stage a person's fears and demons are confronted and subdued. This is called the magickal path. It is a path of personal empowerment.

The third stage is group energy work. While the first two stages might be solitary this third stage is never solitary. This is called the Path of Freemasonry or Rosicrucianism. It involves linking with others in some type of hierarchy for a common purpose.

Ewers like Crowley sought personal empowerment rather than service to others. His shadow aspect shines much more strongly than his spiritual side, but they are both there, as well as his longing to belong, to belong to a Nation of Culture.

In **My Mother the Witch** we see that he is firmly an advocate of the Western Mystery Tradition and does not think much of the movement to embrace Eastern thought like the Theosophists were doing.

The blissful public runs to all these swindlers and enlightened congregations, yet becomes deeply offended when you ask them to believe in witches. They will gladly wrap a sacred Indian cloak around themselves without feeling how strange and unsuited the Indian teachings are to the West.

They don't have the slightest idea that the small grain of truth that does lay in these swindles is descended out of the Middle Ages. Let alone that the Middle Ages corrupted the wisdom of the Gnostics who in turn got it from the Chaldeans, the Babylonians and the Akkadians.

Mother knows all about these devil sects, the Gnostics, Manichaeins, Ophites, Marconists and Priscillians. She knows what they are called and even little things like how they celebrate the memories of their prophets and magicians. She knows their names, Irenaeus, Simon Magus, Apollonius, Valentinian, Marcus, Montanus and others. She knows them well enough to converse about them in Flaubert's own words.

In **The Eleven Thousand Virgins and the Four Holy Three Kings** we find the main character as a Rosicrucian Master deeply knowledgeable about the Early Christian Mysteries.

My truth radiates from the light of the old Rheinish Masters—When instructing people from California it is easy—I rummaged through all my knowledge, every possible long forgotten and fallen bit of information. I don't know if everything was right, if I had it all right, but in any case I was making an excellent impression on Finchen.

That is until I started talking about the Master of the Holy Family and St. Bartholomew's Altar. With Hawk eyes I referred to Stephen Lochner which contained difficult words in the Liesdorfer School of Speech. A museum attendant couldn't have done it more beautifully, only more correctly.

All I really knew was the fellow with the big hole in his leg was St. Rochas and the Lady with the tongs was St. Apollonia who suffered from a toothache. It was so well done that Finchen's regard for my knowledge climbed to an extraordinary degree.

I rushed from room to room as the Rosicrucian Master and the portly Bertha whose lover waited at the "Eternal Lamp" valiantly rushed along with.

In **The Sorcerer's Apprentice** we find a deep knowledge of Christian mysticism and some of its more bizarre practices.

Now consider that the Western Mystery Tradition, especially at that time before World War I was strictly initiatic. You learned through initiations. You did not learn through books that you found in your local bookstore or at the public library.

The Western Mystery Tradition was essentially Rosicrucianism, Freemasonry and Kabalistic studies. Of these Freemasonry was dominant. Someone was always claiming to have a new and higher degree to offer. Secret Orders and societies were everywhere. When you traveled to any place in the world you carried a letter of introduction and instructions on how to meet other Freemasons or Rosicrucians or whatever.

There were no certificates of initiation. The only proof was to know the correct tokens, gestures and passwords for the appropriate grade you belonged to.

The York Rite and the Scottish Rite dominated all of the others and the Grand Lodge was in France. The fastest a person could progress through the various degrees was one initiation per year if they were lucky and got the endorsements they needed.

To say that Hanns Heinz Ewers was a student of the occult and of the Western Mystery Tradition from an early age means that he was in all likely hood both a Rosicrucian and a Freemason, most likely a Scottish Rite Freemason. He was an initiate.

It is very likely as well that the Nation of Culture he speaks of is either the Rosicrucian Order or Freemasonry or both. They were both truly global, had their own laws and their own governments and were indeed nations of culture.

Here is what he said in the essay **Edgar Allan Poe**:

…Such art can no longer be dressed in nationalistic colors. First of all we need to realize that Poe's art was not for the people of America, but for the thin cultural layer whether it be German, Japanese, Latin or Jewish. We

all wish and believe that no artist creates just for his people but for the entire world.

Velazquez and Cervantes are as completely unknown to the large masses in Spain as the English writers, Shakespeare and Byron, the French Rabelais and Moliere or the Dutch Rembrandt and Ruben are.

The German people don't have the slightest idea who Goethe and Schiller were and have never even heard of Heine. We hear the small blunt questions of soldiers in the regiments, "Who was Bismark? Who was Goethe?" When will blissful blind trust finally open its eyes?

Entire worlds separate the people of culture in Germany from their fellow countrymen, which they see daily on the street. There is only water that separates them from the people of culture in America.

…The artist that tries to create for his people strives for the impossible neglecting something much more accessible and higher, to create for the entire world. Over the Germans, over the British, over the French stands a higher nation to create for, the Nation of Culture. It alone is worthy of the artist. The awareness of Poe is as solidly grounded there as Goethe but in a different, not as modern sense.

…Everything around me and everything that is beautiful on this earth is the sacred everlasting property of the Nation of Culture that stands above the masses. It is ruler. It is owner. The beauty does not speak to anyone else. Understand this command and dare to live. Edgar Allan Poe did.

Here is what he said in **Vampire**:

Was he International? No, that didn't feel right. There was a higher nation that stood over all peoples, with different citizens, higher, more chivalrous and greater. He called it the Nation of Culture. It belonged to everyone, towered over the masses. He knew it well, had found its citizens in all parts of the world. It existed, those people existed. There was certainly no doubt about it.

It was so near, you could almost reach out and touch it with your hands. That was yesterday. And today? It was gone, as if it had never existed! There were only Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen and they were all mutually killing each other.

The First World War did bring an end to many of the initiatory organizations that made up the Western Mystery Tradition. There were several efforts to revitalize them and save them but after World War II most of them were lost.

Of possible interest is John Yarker's Atient and Primitive Rite of Memphis-Misraim. This irregular branch of Speculative Masonry had temples and members around the world. It claimed to teach a more primitive type of masonry than the York or Scottish Rite. The Scottish Rite of course created by Albert Pike was highly kabalistic and supposedly predated the Masonry of the York Rite. Everyone wanted something more primitive. They wanted to go back further and further into the very birth of the human race. They wanted atavistic experiences.

Theodore Reuss combined the Scottish Rite along with the Antient and Primitive Rite of Memphis-Misraim and created the OTO. In America H, Spencer Lewis created the Rosicrucian Order AMORC after receiving the higher degrees of Memphis-Misraim. The story By Gary Stewart, former Imperator, goes that H. Spencer Lewis first met Theodore Reuss on a ship traveling from France to England. Theodore Reuss was travelling under the name A. Reuss and working as ship's steward. Could Theodore Reuss have been the mysterious Mr. R that tried to smuggle the Vampire script back to Germany? We may never know. It was a small circle of people that knew each other and trusted each other.

The higher levels of the Scottish Rite are about being beyond "Good and Evil". They teach the paradox of how life contains both in equal measure. The light and the dark must be balanced in ourselves and in the world as well. The Scottish Rite is also highly invested in directing the force of the masses in a conscious manner.

In the writings of Hanns Heinz Ewers we see ample evidence of his deliberately contrasting horror and spirituality, good and evil, male and female. In **Vampire** we also see a desire to learn how to manipulate the force of the people.

It would really be good if he could be over there, able to see, to feel, to experience the powerful ocean of the German masses, things that he could only see here in the raised beer glass. The immense power of suggestion, this delirious belief, on a hundred million people. Oh yes, now that could move mountains! That would be truly great! That would be beautiful!

In just the few stories that I've translated so far I see ample evidence that Hanns Heinz Ewers is knowledgeable in the higher concepts of Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism. That implies initiation!

Ewers was a known correspondent of Aleister Crowley. Two of his short stories appeared in Crowley's Equinox, The Box of Counters and The White Maiden. Crowley of course took over the OTO from Theodore Reuss. Both Crowley and Ewers lived in New York during the same time period. They were interested in many of the same things.

While Crowley credited his literary creativity to "Energized Enthusiasm" or tantric sex practices, Ewers credited his literary creativity to "Intoxication and Art". It is highly probable that both experimented with various means of attaining the "artistic ecstasy".

What I'm trying to create is an image of Hanns Heinz Ewers as a person that never let go of the dream of a Nation of Culture. It was probably the only dream he ever cared about. He most likely sought it through Rosicrucianism, Freemasonry, Antient and Primitive Rite of Memphis-Misraim or the OTO. There is no way to prove it. No records exist but he was familiar with their concepts..

Hitler's Germany banned Freemasonry and other occult organisations. Ewers somehow became enmeshed in the dream of the third Reich. Nazi Germany had its own organization. Here is what I think happened.

Dion Fortune tells us that occultism of the time believed that there was once a lost continent of Atlantis. That continent was destroyed in three stages over thousands of years. During that time three waves of refugees fled the continent and settled in various locations around the world.

The first wave landed in northern Europe where they founded the Celtic/Germanic shamanistic traditions. The second wave traveled to Asia where they founded the martial arts and Eastern Religions. The last wave traveled to Egypt and were called Hebrews. In this way the Germanic peoples, the Hebrew peoples and the Asian peoples were genetically linked through their Atlantean ancestors.

Ewers was always sympathetic to the Jewish cause and thought them equals to the Germanic races. The central core of the Western Mystery Traditions was the Jewish Kabalah. Nazi Germany allied with Japan.

The Antient and Primitive Rite of Memphis-Misraim moved beyond the Kabalah and began to explore the Germanic and Nordic Mysteries as well. There were studies of the Runes and their hidden meanings. The OTO had already explored the mysteries of sex magick. The mysteries of blood and soil still remained, the Germanic mysteries.

It is my belief that Hanns Heinz Ewers and others explored these mysteries of “Blood and Soil” and created an entirely new variant of Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism based upon their own studies and research. Ewers explored Voodoo and blood rites in different parts of the world and had high contacts within the Third Reich.

Contrary to popular opinion Nazi Germany studied all religions, all sciences, all spiritual traditions and synthesized them into something new, something that did not exist before. It did not believe in a return to the old ways but something new, something that had never been done before.

This “Ultimate Freemasonry” was to belong to all those genetically descended out of Atlantis including the Asians and Jews. Its teachings and principles were integrated into the military structure of the third Reich. A strong part of it was “nationalism”. For Ewers this “Ultimate Freemasonry” would recreate the Nation of Culture on a higher level than it had ever existed before. It was a dream of world culture brought about by this new brand of “Ultimate Freemasonry”. This is why he became such a devoted German nationalist!

While this is speculative, Ewers did strive to use his influence to foster German nationalism, patriotism, blood and soil. He was deliberately using his psychological insights to get the German masses behind the Third Reich. He was trying to sway the masses as only he could do.

The human brain once expanded can not return to its smaller perspective. The only rational explanation of such German nationalism is to see it in terms of his life long dream of a Nation of Culture. Somehow, someway, he viewed the Third Reich as having the ability to bring about such a Nation of Culture. Why couldn’t it be through a “Ultimate Freemasonry”? Why couldn’t it be through a Freemasonry of “Blood and Soil”!

Unfortunately once this new “Ultimate Freemasonry” was embedded within the structure of the Third Reich its creators were no longer needed. There was no place for “tainted blood” and Jewish sympathizers. What began as a glorious dream ended as the world’s worst nightmare. Ewers and others were removed from positions of power and influence and either killed or left to die in poverty. This started by 1934. It became a witch-hunt for those that were not blond and blue eyed. The concept of Aryan no longer meant from Atlantis but much more closer to home, from Germany itself. Ewers decadent lifestyle was the public reason for the banning of his books.

After 1938 he spent time and money helping German Jews get visas and leave the country. He was no longer supporting the Third Reich. He was not allowed to publish anything.

Is there any truth to this alternate version of history? Did Nazi Germany have an “Ultimate Freemasonry”? Can we find “Blood and Soil” teachings hidden within the gruesome horror stories of Hanns Heinz Ewers? Can his stories help us to confront our own dark shadows?

All I know is that he stirs things up inside me and I don’t really understand why. I don’t believe that he went insane at the end of his life as a raving German nationalist. I think much can be learned about his attempt at social manipulation in his later works. I think much can be learned about “Blood and Soil”. He knew what strings to pull to move public opinion. Those strings deserve to be studied.

Today many occultists have continued to unearth the primitive “Blood and Soil” practices of our Germanic and Nordic ancestors. Rune magick is becoming popular as people of Nordic and Germanic descent try to get back to their roots.

-Joe E. Bandel

The Spider

Three people had hung themselves in the window of room #7 in the little hotel Stevens on three successive Fridays when medical student Richard Brocquemont resolved to move in.

The first was a Swiss travelling salesman. They found his body Saturday evening. The doctor determined that his death must have occurred between five and six o'clock on Friday evening. The corpse hung on a strong hook that had been driven into the crossbar of the window serving as a place to hang clothes. The window was closed; the deceased had used the curtain cord as a noose. Because the window was very low his legs lay on the floor with his knees almost touching as well. A strong will or purpose must have certainly driven the suicide.

It was further determined that he was married and the father of four children. He had a good job, a cheerful disposition and was always an entertaining character to be around. There was nothing found on his body, not even a note. Yet no one had ever heard him mention anything that would indicate a reason for his suicide.

The second case was not much different. The performer Karl Krause had been hired as a cyclist stuntman for the nearby Médrano circus. He moved into room #7 two days later. When he didn't show for the performance that Friday the director sent a show attendant to the hotel. He found the performer in the open room hanging from the crossbar of the window.

All of the details were the same in both cases. This suicide appeared no less mysterious. The popular performer received a high wage and everything he needed. He was a young man, twenty-five years old, his life was in full bloom and he enjoyed it. In this case as well there was no note, no insidious remark that might have hinted at a reason for the suicide. He was survived by his old mother to whom he had punctually sent 300 Marks on the first of every month for her care and livelihood.

For Mrs. Dubonnet, the owner of the reasonable little hotel, most of her clients were from the nearby Montmartre vaudeville troop. This second strange death in one of her rooms had very unpleasant consequences. Soon these guests left and the regular ones didn't come back.

She turned to her personal friend, the commissioner of the 9th Precinct. He told her that he would do everything in his power to help her. He not only investigated the suicides of both hotel guests; he also placed an officer in the room at her disposal.

Charles-Maria Chaumié volunteered for the job of his own free will. He was an old "Marsouin", marine infantryman, with eleven years of service, had been a sergeant at Tonkin and Annam. He had spent many nights at lonely posts, shot greetings from out of the bushes at sneaking, cowardly river pirates. He appeared completely suitable to confront the "ghost" of Rue Alfred Stevens that everyone was talking about.

The room was prepared for him and he moved in on Sunday evening, then lay down to sleep very contented after the meal and drinks the worthy Mrs. Dubonnet had so amply provided. Every morning and evening Chaumié went to the police precinct to make his report. In the first days these were very limited. He explained that he had not noticed much to report.

Wednesday, on the other hand, he believed he had found a clue. When pressed to say more, he pleaded to be silent just a little while longer. He had no idea whether what he had discovered really had anything at all to do with the deaths of the two people in any way and was afraid that he would be made fun of and laughed at.

On Thursday his behavior was a little uncertain, yet serious. He had nothing further to report. On Friday morning he was considerably excited. He indicated half laughing, half-serious that the window, in any case, had a strange power of attraction. Nevertheless he would continue to stay there, it was absolutely in no way connected with the suicides and that people would only laugh at him if he said anymore.

He didn't come to the precinct that evening. They found him hanging on the hook of the window crossbar. Here too all the evidence was the same as in the other cases down to the last detail, the legs dangling off the floor, the curtain cord used as a noose. The window was shut, the door unlocked. The death occurred around six o'clock in the evening. The mouth of the deceased was open with the tongue hanging out.

This third death in room #7 had very serious consequences, that same day each and every guest left hotel Stevens with the exception of the German schoolteacher in room #16. He used the opportunity to lower his rent to a third of what he had been paying.

It was a small consolation for Mrs. Dubonnet when Mary Garden, star of the opera, *Comique*, drove up in her Renault one day and bargained for the red curtain cord. She got it for 200 Francs only because she had seen them in the newspaper by luck. If these things had happened in the summer, in July or August, Mrs. Dubonnet would have gotten three times as much for her curtain cord. Entire sections of the paper would have been filled for weeks with this stuff. But this season was filled with Wahlen, Morocco, Persia, the bank crash in New York and not less than three important political affairs.

Really, you scarcely knew how to get to the place from the papers. The result was that the affair at Rue Alfred Stevens was not talked about as much as it should have been. Further, the articles were taken from the police reports, concise, short, objective and fairly free from exaggeration.

These articles were the only things that medical student Richard Bracquemont knew of the matter. There was one other little fact that he didn't know; it appeared so immaterial that neither the commissioner nor any of the eyewitnesses had told the reporters about it. It only came out later after the adventure of the medical student, and then they remembered it.

It was simply that when the police took the corpse of Sergeant Charles-Maria Chaumnié down from the window crossbar a large black spider crawled out of his open mouth. The hotel servant flicked it away with his finger.

"Phui," he cried. "That's a big devil!"

Later in the investigation, the one of Bracquemont, a witness said that as they took down the corpse of the Swiss travelling salesman a similar spider had been seen running across the dead man's shoulder.

But Richard Bracquemont knew nothing of that. He took the room two weeks after the last suicide on a Sunday. Then he scrupulously wrote down what he experienced there in his journal.

The Journal of medical student Richard Bracquemont

Monday 28 February

I moved in here yesterday evening. I unpacked my two suitcases, put my things in order a little, and then I went to bed. I had an excellent sleep and woke up at exactly nine o'clock by someone knocking on my door. It was the owner, herself, bringing me breakfast. She was concerned for me, you could tell by the eggs, the bacon and the excellent coffee that she brought me. Then I washed up, dressed and watched as a maid made up the room. After that I smoked my pipe.

Well, now I'm here. I know very well that this may be dangerous but I also know that if successful I will have it made. Once you could find a reasonably priced meal in Paris but no more today! Indeed it is well worth it to set aside this bit of my life for play. This is my chance and I will take it.

By the way, there were others with the same idea that found out about it. Not less than twenty-seven people have tried, have appealed to the police and to the landlady to get the room. In addition there were three ladies downstairs as well. That was more than enough competition, they were probably all poor devils like myself.

But I got the job. Why? Ah, I was probably the only one there that could give the police a plan! Naturally it was a bluff.

Yes, these reports are most decidedly for the police and they are fun for me as well. Right at the beginning I want to say I played a little trick on them. If the commissioner is sensible he will read this and say, "Hmm, straight to the point. It appears that Bracquemont is just what we need!"

I don't really care what he says when he reads this later. But right now I'm sitting here and it appears to be a good omen to begin by telling how I so thoroughly bluffed these gentlemen.

First I went to Mrs. Dubonnet, she sent me to the police precinct. I loitered around there every day for an entire week, my offer was always "being considered". I was always told that I should come back again the next morning. Most of my competitors had long since given up, had something better to do than wait for hours in the musty guardroom. The commissioner was getting annoyed over my stubbornness. Finally he categorically told me that there was no need for me to keep coming back. He thanked me like he had all the others for my good will, but said they had absolutely no use for "dilettante laymen". Now if I only had some kind of operations plan worked out-

That’s when I told him that I did have such a plan. Naturally I didn’t have one and couldn’t explain a word of it to him, but I told him that my plan was a good one even if a bit dangerous and could indeed find the solution. Unlike the activity of his officer, I would not keep information to myself and deliver any relevant information to him personally.

He thanked me again and was about to dismiss me when he asked if I couldn’t give him a little hint of what my plan was. I knew I was in way over my head, so I told him a bunch of blooming nonsense that I made up on the spot. I don’t know where all of these strange thoughts suddenly came from.

I told him that of all the hours of the week there was one with a strange mysterious influence. That was the hour that Christ vanished from his tomb and descended into hell. It was six o’clock in the evening of the last day of the Jewish week. I reminded him that it was during this hour on Friday between five and six o’clock that all three of the suicides had occurred. I couldn’t tell him any more than that right then, but hinted he might refer to the Revelations of St. John. The commissioner made a face as if he knew what I was talking about, thanked me and ordered me to come back in the evening.

I stepped punctually into his office. Before him on the table I saw the New Testament lying open. Earlier I, like him, had been reading through Revelations and hadn’t understood a single syllable of it. Perhaps the commissioner was more intelligent than I was; in any case he was very obliging and told me that despite my very vague hints he believed he understood what I meant to do. He was prepared to let me go forward with my wishes and give me any help I might need.

I must acknowledge that he has been very helpful to me. He made the arrangement with the landlady, so that during the duration of my stay at the hotel everything would be free. He gave me an excellent revolver and a police whistle. The patrolmen on duty have been directed to go through Rue Alfred Stevens often and come to my aid at the slightest sign of trouble. But the most important thing is that he had a telephone installed in the room with which I could stay in direct contact with the police precinct. It is scarcely four minutes away and I can have help quickly at any time. With all of these things I have no reason to be afraid.

Tuesday 1 March

Nothing happened either yesterday or today. Mrs. Dubonnet had a new curtain cord brought in from a different room. The window has stood empty long enough. She uses any opportunity at all to check in on me. Each time she brings something else along.

I still have nothing to relate in regards to the cause of the suicides, but nothing new has happened. Mrs. Dubonnet has her own opinion. She believes that what happened with the performer was due to an unlucky love affair. A young lady had been coming to visit him this past year but Mrs. Dubonnet had not seen her anymore lately. She didn't really know what led to the traveling salesman's resolve. She couldn't know everything. But the sergeant had most certainly committed suicide just to make her mad!

I must say that this explanation by Mrs. Dubonnet seems a little inadequate. But I keep quiet and let her chatter, after all, she breaks up my boredom.

Thursday 3 March

Still nothing at all, like always. The commissioner calls a few times every day. I tell him that everything is going excellently with me. It is obvious that he is not entirely satisfied with this information. I've sent for my books on medicine and can study them now. My voluntary imprisonment will serve a purpose in any case.

Friday 4 March, two o'clock in the afternoon

I had an excellent lunch at noon; my hostess brought me half a bottle of champagne to go along with it. It was truly a condemned man's last meal. She considers me already three-quarters dead. Before she left, she cried and begged me to go with her. She was afraid that I would hang myself "just to make her mad!".

I have made an exhaustive examination of the curtain cord. Will I hang myself with it? Hmm, I feel little inclination to do so. The cord is coarse and hard, pulls very poorly in the noose. I would really have to try hard to follow the examples of the others.

Now I’m sitting at my desk, on my left is the telephone, on my right lies the revolver. I am not at all afraid, but I am curious.

Six o’clock in the evening

Nothing has happened, except what I’ve already written. Unfortunately! The fateful hour has come and gone. It was like all the others. Well, really I can’t lie. Several times I did feel the compulsion to go to the window, oh yes, but for a different reason!

The commissioner called on the phone at least ten times between five and six o’clock. He is as impatient as I am. But Mrs. Dubonnet is delighted. Someone has lived for an entire week in room #7 without hanging themselves. Fabulous!

Monday 7 March

I am now convinced that I will not find anything and also inclined to believe the suicides of my predecessors were only due to curious coincidence. I have pleaded with the commissioner to take up an even more exhaustive investigation into the motives behind the three deaths. I am certain such reasons will finally be found.

How this concerns me is that I want to stay here as long as possible. It is not Paris, but I live here for nothing, have regular meals and ample time for my studies. I need to finish my report for the commissioner and finally there is one other reason why I want to stay here.

Wednesday 9 March

Well, I am one step closer. Clarimonde-

Oh, I’ve not yet mentioned Clarimonde. She is the “third reason” I want to stay here. She is also the reason I wanted to go to the window at the fateful hour, but certainly not to hang myself.

Why do I call her that? I have no idea what her name really is but to me she is Clarimonde. I would like to bet that when I do finally ask her name sometime, that is what it will be.

I noticed Clarimonde right away in the very first days. She lives on the other side of the very small street and her window is right across from mine. She sits there behind her curtain.

By the way, I must establish that she noticed me earlier as well and visibly showed an interest in me. No wonder, the entire street knows that I live here and why. Mrs. Dubonnet has already taken care of that.

I have never had an inclination to fall in love and have had very few interactions with women. When you leave Verdun and come to Paris to study medicine with barely enough money for three meals a day, then you need to think about something other than love. I don't have much experience in these things and have perhaps made a stupid start, but she is still there. I must please her.

In the beginning I had no intention of engaging in a relationship with my opposite across the street. I only thought that since I was here to observe, and since there was nothing to observe in my room, I might just as well observe her. You can't sit all day long pouring over books.

I've determined that Clarimonde apparently lives alone in the little apartment. She has three windows, but only sits at the one that is across from mine. She sits there and spins on a little old fashioned distaff. I have seen something like it once at my grandmother's but she never used it herself. She inherited it from some old aunt. I didn't know that anyone still used them today.

By the way, Clarimonde's distaff is a very small, dainty thing. It is white, apparently made out of ivory and the thread she makes with it must be frightfully delicate. She sits there behind the curtain working incessantly for the entire day. She only stops when it begins to grow dark. These foggy days it gets dark quite early in the narrow streets. There is a beautiful sunset around five o'clock already. I have never seen a light in her room.

What does she look like? Well, I don't really know. She wears her black hair in wavy curls and her face is quite pale. Her nose is narrow and small. Her nostrils flare like wings. Her lips are pale as well and it appears to me that her teeth are pointed, like predators. Her eyelids have deep shadows but when she opens them, her large dark eyes glow. Yet this is all something I feel rather than know. It is hard to see anyone clearly behind a curtain.

There is one other thing; she always wears a black gown with the collar tightly buttoned. It has large lilac polka dots on it and she also wears long

black gloves to protect her hands while she works. It looks strange, how her narrow black fingers quickly take the thread and pull it through each other- almost like the legs of an insect.

What is our relationship with each other? It is currently only a casual, surface relationship, yet it seems to me that it is getting much deeper. It began like this, she looked through my window and saw me and I looked through hers. She observed me and I observed her. She must have liked what she saw because one day as I looked back at her, she laughed. Naturally I laughed too. It went on like that for a couple of days, always a little more often and always more laughing together.

Almost hourly I feel compelled to greet her. I truly don't know what restrains me and holds me back. Finally I did it, today at noon and Clarimonde greeted me back! It was hardly noticeable, but I saw it, saw how she nodded back to me.

Thursday 10 March

I sat over my books for a long time yesterday. I can't truthfully say that I got much studying done. I built castles in the air and dreamed of Clarimonde. I hadn't slept very well until late in the morning. When I stepped up to the window Clarimonde was sitting there. I greeted her and she nodded back. She laughed and looked at me for a long time.

I wanted to study but found no peace. I sat by the window and stared over at her. I saw how her hands lay in her lap. I pulled the white curtain back with the cord and at almost the same instant she did the same. We laughed and looked at each other. I believe we must have spent an hour sitting like that. Then she started spinning again.

Saturday 12 March

This day is gone. I ate and drank, I sat at my desk, and then I smoked my pipe and bent over a book. But I didn't read a single syllable. I tried again and again but knew ahead of time that it was no use. Then I went to the window, greeted Clarimonde. She thanked me; we laughed and stared at each other for hours.

Yesterday afternoon around six o'clock was a little disturbing. Dusk came quite early and I felt a certain fear. I sat at my desk and waited. I felt

an almost uncontrollable urge to go to the window, not to hang myself, really, but instead to see Clarimonde. I sprang up and stood behind the curtain. Never had I been able to see so perfectly even though it was already dark. She was spinning but her eyes looked over at me. I felt a curious sense of well being and a slight fear as well. The phone rang. I was enraged that the commissioner had torn me out of my dream with his foolish questions.

This morning he visited me, together with Mrs. Dubonnet. They are satisfied with my activity; it is enough that I have now survived for two weeks in room #7. Yet the commissioner wants more information. I had made mysterious comments and he wants answers. I said that I was hot on the trail of something and the ass believed every word.

In any case I can stay here one week longer, and that is my only wish, not because of Mrs. Dubonnet's food and drink. Good God! How quickly we become indifferent to these things when we are always satisfied! No, it is because of her window, the one that she hates and fears, the one that I love so much, the one that shows me Clarimonde.

When the lamps are lit I can't see her anymore. I've kept watch to see if she ever goes out, but have never seen her on the street.

I have a large comfortable easychair and a lamp with a green shade over it. I keep warm and comfortably wrapped up. The commissioner brought me a large pack of tobacco; I have never smoked in such luxury. And yet, despite all this I can't study. I read two or three pages and when I get to the end I haven't understood a single word. My eyes read the letters but my brain refuses to find any meaning in them.

Funny! It's as if a sign said: **Entry Forbidden!** As if no other thought were allowed than one- Clarimonde. I finally shoved the book away, leaned back deeply in my chair and dreamed.

Sunday 13 March

This morning I saw a little performance. I went out into the hallway and waited while the maid was cleaning my room. In front of the little hall window hung a spiderweb. A fat Cross spider sat on it. Mrs. Dubonnet wouldn't allow them to be taken away. Spiders bring "luck" and she already had enough "bad luck" in her house.

Then I saw how another smaller spider cautiously ran around the net, a male. It carefully stepped a little way onto a quivering thread and moved

toward the middle. The female moved, snapping the thread and pulling it back quickly to herself. The male ran to another thread and tried again to get closer.

Finally the strong female in the middle of the web consented to his courtship and didn't move anymore. The male plucked a strand lightly at first, then harder until the entire web trembled but the object of his worship remained motionless. He went there quickly and was infinitely more cautious the closer he got. The female received him quietly and unmoving, surrendering entirely, falling into his armorous embrace. They hung motionless for long minutes in the center of the web.

Then I saw how the male slowly freed himself, one leg at a time. It was as if he wanted to draw back and leave his companion alone in the afterglow of their lovemaking. Suddenly he was free and ran as quickly as possible to edge of the web. At the same moment the female quickly came to life and wildly chased him down. The weak male was lowering himself down onto a thread as his beloved caught up to him.

Both fell onto the windowsill as he struggled with all of his might to escape. It was too late. He was already trapped in the powerful grip of his companion. She carried him back onto the web, back to the middle, to the same place, that had just served as a bed for their voluptuous desire. Now it appeared much differently.

The lover struggled in vain, reaching his weak legs out again and again in an effort to escape this wild embrace. His beloved would not let him go. In a few minutes she spun a cocoon around him so tightly that he couldn't move a single limb. Then she sank her sharp pinchers into his body and sucked in full pulls the young blood of her beloved.

I saw then how she finally cut loose the miserable, unrecognizable lump, legs, skin and thread and contemptuously threw it out of the net. That is how love is with these creatures. I'm glad I'm not a boy spider.

Monday 14 March

I don't even look at my books any more. I just spend my days at the window. When it gets dark I still sit there. She is not there, but I close my eyes and then I see her.

Hmm, this journal has really become something much different than what I thought it would be. It tells of Mrs. Dubonnet and the commissioner,

of spiders and of Clarimonde. But there is not one syllable about the discovery I wanted to make. What can I write instead?

Tuesday 15 March

We have discovered an unusual game, Clarimonde and I. We play it all day long. I greet her, immediately she greets me back. Then I drum with my hand against the windowpane. She scarcely sees it before she begins drumming as well. I nod to her, she nods back. I move my lips as if I'm speaking to her and she does the same. Then I stroke the hair back on my temples and her hand is on her forehead as well. It is a true child's game and we both laugh over it.

That is to say, she doesn't really laugh, it is more of a smile that she gives, looking exactly like I believe my own does. This, by the way, is not as simple as it seems. It is not only a pure imitation, a form of play, but a form of communication as well. Clarimonde follows my movements and in the smallest fraction of a second replies. She hardly has time to see and sometimes it appears to me as if we are both doing it at the same time.

That's what is so fascinating to me, there is always something new, something unforeseen and she copies it! It is staggering how she can make the same movements at the same time. Sometimes I try to fool her. I make a lot of different movements, one right after the other. Then do the same moves again and again in a pattern. Finally I follow the same pattern but make a small change in the order of the movements or make a different one, or leave one out. It's just like how the children play "Simon Says".

What is incredible is that Clarimonde never once makes a wrong move, even though I alternate so quickly that she scarcely has time to recognize a single movement.

That's how I spend my day but I don't for a second feel that I'm uselessly wasting my time. On the contrary, it seems as if I have never done anything as important.

Wednesday 16 March

It is funny that I've never seriously thought about my relationship with Clarimonde on a rational basis. What does it mean? All these hours of play? Last night I thought about it, deliberated over it. I could simply take up my

hat and coat, go down two flights of stairs, five steps across the street, back up two flights of stairs again to be at her door. There would be a small sign on it that says “Clarimonde _” Clarimonde what? I don’t know her last name but Clarimonde would be on it. I would knock on the door and then-

I can imagine everything perfectly up to that point, every small movement that I make. I can see it all right before my eyes. But I can't see at all what happens next. The door opens, I see that much. But I stay in the hallway looking into the dark room. It is so dark you can see absolutely nothing at all. She doesn’t come-doesn’t come. There is nothing there at all, only the black impenetrable darkness.

Sometimes I wonder if there is another Clarimonde other than the one that sits at the window and plays with me. I can not imagine at all what this woman would look like in a hat or a different dress other than the black one with the lilac polka dots on it. I can’t even imagine her without gloves. If I saw her on the street or even in a restaurant eating, drinking and chatting, I would burst out laughing. The image appears so impossible to me.

Sometimes I wonder if I love her. I can’t answer truthfully; I’ve never been in love. Is the feeling that I have for Clarimonde really love? Or is it something entirely different. It’s not something I’ve learned about from my companions or from a book. It is very difficult to express my feelings. In general, it is very difficult to think about anything that doesn’t include Clarimonde and even more, include our game.

I can’t lie. It is our game that apparently always occupies me, nothing else. I understand at least that much. Clarimonde, yes, I feel attracted to her, but mixed with that is another feeling, as if I’m afraid. Afraid? No, that’s not quite right. It is more of shyness, a light anxiety about something. I don’t really know what.

It is precisely this anxiety, this strange restraint, this voluptuous sensuality that keeps me away from her and becomes stronger the closer I get. It is as if I am running in a wide circle around her, coming in a little closer, then pulling back again, running further, trying again from another place and quickly backing away again, until I finally- and this I most certainly know- until I finally go to her.

Clarimonde sits by the window and spins thread, long, infinitely fine thread. She’s making a web out of it. I don’t know what it is for, and I don’t understand how she can make her delicate net without ever tangling or

ripping the delicate threads. Her fine work contains fairytale animals and remarkable little monkeys.

What did I just write? The truth is that I can't exactly see what she spins, the threads are much too fine. Yet I know exactly what she is making when I see her with my eyes closed. It is a large net with many creatures in it, fairytale animals and remarkable little monkeys.

Thursday 17 March

I am in a strange impulsive mood. I don't speak with people anymore. I scarcely say good morning to the maid or even to Mrs. Dubonnet herself. I hardly take the time to eat. I just want to sit by the window and play games with her. It's the excitement of the game, really, that's what it is. I have the feeling that something will happen tomorrow.

Friday 18 March

Yes, yes, something will happen today. I told myself ahead of time- made a loud speech to myself- to hear my own voice- reminded myself of why I am here. The bad thing is that I'm afraid and this fear that I will end up like my predecessors in this room mixes strangely together with my other fear, my fear of Clarimonde. I can scarcely stay away from her. I am afraid. I want to scream.

Six o'clock in the evening

A few quick words in hat and jacket. At five o'clock I was at the end of my wits. Oh, I know now that it has most certainly something to do with this fateful sixth hour of the last day of the week. I don't laugh anymore at the nonsense I told the commissioner.

I sat at my chair clutching my revolver, but the window pulled at me, almost tore at me. I wanted to play with Clarimonde but had this horrible fear of the window. I saw them hanging there, the fat Swiss merchant with his thick neck and gray stubble beard, the slender performer and the stocky powerful sergeant. I saw all three of them one after the other, and then all three of them together on the same hook with open mouths and protruding tongues. Then I saw myself in the midst of them.

Oh, the fear! I knew that just like them, I had stood in front of the crossbar and the horrible hook looking through the window at Clarimonde. May she forgive me, but it's true. In my tangled fear I always placed her in the picture with the other three. The ones that hung there, legs deeply dragging on the floor.

The truth is that I felt no wish or desire to hang myself, that wasn't my fear. It was only a fear of the window itself and of Clarimonde- of something terrible, unknown, that was just about to happen. I had the passionate uncontrollable impulse to stand up and go to the window. I had to do it-

Then the phone rang. I picked up the receiver and screamed into it before I could hear a word.

"Come over here, Come over here now!"

It was as if the shrill cry of my voice had instantly chased the last scratching shadows under the floorboards. I was instantly at peace, wiped the sweat from my forehead and drank a glass of water. Then I deliberated about what I should tell the commissioner when he came. Finally I went to the window, greeted her and smiled. Clarimonde greeted me back and smiled.

Five minutes later the commissioner was there. I told him that I had finally found the basis of the suicides. I didn't want to answer any questions that night but I would certainly in a very short time reveal the entire remarkable story to him.

The funny thing is that even as I lied to him, I knew that I was telling the truth. I could almost grasp the answer but it still eluded me. He immediately noticed my calm composure, especially since I had just screamed fearfully into the telephone. I apologized, said that I knew he would naturally like an explanation but I didn't have all the pieces put together yet.

He was amiable about it, said I should not let it bother me that I called him. He was always at my disposal, that was his duty. He would much rather come a dozen times in vain than not be called the one time when it was needed.

Then he invited me to go out with him that evening. It would be a diversion. It was not good that I spent so much of my time alone. I gave in- that is to say I accepted. It didn't seem right to me. I didn't really want to step out of the room.

Saturday 19 March

We went to the Gaieté Rochechouart, the Cigale and the Lune Rousse. The commissioner was right. It was good for me to get out of there, breathe different air. In the beginning I was uncomfortable, felt like I was doing something wrong, as if I was a deserter, had turned my back on the flag. But then the feeling went away. We drank a lot, laughed a lot and chatted.

This morning as I went to the window I believed I saw reproach in Clarimonde's look. Perhaps I only imagined it. How could she possibly know that I went out last night? Besides, it only lasted a moment, and then she laughed again. We played together all day long.

Sunday 20 March

I can only write again that we played all day long.

Tuesday 21 March

Yes, and we did it again today as well, nothing, absolutely nothing else. At times I literally ask myself, "For what purpose? Why? What do I really want? Where will this all lead?"

But I never have any answers. What is certain is that I don't want anything else, only this. Whatever comes out of it, well, I must wait and see.

We speak with each other now in these days. Not by speaking out loud, sometimes we just move our lips; more often we just communicate by looking at each other. We understand each other very well. I was right. Clarimonde did reproach me because I ran away last Friday night. I asked for her forgiveness, said that I understood, it was stupid of me, and I have promised to never again want to leave this window. We kissed, pressing our lips for a long time on the windowpanes.

Wednesday 23 March

I know now that I love her. It must be so; she permeates me to the last fiber. The love of other people might be different but is the head, the ear, the hand, of each person the same as millions of others? No love is the same either. Especially my love, I know that for certain. But is it any less beautiful because it is different?

I am very fortunate in this love. If only it weren't for the fear! Sometimes it sleeps, then I forget it. But then it wakes up again in minutes and won't leave me alone. It comes to me like a paltry mouse that fights against a large beautiful snake, trying to wrest itself from the snake's powerful embrace. Just wait, you stupid little fear, soon this great love will devour you.

Thursday 24 March

I've made a discovery! I'm not playing with Clarimonde. She's playing with me. This is how I found out. Yesterday evening I was thinking as usual about our game. I wrote down five new complicated series of movements wanting to surprise her with them in the morning. Each movement had its own number. I practiced doing them as quickly as possible, both forwards and backwards. Then I practiced them by only looking at the numbers. Then I practiced the ones I missed. Finally I practiced all the first and last movements of all five series. It was very laborious, but it made me very happy because they would bring me that much closer to Clarimonde the next time I saw her. I practiced for hours until it went like clockwork.

This morning I went to the window, we greeted each other and began the game. There and back, over and across, it was unbelievable how quickly she understood me, how she responded with her own movements in almost the same instant.

Then there was a knock at the door. It was the house servant bringing my boots back. I took them from him and was going back to the window when my glance fell on the piece of paper with my notes on it. That's when I realized that I had not done a single one of the new movements.

I staggered and nearly fell. I grabbed the back of the chair to keep from falling. I didn't believe it, looked at the paper again and again. It was true, I had been playing an entire series of new movements at the window and not one of them was mine. Again I had the feeling that a door was opening

wide, her door. I was standing in front of it, staring inside- nothing, nothing, only the empty darkness.

I knew then that if I left I could still save myself. I perceived that I was free to go. Instead I stayed. It was because I was convinced that I was now holding the solution to the mystery solidly in both hands. “Paris! I could conquer Paris! I would be famous! For that small moment Paris was stronger than Clarimonde.

But now I scarcely even think of it any more. Now I only feel my love for her and this quiet, sensuous fear. But that moment gave me strength. I read through my first series of movements and did each one of them perfectly. Then I went back to the window. I noticed exactly what I was doing. None of the movements were the ones I wanted to do! Then I gave her the finger, but I kissed the windowpane instead. I wanted to drum on the window but I ran my fingers through my hair.

Clarimonde was certainly not doing what I did. I was doing what she did, and doing it so quickly, so lightning fast, that they almost happened at the same second. What I had believed to be true was now delusion and my own will appeared to be gone.

I had been so proud of my ability to influence her and manipulate her, when it was I, myself, that was being influenced and manipulated! Only the influence was so subtle, so weak, that it gave no hint of its existence. It was so soothing.

I made one more attempt. I put both hands in my pockets, steeling myself not to move. Then I looked over at her. I saw how she raised her hand, how she laughed lightly while giving me the finger. I didn’t move. I felt how my right hand tried to pull itself out of my pocket but I clutched the fabric tightly. Slowly after a few moments my fingers loosened by themselves. My hand came out of the pocket and raised itself. I gave her the finger and laughed.

It was as if I wasn’t doing it, it was some stranger instead. I was only observing. No, no. That wasn’t it! I, I was doing it and some stranger was observing me. It was a strong stranger that was making a great discovery, but it wasn’t me! What discovery had I made? I was just there to do what she wanted, Clarimonde, whom I loved with such a delicious fear.

Friday 25 March

I cut the telephone cord. I have no desire to be once more disturbed by the commissioner when the fateful hour comes.

Dear God! What did I just write? Not one word of it is true. It is as if someone other than myself is moving the writing quill.

But I will, will, will write all of this down in my journal. Write what is true. I am reluctant and it requires an immense effort, but I will do it. I will do just this one last thing.

I cut the telephone cord, well, because I had to. There it is, finally! Because I had to, had to-

This morning we stood at the window and played. The game was different than yesterday. She would make some move and I would resist as long as I could. But I finally had to give in, do what she wanted without any will of my own. I can't tell you how wonderful and desirable a feeling it is, this surrender, this giving in to her will.

We were playing and then suddenly she stood up and went back into her room. It was so dark I couldn't see her any more. She seemed to have disappeared into the darkness. Soon she came back, carrying a desk telephone in both hands just like mine.

She laughed, set it down on the windowsill, took a knife, cut through the cord, and then carried it back again. I fought with myself for a quarter of an hour. My fear was larger than it was before, but so was the delicious feeling of slowly succumbing to her will. Finally I picked up my telephone, cut through the cord and placed it back again on the desk.

So, it's going to happen.

I'm sitting at my desk, I've already had my tea, and the house servant is just now taking the plates and dishes away. I asked him what time it was; my own clock has not been working right. It is fifteen minutes after five o'clock, fifteen minutes after five o'clock.

I know that when I look at her next, Clarimonde will do something. She will do something and I will have to do it also. I can see her now. She stands there and laughs. Now-

If only I could look away! Now she goes to the curtain- she takes up the cord. It is red- exactly like the one in my window. She makes a noose. She hangs the cord over the hook on the window crossbar. She sits there and laughs.

No, you can't call it fear anymore, this thing I am feeling. It is a horrible anguish, a terror that I would not exchange for anything in the

world. It is a compulsion so unheard of in its own way and yet so strangely sensuous in its inescapable cruelty.

I could easily run over there and do what she wants. But I wait, fight, and resist. I feel how it grows stronger with each passing minute.

I'm sitting here again. I quickly ran over there and did what she wanted, took the cord, made the noose and hung it on the hook. I don't want to look at her anymore. I will just stare at this paper because I know what I will see when I look at her again. Then, at the sixth hour of the last day of the week I will see her and I will have to do what she wants. Then I will have to-

I will not look at her-

There, I just laughed out loud. No, I didn't laugh; it was something inside of me that laughed. I know that I will not laugh over this. I will not and still I know most certainly that I will have to. I will have to look at her, have to, have to do it-

And then the rest-

I'm only waiting to draw this torture out as long as possible. Yes, that's it. This breathless suffering is the highest, most sensuous pleasure imaginable. I write quickly, quickly, just to sit here a little longer, to draw out in these last seconds the ache of my love and desire as it rises to infinity.

Just a little more, a little longer-

Again the fear, again! I know that I will look at her, will stand up, and will hang myself. That's not what I'm afraid of. Oh no! That is beautiful, that is exquisitely delicious.

But there is something, somehow something that is still there- that happens then, something will come, it most certainly will come. The pleasure of my torment is so immense that I feel what happens next, oh, it must be just as unthinkably horrible!

Don't think of it!

Someone is writing something, someone, something, it is all the same to me.

Only quickly, think, remember something-

My name- Richard Bracquemont, Richard Bracquemont, Richard- Oh, I can't go any longer- Richard Bracquemont, Richard Bracquemont- Now, now, I need to look at her- Richard Bracquemont- I need- No- Just a little more- Richard- Richard Bracque-

The commissioner of the 9th precinct tried to repeat his phone call on the telephone but there was only static on the line. He arrived at Hotel Stevens at exactly five minutes after six o'clock. He found the corpse of student Richard Bracquemont in room # 7 hanging on the window crossbar in exactly the same position as his predecessors.

Only his face had a different expression. It was frozen in horrible terror; his eyes were bulging from their sockets. His lips were tightly shut and his strong teeth tightly clenched together. Between them was stuck a large black spider with remarkable violet polka dots. It was squashed and bitten in two.

The journal of the medical student lay on the desk. The commissioner read it and immediately went to the house across the street. He found out that the second floor had been empty and unlived in for over a month.

The Crucified Minstrel

The Pierrot,the mime, moved weakly as he slowly pulled his black shoes on over his stockings. When he stood the white trouser cuffs fell down and covered them. He put an enormous collared yoke over his shoulders with long, loose wide sleeves. Was everything in order? White silk with black pompoms, now the black velvet cap over his hair, then powder, lots of powder.

He walked out of the house onto Capressor Street, the children ran after him screaming and yelling:

“Pazzo! Pazzo!”

He didn’t pay any attention to them. He walked slowly as if in a dream, went through the street without looking around. The rascals left and headed back when he turned into the orange garden. He went behind the Certosa, the old cloister that until recently had served as a barracks. Strangers never went inside, even the German painters scarcely went there and it was the most beautiful place in Capri.

But it was also hard to find, was boarded up and closed. Then there was that scoundrel, old Nicola Vuoto, who hid behind the doors and windows of the ruins. He screamed, yelled and threw stones at anyone that trespassed over his ground.

Yet today he didn’t scream or throw stones. He was so surprised at the white figure walking in the sun that he hastily took a few quick steps back into the arbor where he stood watching in wonder. Finally it occurred to him that it must be a human.

He grumbled contemptuously, “Pazzo! Pazzo!”

Then watched the departing back for a long time with a poisonous glance. The powdered Pierrot continued on. He sprang over a couple walls, clambered down several slopes, up another almost cat like with elastic, lazy movements. He went through a small myrtle wood, along the canteen and past the cliff.

Once he stopped and stood very still. Right there in front of him he saw two large vipers; they were a meter long. Yet these animals that so avoided human contact appeared not to have noticed his presence at all. They were so very occupied with each other.

The female fled up over the bushes and stones, the male hunted her. Suddenly the female stood up like a candle, bowed her head back and struck at her pursuer. Yet he wrapped himself around her, arched himself into the height as her narrow body trembled and wound even tighter around his. The steel blue bodies glistened and shone in the sun. How beautiful they were, how beautiful!

The Pierrot stared and watched. Was that a crown he saw on the head of the snake? A golden wedding crown?

He continued much more slowly than before. At last he neared the Marelatta, the ruined Saracen tower that was glued to the slope near the cliff. Above him hung the old wall of Certosa, to the left sprang the Monte Tuora, to the right the Monte Solaro. Far in the distance gleamed the blue Italian Ocean.

He looked down. There below lay Piccola Marina with its fishermen huts. Just a little out from shore lie the Island of the Sirens, white spray surging around it in the blue waves. Further out were the Faraglioni cliffs, mighty ponderous limestone formations extending upwards, growing out of the middle of the ocean.

This was the place of his rendezvous, his last rendezvous with the sun. He sat on the edge and let his legs dangle. He stared down for a moment. Then he took the glass and fat bellied flask out of his pocket. The dark, thick sciatica medicine bled into the glass.

The Pierrot drank. He drank to the sun, like he had once drank to the ocean when he was young down there in grotto Azzura. He emptied the glass in one draught, filled it up again. Once more he drank to the sun. Then he threw the glass and bottle far over the cliff.

He stood up, backed up against the steep cliff wall to lie in the shadows. He stretched out along the rock. A little red spider crept over him, over the white pilot cloth and over the pompoms. It seemed so funny that a little red spider would climb over him. He trilled:

“Little- Red- Spider-
Little- Red- Spider-“

Then he stretched his arms out wide on both sides and looked up. The blue up there above laughed and sang as if it wanted to take him away from everything. If he raised his head a little he could see the ocean, blue with little white clouds just like those in the sky above. Blue, luminous, radiant

blue! He sucked it in with his eyes, touched it with his hands, let it soak into all his pores.

He listened to the music of the blue colors, closed his eyes and still saw them perfectly. He felt a soothing languor as his limbs lay like a corpse. He longed to dissolve into the whitish blue mist that surrounded him like a soft gentle breath. Then it seemed to him as if his head rested on a woman's yielding breasts. He noticed her breathing as they lightly lifted and fell.

He felt so protected and cared for, he didn't want to move or open his eyes. He lay completely still, unmoving, as if he were slumbering. Now he breathed in a fragrance like peach blossoms. He noticed a thin white apparition near his feet. It was Lili. She knelt down and urgently pressed her pale childish cheeks against his shoe.

Ermina sat right beside him on the other side. She still wore red cherry blossoms in her blonde hair. She held his Spanish lute and again played the heavy, melancholy chord: "La Paloma". Leisel laid her fine, angelic hand on Pierrot's heart.

But Clara was there as well. Her dark hair covered with layers of red cress flowers. Her gaze burned into him as if she wanted to scorch him. She spoke very slowly in her beautiful voice.

"Because you won't wait for me,
Have robbed us of our time together,
Because I love you- that's why I hate you.
Yes, I hate you from the bottom of my heart.
I shake wildly these iron shackles
That we have forged, that link us together.
It's in your arms that I hate you the most
And I want to kill you with my kiss!"

His heart beat loudly- his eyes glanced thirstily at her.

"You raised this cup- Well, let's drink!
You should burn with my last breath
And die with me as we sink into the flames together!"

The Pierrot smiled.

Mary Wayne stepped up to him. A light crackling went through her red hair and her lips quivered painfully. She didn't seem to notice any of the others.

“You look so dead!” She said.

There were others there too. Lore and Stenie, the lovely little Anna, golden Katie and one other, the Neapolitan.

She stood away from the others, entirely alone and unmoving. The sun played on her deathly pallid face. She looked like a priestess, wore magnolias in her black hair and carried them in her pale hands.

He grieved, No, no. That wasn’t right- not her, not the one with magnolias in her hands and in her hair! But it was, it was on her breasts that his head had rested. Yet now she was standing to the side and his head rested once more on the hard stone.

“We are those that love you, stay with us and live,” they pleaded.

“I am your death and the one you love in your dreams,” she spoke.

“I wind Myrtle around your feet,” said Constantine as Clara lay fluttering poppy leaves over him.

From them all streamed a curious fragrance as from many-colored hyacinth, a voluptuous, desirous fragrance that came from the pale bodies of these women. Little blonde Anna kissed his eyes, Lore caressed his powdered cheeks and Liesel tried with fine fingers to smooth the bitter lines around his mouth. Stenie rocked her hips in light easy dance steps in rhythm to the Spanish song that played over and over again, the strange song of the white dove.

Then she came to him, the one with magnolias.

“I am the one you dream of and your death,” she spoke.

The others backed away and slowly without a word she laid a large red rose in each of his open hands.

Then he didn’t see any more. But the red roses scorched and burned in his hands, pinning him solidly to the stone.

Leaving red wounds, hot burning red wounds-

Delphi

There were two shepherds, Hyrkanos and Koretas.They were both well known in all the little villages in the region of Phocis, Elatia, Daulis, Delphi, Krissa and Aba.

Hyrkanos was tall, bull naked and his accent showed that he was descended from the old Lelegern, the original inhabitants of the region. Koretas was slender with curly hair, pale and dreamy like the Phlegyr that had come from Orchomenos and now made up the greatest part of the population.

People first spoke of Koretas when he was only twenty-five years old. He had already been to Corinth twice and once to Athens.

But Kyrkanos had been last years champion at the games of Demeter in Krissa. He had won three times, in the discus throw against Dorylaos of Aba and the broad jump against the Kytininian Lykortas whom men called the starving Babylonian. But in wrestling he had thrown the notorious Andriskos of Amphissa out of the ring. It was a great triumph for the entire region of Phocis over its rival, to the north Lokris.

They were friends, shepherds of their own free will as they moved through the rugged country with their flocks from Elatea and Delphi. They grazed the mountain slopes and moved on to Helicon, then into the mountain ranges of Kirphis or mount Parnassus. They loved this restless life. The one loved to breathe the fresh mountain air, to make his muscles hard and strong. The other loved the solitude, to dream alone under the open sky.

“Listen,” cried Kyrkanos. “We must find the goat again. Come on, help me.”

“Which goat?” Koretas asked, stretching his body.

“Styx, the black one that belongs to Olybrios the tanner! It has been missing since this morning. I have been searching the entire plains all day with the dogs down to the river Kephisos. The trail was false and now it’s evening. I fear the wolves will get the goat. We must search the slopes of Parnassus!

Koretas got up and strode after his friend. They left their flock under the watchful eyes of the boys and the dogs. They only took one strong sheepdog with them and climbed up the slope.

“Let’s meet up again in an hour,” said Hyrkanos. I will climb up further while you search the myrtle bushes. You might as well take the dog. I won’t be needing him.”

Koretas went into the bushes a few steps and then sat down on the ground. The dog waited for awhile, sniffed around and impatiently returned when his master did not go any further. Koretas remained sitting there unmoving. Finally the dog barked and ran with great leaps up the slope after Hyrkanos.

Meanwhile Hyrkanos was climbing up above. He searched for the goat behind every stone, behind every bush. He searched in vain. Finally he came back and found his friend sitting in the same spot he had left him.

“What? You let me search and search while you sit here and sleep?”

“I wasn’t sleeping,” said Koretas.

“Do what you want!” Hyrkanos cried and hurried off into the myrtle bushes that the other should have already searched. It was a few hours later when the dog finally drove the goat out. Hyrkanos took it up on his shoulders and went back. He found his friend once more sitting on the same stone.

“Hey, I found the goat!”

Koretas didn’t answer. This time he really was asleep. Hyrkanos woke him up.

“ I have the goat! Come on, day is breaking already.”

They were both quiet as they climbed back down to the plain. Koretas was pale and staggered. Strong Hyrkanos who never tired needed to support him to keep him from falling. The sun was coming up when they finally arrived back at the flock.

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In Delphi they celebrated the games of Apollo. They were not large celebrations like those in the valley of Olympia, in Elis or Isthmos. The

little city of Delphi was unknown without any claim to fame and drew only local people from the neighboring regions of Phocis and Lokris. If a Corinthian or Athenian passed through it was because they went to all the games in entire Hellas searching for the best contestants. They were always hoping to find someone that would compete at the great games, win the pine bough of Poseidon or even the branch of Zeus. Most of the little games had already been decided and the winners selected to go on to the great games.

Fourteen naked youths stepped out into the sand. Four were from Delphi. Meriones, the High Priest of Apollo and Elder shook the helmet that contained the lots. These lots would determine the order and each youth drew one. Then they all stepped up to the statue of Zeus and solemnly vowed with raised hand to compete fairly. The flute players played and the games began.

First was the broad jump in smooth sand. The competitors took heavy jumping weights and swung them to empower their jump. Each one was permitted three tries to make the mark but if they didn't go beyond their last attempt they had to step down from the contest.

First Iphitos sprang across, then Thoas from Daulis. Strong Chrysogonos and Hyrkanos made the mark easily in the first jump but young Alkmenor fell and shattered his shinbone with the iron weight. There were three others that couldn't reach the mark.

Everyone else stepped over to the broad throw together and threw their short spears into the air. Only the best four were permitted to continue competing. They were Hyrkanos, Thoas, Chrysogonos and Lykortas from Amphissa, the son of Pausanias. Iphitos stepped away fuming. The point of his spear lay only two fingers width behind that of Thoas.

The trumpet sounded and the four finalists began the race. Fleet Thoas took the lead with quick nimble strides. Hyrkanos was behind but the people of Delphi cheered him on. He was the only one from Delphi still in the competition. Just before the finish line he passed Lykortas with a mighty leap accompanied by the delerious crowd from Delphi. Now they would see their champion enter the discus throw.

Slaves brought out the heavy round metal discs. Each one weighed eight pounds. Chrysogonos threw first. He climbed onto the little mound, arched his upper body forward and leaned a little across to the right. Slowly

he swung his right arm behind his back, then forward. Then he threw the discus in a wide arc through the air.

Hyrkanos swung his discus twice and threw it ten paces further than any of his opponents.

Then it was the turn of quick nimble Thoas but he was not able to reach the distance of the others and had to withdraw.

There were only two left and they stepped into the middle to wrestle. First they wiped the sweat and dust off their bodies with woolen cloths and anointed them anew with oil. Then they began. Chrysogonos gripped his opponent on the thigh, lifted him up and attempted to make him fall backwards into the sand but Hyrkanos slammed his iron head against his chin so hard that he staggered. Then he grabbed Chrysogonos left hand and bent back his finger until he screamed with pain and fell down onto the sand.

The fight started twice more but Hyrkanos remained the victor. The people of Elatea hissed and stamped but the people of Delphi shouted in victory and carried their champion in triumph up to the judges. One placed a white woolen band on his head. Another gave him a victory palm, but Meriones, the Elder adorned him with the Ivy wreathe of Apollo that a boy had freshly cut with a golden knife.

A circle formed around Hyrkanos. A foreign gymnast examined the muscles of his arms and thighs. He shrugged his shoulders and said.

“If he could run better I would talk to him about next years games at Isthmos.”

But a Corinthian stepped up close to him and inspected his calves and ankles.

“Come back with me to Corinth,” he said. “I will train you how to race. I promise that if you train with me for six months you will win the pine bough of Poseidon!”

Hyrkanos eyes lit up.

“Go with him,” shouted the people of Delphi.

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They celebrated the victory. Hyrkanos lay at the top of the table by the judges and Priests. The Corinthian sat right beside him and would not move away. The people of Delphi and their guests crowded around the table.

Then Koretas entered all dressed up and carrying his lute in his hand. He strode slowly as if in a dream through the crowd and up to where the priests were. Hyrkanos sprang up to make a place near him for his friend and greeted him with a mighty embrace.

“Will you sing?” He asked. “Come up here!”

He lifted him onto the bench.

“Quiet! Our friend Koretas would like to sing!”

“Quiet! He will sing the glory of Hyrkanos,” cried the people of Delphi.

Koretas began, but it was not of his friend that he sang. He sang of a quiet evening on which he lay on the plains with his flock at the foot of mount Parnassus. He sang of the missing animal and how he had gone out to search for it, climbing around in the ravines of the mountain.

Night fell and there was a terrible thunderstorm that came up. Lightning crashed in the rocks and thunder echoed in all the gorges but he kept on climbing, springing over gaping chasms and boldly climbing on the steep rock wall above.

The storm moved away and he pushed laboriously through the thick forest of fir trees. Ho, what just raced past him? He bent closer to see. There was a wood nymph racing over the moss. She screamed loudly for help and her green hair blew in the wind. She had ran on light feet through the forest but was now trapped by the cliff. Then he saw her pursuer.

It was Python, the giant flying dragon, with his long snake like body and horrible fish jaws. He blew fire and smoke out of his nostrils and was rubbing his scaly body sensuously against the knee of the nymph.

“Help! Help!” She screamed.

Then Koretas heard a call through the trees.

“Castalia!”

“Over here! Help! Over here!” The nymph screamed.

Branches bent and a youth sprang out. He was beardless with short curly hair and large glowing eyes. He stepped up to the monster naked, without a shield, holding only a spear. It raised its wings, blew fire and

smoke out of its nostrils and throat and lunged at him on mighty paws. Then he threw his spear and it pierced through the animal's eye into its brain.

But then the dragon's body threw him into a narrow ravine onto the rocks below.

"Apollo be praised!" The trembling nymph cried.

"Why won't you praise me with more than words, my beauty?" The god asked. "I have loved you for weeks but you always run away from me. Prude!"

"I love a shepherd," said the nymph.

"And I love you," cried the dying Python and grabbed at her. But Calistia evaded his arms and without a word quickly tried to fling herself down into the ravine. Demeter, the god's mother, took pity on her. She transformed the poor nymph before she could jump into a swiftly bubbling spring that raced down through the ravine onto the rocks below.

Then the god got down on his knees and bowed his head over the spring named Calistia. Large tears fell down and mixed with the flowing waters. He kissed the water, drank it and moistened his brow and hair. Then he sprang up and went into the night singing a lament of yearning and desire, a song of lost love.

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Koretas became quiet and all around him the audience was quiet as well. Then Hyrkanos sprang up.

"He lies," he screamed. "He lies! He is a liar! Ho! I was there with him when we searched for the goat. It was the black goat of Olybrios the tanner of Elateers! We climbed up there together, Koretas and I, up onto the mountain. But there was no thunderstorm. It was a clear peaceful evening! What ravine? What gaping abyss? What dragon, nymph and god? There were none! None at all!

I climbed alone in the rocks. He was supposed to help search the myrtle bushes with the dog but he sat down on a rock and fell asleep. I searched the entire night until I found the goat and when I came back he was still asleep on the same stone. Pfui! How he lies!"

The crowd howled and yelled. Koretas stood there unmoving, strangely calm as he gazed at the riot. It was as if he didn't understand why they were yelling and screaming. Bewildered and tormented he searched around the room until he met the eye of the old priest.

"Leave him alone!" Meriones cried. "He is under my protection!"

But they pressed forward with raised hands and balled up fists.

"What protection? Beat him till he's dead! The swindler!"

Then the priest stepped up to Koretas, laid a hand on his left shoulder and held his right out in front of him.

"Get away from him!" Hyrkanos screamed. "He is a liar!"

"A liar? No, he is a poet!"

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And the poem became the truth. Ask any third year student with their red cap on their head and their knapsack on their back as they come out of school.

Ask him, "What do you know about Delphi?"

He will tell you:

"Dephi was a famous oracle city from 1200 BC until 400AD. The Pythia sat on a large tripod and prophesied. Then when King Croesus sent his envoy to Delphi-"

I bet he could talk for a half-hour about Delphi, about Python, Apollo, the temple and the spring named Castalia and the rocks from which the blasphemers were thrown. Yes, he would be able to tell you proverbs from the temple and a half dozen prophecies of the oracle Pythia even today after more than two thousand years!

Is there any other place in the world that is more famous?

Koretas was a poet and his listeners called him a liar.

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But even though they did, the poet's words were stronger than the truth of the athlete. The poet won. Hyrkanos was the first that they threw onto the rocks two weeks later. They smashed to pieces the ugly truth to give life to the dream of the singer.

That was Hellas-

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But now here behind the beautiful veil! Here is the naked miserable truth.

"Damasippos," said the old High Priest Meriones to one of the other priests of Apollo after he had so fortunately rescued Koretas from the angry mob.

"Damasippos, call all the priests together and the Elders of the city to. Now, tonight. We meet in the temple of the gods.

They met that night and the priest convinced them, every single one of them, that there had never been a greater piece of luck brought into the city than today when Koretas sang.

"It might just be the crazy dream of a drunken poet but we will make it real! We must all believe in it, do away with those that doubt! If we believe, Phocis will believe, then Hellas and the entire world will believe! Delphi will become the center, the navel of the entire world. Its ground will become holy! They will build us temples and shrines. The Priests of Delphi will become the greatest in the world!"

"What does any of that have to do with us?" The merchant Archimenes asked.

"It has everything to do with you! Thousands of strangers will come here and they will not have empty hands! You will live in palaces and have slaves like the richest in Athens.

This fortune lies in front of you, seize it! And to make a good start, I do firmly believe that the shepherd was speaking the truth!"

"I believe, just like you!" Damasippos cried. "I believe too!"

"Me too!"

“Me too!”

“We all believe!”

-and Delphi believed it and Phocis and Hellas and the entire world!

That is how two people created this giant work, a drunken shepherd and a clever priest.

Really there was someone else that didn’t believe, someone besides Hyrkanos whom the people threw down from the rocks as a blasphemer, the same people that had cheered him during his race and at the victory celebration.

There was one other one, the poet Koretas. He had not yet spoken but he could still speak. He was really uncomfortable about all of it.

They found him on the road one morning dead with a priest’s dagger between his shoulders.

But blood is good to fertilize the soil where the priests and merchants want to make their harvest!

The Curve

It was early, around six o'clock The Court Ballrooms of the Imperial Palace in Vienna had emptied themselves. Only in the little Arabian room still squatted a few incorrigibles. In the front were two motley Japanese sitting on the carpet, near them a white Pierrot and a Toreador in brown and yellow velvet. They laughed and drank mocha out of small bowls.

I sat in my white burnoose with crossed legs on a soft pillow in the middle of the room. I was playing Wall, leaning my right arm on a low stool using the cloth to provide as much concealment as possible.

A handsome young painter sat behind me on a beautiful Turkish rug. He was also in Arabian garments and near him sat a veiled Turkish maiden. She was playing Ivy; her tendrils were all over him. I knew the Turkish girl, had brought her to the Court Ballrooms myself. She was a sister of the Red Cross and for eight years had scarcely left the hospital where she worked as a nurse.

But tonight she was drinking with lust and enthusiasm. She, herself, had captured the handsome little painter who so heartily laughed and drank one glass of Pommery after another. She stroked his hair with her fine long hands and almost scorched him with her big brown smoldering eyes.

But she didn't allow him to lift her veil, only her eyes were free for him to see. She would raise the veil again and again pressing her lips quickly on his but he could never see her face in the dim light of the Persian lamps. She climbed like Ivy all over him, almost suffocating him with her kisses and embraces. The vain little painter let his smile show his pleasure. She was so starved for love, my poor Turkish maiden from the Red Cross. Oh, this night of kissing must satisfy her and make up for years!

I played Wall, concealing the two as well as I could. I sat with crossed legs on my pillow, lit one cigarette after another and drank my wine. When the kissing behind me got too loud I rocked my head back and forth and sang my little proverb: "Oualâ ghâliba ill' Allâhta 'alâ", to drown them out a little.

It all collapsed suddenly when a gentleman in a dress suit sitting in the back of the room called my name. I looked up-

“Oh, finally!” He said hastily. “Could I please have a moment of your time? I would like your curve!”

“Gladly,” I said. “Won’t you sit down?”

I pulled a pillow out for him and the gentleman in the dress suit sat crouched with me on the floor. I had him sit with his broad back so he could play Wall as well and assist the Turkish maiden in her game of Ivy. I poured him a glass.

“Prosit!” He said. “Excuse me! To your health!”

He raised his glass shoulder high, bowed forward, touched his glass to mine and looked at me. Then he moved it to his mouth and emptied it.

He continued, “Permit me to introduce myself. I’m doctor Hauer, or more correctly, Assistant Judge Hauer. The day before yesterday I passed my Assistant Judge exam!”

“My congratulations Assistant Judge,” I said.

He laughed, “Oh, thank you, thank you very much! I’ve submitted my papers and it only needs to be finalized by my old superior. Still that’s not what I wanted to talk about. I collect curves. It is my life’s work!”

“An excellent life’s work,” I confirmed. “A highly meritorious life’s work!”

I had no idea what he was talking about. I only wanted to keep the conversation flowing for the love of humanity and so the love starved, Ivy playing maiden behind us could gain a quarter of an hour. So she could kiss her little friend to her heart’s desire.

“So you collect curves? How many do you have already?”

Seven hundred and thirty two individual curves!” The Assistant Judge replied proudly. “Of these, a half dozen are truly remarkable, noteworthy, and collectable curves. I believe that my collection is one of the best in the world.”

“Doubtless,” I growled. “And you will certainly collect still more of them!”

“Still more?” He laughed. “Most certainly! Still a thousand times as many! I am now very free, Sir. I have wealth enough and can devote all of my time to this great pursuit. It is a great task but I will succeed. I will never marry, my wife is the curve!”

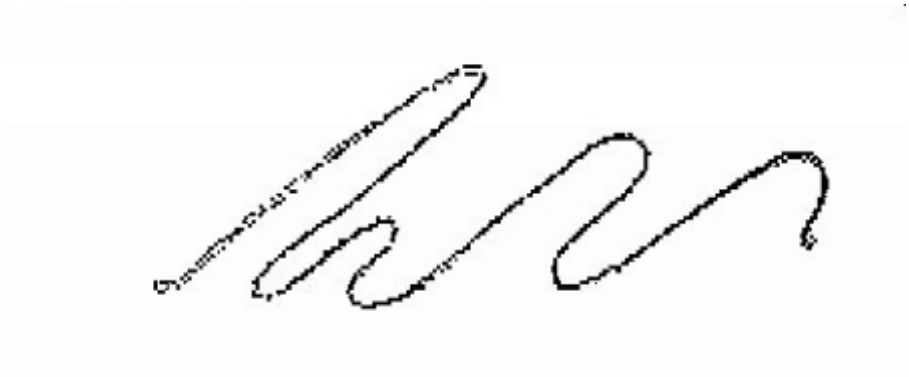
“A most enchanting wife!” I nodded. “We must toast to Mrs. Curve, only I advise you not to bring her back to Prag!”

We drank, then he gave me a piece of paper and a pencil.

“Please, your curve!” He repeated. “I knew that you would be here tonight. It’s the only reason I came here. I’ve been sitting behind you for an hour already but didn’t want to disturb you.

By the way, I was very lucky today. I met Max Liebman and Frank Wedekind here today. Already I’ve gotten eight very interesting curves, genuinely famous names.”

He held some sheets of paper out to me. Each one had a wavy line penciled on it and a name printed underneath. I thought, “I can do this for the Assistant Judge”. So I took the pencil, made a wavy line on the sheet of paper and gave it back to him. It looked like this:



“Twenty Marks please,” I said and held out my hand.

“Twenty Marks?” The Assistant Judge looked very astounded. “I’ve never paid anything for a curve.”

“You haven’t?” I looked just as astounded. “Really? You haven’t? You, yourself, were just telling me how valuable you curve collection was. I am sorry but I can’t give you my curve for less than twenty Marks!”

The Assistant Judge gave me a gold piece. I threw it to the barkeeper. He immediately disappeared through a door and returned with a bottle of Ayala. The curve collector was absorbed in his new treasure.

“Magnificent!” He murmured. “Extremely instructive! Yours reminds me very much of the curve of Saharet, the dancer. So you also begin with an eight?”

Naturally I nodded. Why shouldn’t I begin with it? With an eight or an eighty, what difference would it make? It was all the same to me!

“This sequence, two, six, one, is very curious!” He continued and compared my curve to the others.

“Leiberman has two, one and six at the end.”

I said, “That’s not bad either, two, one, six! Also very magnificent and noteworthy!”

The Assistant Judge stuck the papers in his briefcase.

“Believe me,” he sighed. “I wish to heaven that I knew what Beethoven would say if I brought him this collection of curves!”

I had slowly become curious and now I wanted to know the real reason the Assistant Judge was collecting curves. But I couldn’t ask, couldn’t let him know that I had only sold him a wavy line for twenty Marks.

I answered, “Beethoven would certainly be extremely overjoyed. I don’t believe that he himself ever had such a beautiful collection of curves.”

“Did Beethoven have a curve collection?” He asked. “I’ve never heard of it!”

“I haven’t either,” I answered back. “But why shouldn’t he have had one?”

“Really!” The Assistant Judge said wistfully. “I wonder if he ever made a curve of his symphonies?”

Hmm! The curves of this enraptured collector somehow had something to do with Beethoven and his symphonies. I resolved to get to the bottom of this mystery under all circumstances.

“Do you by any chance have part of your curve collection in there?” I asked harmlessly.

Obligingly he pulled out his briefcase.

“I have none with me but I can quickly show you one!”

He scribbled on a piece of paper. Here, this is the average curve of District Court II in Berlin! It is the average of all the Judges, Public Prosecutors, Attorneys, Assistant Judges, and Justice of the Peace. Extremely interesting isn’t it?”

“A stroke of brilliance!” I said. “A very intelligent curve! Genuinely Judicial!”

“Judicial!” The Assistant Judge mused, “Yes, it is somewhat judicial!”

I contemplated the paper. A light went on. Perhaps the numbers belonged to the nine symphonies of Beethoven!

“The Honorable Jurists begin with a one,” I said somewhat uncertainly.

“Yes,” confirmed the Assistant Judge. “They are inclined to the 1st symphony the most and the least to the 5th symphony! Think about that! The 5th! Remarkable, isn’t it?”

“Judicial, even,” I replied.

I now understood his idea. The curve signified a graphical representation of how an individual or an entire group of people ranked the symphonies of Beethoven!

Those that most love joy will begin their curve with the “Eroica”, the “F-major”or the “Pastoral”. The curve will climb, sink and again rise and the end will mark those least enjoyed.

“What else do you have in your curve collection, Sir Assistant Judge?” I asked.

“Oh, I have the average curve of the current Heidelburg student body! More distant, the 1902 Student Corps delegation to Bad Kösen! Each time it is a lot of work to take every single curve individually and then calculate the average of hundreds. But I do it all gladly, I want to create a cultural value.”

“A cultural value of the highest degree!” I cried enthusiastically. “Just think, Sir Assistant Judge, of the possibilities this can open up for you! This year you can travel to all the German universities, take the curves of all the students. Then you can calculate the average curve of the Kösen delegates for 1903. If you do this every year I am convinced that the fluctuations in the average curves will provide extraordinarily important information!”

“An excellent idea!” The Assistant Judge cried. “I will do it!”

“And then do the same for all of German society. Just think, The German social curve for 1904, for 1905! Beethoven and the behavior of our times! You will be able to determine which symphony’s influence is stronger on the general population, on the intellectuals, the lawmakers, the Jurists.”

“Do you really believe there is an influence?” He asked.

“Without a doubt,” I cried in honest conviction.

My words came in a flood. I was carried away by the Assistant Judge’s beautiful idea.

“You must not stop with that Dear Sir! You have to organize polls! Set up an office. Calculate the Metal Workers Union, The Bavarian Farmer’s League, the Berlin Streetcar operators. Oh, you will find assistance; such great ideas deserve and always find support! You can petition the Imperial Parliament, the Upper House of the West German Parliament. Have it included in the next census. Have each person draw their own curve to find how they are influenced by the symphonies of Beethoven!

Think about it Sir, think about it. An average curve for the entire German Reich!”

The Assistant Judge’s eyes glowed. I waved my arms around in the air and continued.

“But your prospects are still not exhausted even with all that, Sir! You can write a brochure and have it translated into all the languages of the world. Your idea would not only open a path in Germany, but seize all the countries of the world. Each census would divide and record the average curve for each country. You could then have the average curve of the English, the French, the Russian and the Chinese! Yes, in time, you could even have the average curve of the entire world!

Just think what wonderful special curves you could calculate out of such marvelous statistical material. For example: The curve of everyone

over eighty years old living in New Guinea! The special curve of the Association of Oyster Merchants in New York!

Dear God! What highlights, what opportunities! The subject has so many interesting possibilities! You could compare the influence of Beethoven's symphonies to the occupation of oyster merchants as an occupation or as individuals! Or you could explain the remarkable concurrence between the average curve of Venezuelan midwives to the curve of Prussian Guard Officers! Or determine if the average curve of Russian female civil servants shows the same preference for the D-minor Symphony as the inmates at the Federal penitentiary in Sing Sing, New York or La Roquete, Paris or Moabit, Berlin.

It is Doctoral work Dear Sir, Doctoral work!"

The Assistant Judge quietly shook my hand. Two fat tears crept over his red cheeks and moistened his beautifully curled mustache.

"Thank you," he sobbed. "Thank you so much! You understand my passion. A golden future lies before me. The entire earth belongs to me, to me and my curve!"

"Only the earth?" I cried. "You don't believe in heaven? You? A Royal Prussian Assistant Judge? I say to you, there is a heaven and you will go there, as certain as your great idea will conquer the earth, it will also conquer heaven!

In heaven you can get the curves of Shakespeare, Goethe, Bismark, Dante, Napoleon, Cervantes, old Fritz himself and the divine Rosa Freiin of Aretin would record hers! You could take the average curve of the Thirty-one Egyptian Dynasties and all the workers of the tower of Babel! The average curve of the Hohenstaufen's, the Stewart's, the Barmekiden's!

Also the average curve of the celestial spheres, visit Mars, then Saturn, the Great Bear and Little Bear. You could hollow out an entire star and use it's interior as a colossal curve archive!

You must go Sir, go! You are a great man and I hate all great men because I envy them!"

The Assistant Judge stood up, wiped the tears from his eyes. He quietly shook my hand and then left. I turned my head a little and squinted at the Turkish maiden.

Oh yes, she had played curve today as well, the living image of a curve. She had begun with the 9th symphony, "Choral", and had transitioned to the "Eroica", had courageously conquered her Red Cross shyness and

boldly subdued the handsome little painter. He now lay stretched out on the carpet, fast asleep with his head in her lap. The Turkish maiden’s long fine hands glided again and again through his blonde locks and she sang to him, very lightly, a lullaby, the 6th symphony “Pastoral”.

My Burial

Three days before my death I sent a postcard to the “Red Riders”. Even so, this story should really have occurred in Berlin! The “Berliner” is refined. They say “lift” instead of “elevator”. They are “Gents” and on no account “Gentlemen”. When they want something done they send a dispatch to the “Messenger Boy Institute”.

You can gather from that why this story never happened in Berlin. I wrote to the “Red Riders” because they sounded very nice and not to the Messenger Boys because they would have thrown my postcard away.

My card announced:

Three days after receipt of this card please pick up a crate for the cemetery. The presence of all Red Riders is required. Payment and further instructions will be with the crate.

Then my name and address.

The Red Riders came promptly and with them came the Chief Rider. In Berlin you would say the General Director of the Messenger Boy Institute. He was inspecting a large coffin sized crate on which I had painstakingly painted “Glass”, “Fragile”, “Caution” and “Do Not Drop”.

Naturally my corpse was in the old crate but I had not closed the cover because I wanted a beautiful funeral and needed to pay attention to make sure everything went right.

First the Chief took the gold and counted it. “Forty five Red Riders for two hours—it fits”. He put the gold in his wallet and looked at my instructions.

“No”, he said then. “It doesn’t. We don’t do this.”

I made my voice real hollow and answered from out of the crate, “The Red Riders will do anything”.

The Chief Rider was not certain where the voice had come from. He scratched his nose.

“Should I?” He said. “Should I?”

His conscience hit him. On all his advertisements it explicitly stated “The Rider Riders will do anything”. One of the boys wanted to nail the cover down but the Chief waved him back.

“Forward!” He cried and pointed to the directions. “It specifically says here the cover must stay open. I will do what I’m paid to do. There will be no black marks on my account even if it would be allowed.”

“First we say a short prayer. Do any of you know a short prayer?”

None of the Red Riders knew a short prayer.

“What about a longer one?”

But they couldn’t get a longer one right.

“The Red Riders will do anything!” I said hollowly from out of my crate.

The Chief Rider looked around. “But of course!” He cried quickly.

“There is still a beautiful one if the Red Riders can’t come up with anything else.”

He turned to all the youngsters.

“Frtiz, you certainly know a prayer?”

“I know a prayer all right,” opinioned the urchin. “But not ordinarily for…”

“That doesn’t matter!” The Chief Rider interrupted. “Whether it is an ordinary prayer or an unordinary one, the important thing is that we pray! So say your prayer and everyone else say it with him.”

Fritz prayed and the others shouted along as loud as they could.

“Come Lord Jesus, be our guest and let these gifts to us be blessed.”

“Amen,” said the Chief Rider unctuously. “That is really an excellent prayer. Remember it for the future.”

He followed my orders completely. Then they loaded the crate on a cargo tricycle that the strongest youth drove. Fritz needed to sit on top so the cover wouldn’t fall off. All the Red Riders sprang onto their bicycles and went as fast as they could through the streets. The people cheered at the lively train of Red Riders. In my crate I thought how different is was to be so enjoyably rushing to the churchyard instead of going slowly in a black funeral carriage with ghastly mourners trotting alongside.

In twenty minutes we were there. They leaned their bicycles against the fence and the four largest carefully unloaded the crate. The Chief Rider looked at my instructions and directed:

"2nd crossroads, 8th corridor left from the main road! On the right side! Grave #48678!"

That is where the solemn procession brought the old crate. The grave was already open; a pair of large shovels were stuck in a pile of loose dirt. A single Red Rider crept into the grave and carefully placed the crate. Then they stood in a wide circle around the grave.

"Everyone light a cigarette!" The Chief Rider commanded.

Most of them had their own cigarettes and offered their tins to those that didn't.

"I can't smoke," said Fritz. "It makes me— "

But I interrupted him, "The Red Riders will do anything!"

The Chief glanced around his company deeply insulted.

"Who said that?" He cried. "I will not tolerate any more useless words from any of you. Obviously the Red Riders will do anything! You, Fritz, smoke! A Red Rider must smoke as well as they can pray!"

Fritz lit his cigarette and so did the others.

"Now," said the Chief Rider looking again at his slip of paper. "Now we begin the funeral service. We sing a melody like we are in a dark gloomy forest."

"All together—this verse:

The Red Riders will do anything— for the living and the dead— it is our job!"

They all sang so that it resounded and I sang along with them in my crate.

"Now comes the eulogy," he continued. "Today we have the honor and great pleasure of being permitted for the first time to escort someone to their final resting place. We don't know any more of his virtues except for the fact that his last request was to permanently set a memorial in the hearts of all Red Riders by paying them each 3 Marks and 45 pennies for two hours work. Friendly patronizing aside, on these grounds let us all join in a cheer to the blessed deceased."

"Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!"

And the Red Riders screamed, "Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!"

“Very good,” said the Chief Rider. “If I were in that crate I would gratefully applaud! Now to close we will sing the favorite song of the deceased and let him sleep in the Lord.”

“Daughter of Zion be glad; Jerusalem rejoice!”

It sounded out across the cemetery to where another group was singing at the 3rd crossroads, 8 corridors down and left from the main road. That is to say, to where another funeral was taking place at grave #48679 on the left side diagonally across from me.

They were burying some honorable Privy Councillor and there was a horrendous number of people, Professors, Judges, Military Officers and wealthy industrialists—all refined people! But it was still only an old style funeral without Red Riders.

The Chief Rider waited politely until the people finished singing. Then he cried anew, “Now we sing the favorite song of the departed.”

“Daughter of Zion be glad—,” but he couldn’t finish because the fat pastor began a droning eulogy over at the other funeral.

The Chief Rider waited another five minutes, ten minutes, but the pastor would not stop and was making it bad for me.

“Such speech will speed the decomposition of my corpse considerably,” I thought to myself.

The Chief Rider thought so too and looked at his watch. But the pastor talked and talked.

Finally it was too long for the Chief Rider. He had only been paid for two hours. He commanded anew and all forty-five Red Riders let out once more:

“Daughter of Zion be glad!”

The pastor fought on and would not give in. But what is the power of a preacher against forty-five Red Riders? I felt solid satisfaction that the youths were winning and my modern funeral would clear the battlefield and put the old middle class world to shame.

The pastor stopped. But the clergy can never really be defeated. That will not do. He spoke to a couple of gentlemen in top hats and they in turn spoke to some guards. The guards put their helmets on their heads and came over to my grave. They were eager to speak with the Chief Rider but he held his position.

“We are doing our job,” he said coldly.

“Do you have a permit?” One of the guards asked.

“Certainly!” The Chief Rider answered and reached into his wallet. “Here it is. An official permit for my Red Riders!”

“Hmm,” remarked the guard. “A permit for burials?”

“The Red Riders will do anything!” The Chief declared bravely.

“Bravo! Bravo!” I cried in my crate.

“No one here shouts Bravo!” The guard yelled.

He demanded that all the Red Riders leave but the Chief Rider would not. He was not yet finished with the celebration that he had been commissioned and paid for. He was an honorable man and his highest principle was a strict sense of duty. He requested that the guards leave in an orderly way.

“Such a shrewd citizen!” I thought. “Now it will get into the press and make good publicity for him.”

The guards yelled but the Chief Rider yelled even louder. Slowly all the Professors, Judges, Military Officers and wealthy industrialists came over from the other funeral and mixed in. When the pastor came it was entirely too late.

He saw the Red Riders in their red caps and jackets with cigarettes in their mouths.

“Pfui!” He said.

Then he took his glasses off and set them on my crate.

“ ‘Fragile’, ‘Do not drop’, What’s going on here?” He asked sharply.

It was little Fritz that gave him the dreadful answer. He really couldn’t smoke and the cigarette was making him sick. He bent forward and then back and then forward again in even faster motion. That’s when the accident happened all over the black gown of the pastor.

At first he was speechless, but then everyone was trying to give him his or her handkerchiefs. He got hold of himself and declared seriously:

“That really oversteps all boundaries. I am publicly offended.”

“I am also publicly offended,” voiced a gentleman with twenty-seven medals.

“We have jurisdiction because we are publicly offended,” said the guards.

Things were getting much too colorful for me. I saw that I must come to the help of my hard-pressed Red Riders. I shoved the lid open, stood up and cried in wrath.

“And I, gentlemen, for your disrespectful participation in my burial, I am publicly offended!”

The pastor stared horrified into the grave.

“Is this a Christian burial?” He stammered.

“No,” I said. “This is a modern burial with Red Riders.”

I sat on my crate, jammed my eyepiece into my eye and glared at the people. I was in pajamas but had been afraid of getting too cold in the grave so I had brought my fur coat along as well. That made quite an impression on the gentlemen since it was the middle of summer. No one was paying attention to the funeral of the Privy Councillor, that was for certain.

“Get out of here, go away!” I started. “I paid for this grave and it belongs to me. I am legally dead and can have a little fun if I want! Go away! Here in this hole and in this crate I am Master of the house and I advise you not to trespass.

“This is a scandal,” said the gentleman with the medals. “This is a malicious scandal.”

Then the Public Prosecutor came.

“There must be an end to this foolish charade,” he hissed at me. “I arrest you in the name of the Law. I request the guards do their duty.”

The guards climbed into the hole and laid their wide paws on my shoulders, but I looked at them sharply and said.

“Have you lost all respect for the sanctity of the dead?”

“He is not dead! He is a fraud!” The very angry Public Prosecutor cried.

“Really?” I laughed. “Just a moment, I will offer the guards my death certificate. Here, satisfy yourselves. And by the way,” I went on. “If this slip from the county doctor is not enough, prove it yourself, you old ass!”

The gentleman with the medals stuck his nose in the air, sniffed, and moved back.

“The Devil!” He cried.

“Please keep the boundary of decency and good manners my friend,” I admonished. “Bear in mind where we are. It is a torrid red-hot July day and almost noon. I am a corpse. I have a right to stink!”

But the Public Prosecutor wouldn’t calm down.

“That means nothing to me,” he declared. “I see only that a rude public nuisance has begun and the public nuisance demands legal atonement. I

request the guards lay the gentleman in his crate and bring him along. Everyone else, please follow me!”

The guards grabbed me. I attempted to offer resistance but they were much stronger than I and quickly stuck me into the crate and carried me out of the cemetery to the carriage. Everyone followed. The gentlemen climbed into their light carriages and the Red Riders sprang onto their bicycles. Even the gravedigger came with.

The only thing I was happy about was that the Privy Councillor whose old fashioned funeral I had so disturbed was now all alone and lying abandoned. The stupid fellow must really be annoyed.

My crate sat on a beam of wood and a fat policeman sat up on top. Thank God I could see a little through a knothole. We traveled back through the city at a sharp trot, and then we halted in front of the court building.

“Room 41,” cried the Public Prosecutor.

The guards carried my crate and me inside. Everyone else pushed hastily into the room. The District Court Judge sat above between his lay magistrates.

The Public Prosecutor stopped a long speech. He apologized for so suddenly interrupting the proceedings but some very urgent, pressing, really brooking no delay business needed to be dealt with. Then he told the entire course of events and what had happened.

“The fellow claims to be dead,” he closed, “and is in possession of an authentic legal death certificate.”

The District Court Judge let me get out of my crate.

“Is there a doctor in the audience?” He asked.

Three gentlemen came forward, an ordinary Doctor, a staff Doctor and a Psychiatrist, the Director of the State Lunatic Asylum. They examined me while holding handkerchiefs over their noses. They made it really short.

“He is most certainly a corpse!”

I had won.

“I would like to charge the Public Prosecutor with violation of a corpse,” I said.

“Let the accused stand here for the time being,” moved the Chairman.

“Not any longer dear Sir,” I replied. “I am in a condition of— “

“Observe the dignity of the court,” he interrupted me. “I would like you to be fined.”

“Permit you to— “

“Be quiet!” He yelled.

“No,” I said. “I will not be quiet. As a Prussian I have the right to freely express myself in word, writing or image.”

He laughed. “We are not in Prussia any more! And besides, you are not a Prussian, you are a corpse!”

“I’m not a Prussian any more?”

“No.”

“Then I am a dead Prussian.”

“And a dead Prussian,” he trumped me. “absolutely has no civil rights. Even you must understand that!”

I thought about it. He was right. I was vexed but quieted.

“You stand here,” he began again, “accused of gross misconduct, resisting arrest and contempt of court. Do you have anything to say in your defense?”

“I am a corpse,” I whimpered downcast.

“That is no excuse,” asserted the Judge. “It would be nice if corpses and especially Prussian corpses could go unpunished for all misdemeanors. But that would be contrary to what is said about corpses, that they are quiet to the highest degree, well mannered and take great pains to be well behaved. You should, so to speak, be setting a shining example of virtue for all living citizens. As a former Prussian you should know that is the first duty! And that goes for all types of so-called corpses.

This case is entirely unheard of, that a deceased individual has become indignant and even more, openly stands in front of me. Nothing like this has ever happened in all my long years of practice. Have you ever been convicted?”

“Yes,” I stood straight. “Seventeen times. For contempt, for two fights, for spreading malicious pamphlets as well as for all the misdemeanors I stand here accused of!”

“You are back sliding,” he stressed. “It appears that you don’t want to remain quiet!”

“I was always innocent,” I stammered.

“Always innocent,” scorned the Judge. “I wonder, will you quit these misdemeanors? Will you learn from this?”

I sealed my fate.

“I don’t care about any of that at all. Leave me in peace! I am a corpse, and you are an idiot and all of you are idiots!”

The Chairman raised his hand, but before he could say a word the Public Prosecutor stood up.

“I propose the accused should be transferred to the Insane Asylum for six weeks and his state of mind observed.”

The Psychiatrist, the Director of the asylum, came forward quickly and declared.

“Under these circumstances the Insane Asylum must refuse to take the accused for six weeks. I can’t risk the danger of keeping him that long!”

There was a small pause; then one of the jurors asked.

“Yes, but what are we going to do with him?”

“We are going to give him a fine,” said the Judge.

“That won’t do you any good,” I remarked. “I am dead and don’t have any more money than when I was alive. I gave out my last coin for a proper burial! The Chief of the Red Riders made a contract with me.”

“Then he must certainly not go free under any circumstances,” said the Public Prosecutor.

“But the prison won’t take him any more than the insane asylum!” The Chairman objected.

He was very inconsolable. I believed I had won when suddenly the unctuous pastor came to their assistance.

“I think I can make a suitable proposal gentlemen!” He said. “I believe it would be best if the deceased, the accused, were given a Christian burial.”

“I don’t want a Christian burial!” I cried wildly.

But the pastor paid no attention to me. “A very Christian and very civilized burial.” He went on, “I believe in this case it would put things right for the charity and honor of the court and for all decent thinking people. It would also to a certain extent cause this confused spirit of the accused to be punished and regret his actions. This is dangerous but if I am permitted to inter the deceased in this way I believe he will remain quiet, unmoving and won’t cause any more problems in the future.”

“Very good! Very good!” The Chairman nodded, the Public Prosecutor nodded, both jurors nodded, everyone nodded.

I screamed furiously and turned in my despair to the Chief Red Rider.

He shrugged his shoulders. “I am very sorry,” he said. “We were only paid for two hours and they have run out. The Red Riders will do anything — That is our highest principle— But— only when we are paid!”

No one sympathized with me. I defended myself the best I could but was quickly overpowered. They stuck me in a black coffin and carried me out.

The pastor held a eulogy for me free, without pay. I don’t know what he said because I plugged my ears.

Brute force has conquered. What is the use of turning over three times whenever a Public Prosecutor or District Court Judge walks past my grave?

Anthropoovaropartus

A Word Pro Domo for the Professional and the Amateur

The 2nd December issue of the London “Medical Review” contained the entire short notice. It found its way into all the newspapers of the world.

The two Edinburg Doctors, Professor Paidscuttle and Dr. Feesemupp after long experimentation and several attempts had finally invented the “Anthropoovaropartus”. It would take the egg from a human female and grow it in accordance with nature. This technology would be suitable to bring about an eerie change in the life of mankind.

Both gentlemen were carefully guarding the secret for the present but it stood to hope that it wouldn’t be long until a public announcement would be made.

I was looking over this interesting announcement and a compelling urge came over me to publicly explain the truth, that the idea of the “Anthropoovaropartus”, a machine that would grow the eggs of the human female, belonged to me and they should have talked to me first.

Unfortunately I had been such an ass that instead of a patent I only had a pattern for protection. For the sake of my Fatherland and for myself I wanted to see this eerie machine that grew human eggs in accordance with nature and determine if I had been robbed. I wanted to know if the materialization of my thought had been obtained.

At least I will preserve the glory for each of us. Both Scottish scholars likely put down everything about their invention of the “Anthropoovaroparatus” so there can be no dispute over it. I am compelled to name unique witnesses that can prove my side of the story.

They are:

Superintendent of Public Schools Dr. Schulze of Kőpenick and the foreign maiden Frida Knäller.
(Current whereabouts unknown by the police)

On the night of 4 to 5 November 1903 I traveled with the Superintendent for three hours through the early morning down Friedriche St. On the corner of Orianienburger St. we met up with F. Knäller whom he wanted to strike up an acquaintance with.

I had felt the need to bring these two different people together as matchmaker in an unceremonious way to see if they would like each other. I observed explicitly a possible annoyance and unpleasantness in the air and didn't push it. On the contrary, I felt compelled to pay for some food and drink.

I find that subtlety is a precondition of the Law when you can't get what you want. You can gather from this that I am as good a lawyer as a distinguished physician, which gives my discovery certain characteristics of both.

Around 117 Friedriche St. I entered the pub "Hulking Hound" with them for the aforesaid purpose of warming the pair up a bit toward each other. I can say that Superintendent Dr. Schulze went out of his way to be pleasant while F. Knäller showed a remarkable dislike toward him in her behavior. In her opposition she was determined to break the lively and vivacious spirit of the pedagogue.

I ordered a quantity of stimulating beverages in the hopes that it would lighten things up a bit and we gradually became engrossed in deeper, more scholarly questions.

F. Knäller had read in "Mine-Haha" of the fetal movements of the unborn child and its transformation. She wanted to know from the educated Superintendent if there was a solution to the female question wherein some steps could be taken in consideration of the financially distressed farmer and the academic youth to make their lives easier.

We talked all around this subject of pregnancy and always kept coming back to the main point of inadequate health care. The Superintendent finally said in conclusion "The only way the egg could get the nourishment it needed was through its connection to the mothers womb".

I would like to say in that moment as he spoke this fateful sentence, a hundred words that had up till now only been phrases to me became palpable reality. I recognized the symbol in the painting from Sais and it ripped the veil from my eyes. I held the Philosophers Stone in my hand. I had laid the egg of Columbus. I sighed deeply three times and felt that in a

single second I had found the solution to the social question and to everything else.

Then the Superintendent to whom I was indebted raised his hand but I pressed it back down and ordered the 17th round of grog. While the beverage was being brought I calmed myself a bit while another wretched witness, Taxi driver 2nd Class No. 7468, came up and sat at a nearby table.

I stood up, looked at my watch and gave the following speech:

"You will want to note this moment well Ladies and Gentlemen. It marks a revolution in the unseemly life history of humanity that we have up to now seen. It is now precisely 4 hours and 19 minutes! Furthermore you will want to consider my person and impress upon your memory that in this moment the man stands before you that can bring the greatest victory to mankind if you will let him continue.

You, Miss Knäller, only snore. Would you give more special attention to my words if you knew the destiny you have been given to sit here as the singular representative of your sex and that through me you will strike a blow that will raise up and advance civilization a hundred thousand years?

We have been talking about the female question. Why is it that in the war with the male the female always appears to take the weaker part?

We all know: it is your sexual occupation. It is a fact that the female must carry and then bear children, and if that is not the case must otherwise regularly suffer in a disagreeable manner a reminder from nature of her femininity. We want to apply some lever and find a solution that will lessen the severity of your periods.

From my point of view pregnancy and childbirth in this modern setting now appear thoroughly inadequate and obsolete. We have a moral obligation!

You, Superintendent should especially honor this time. It is sad that men forbid pregnant women, who are willing to produce new sons for the Fatherland, to set foot on the street. Almost daily we see women and virgins wandering around in most inappropriate circumstances.

I ask you, what impression does this make on the innocent maid that is growing up? The innocent child wonders. She questions, "Where did I come from?" She goes for days experiencing things she should never experience. This is so far from hygiene! I ask, is this condition healthy for

women? Simply no, it is not. All suffer down there, some more, some less but it is acceptable to none.

Then there is the birth! The labor is very intense and many women even collapse from the pain.

Aesthetically speaking, the time of pregnancy that paints a fat womb on every woman is now over, thank God!

The newborn is equally as ugly and goes contrary to our perception of beauty. I am speaking out of an experience with my girl friend, Miss Niedlich. I told her the baby looked like a noisome scarlet Aztec frog, but the mother found her child very beautiful. This is a certain sign that child bearing undermines the aesthetic experience.

If I need to give any more proof I can point to the frightful and horrifying state of modern medicine. It is unworthy and adverse to childbirth and to civilization.

Now I personally don't have anything against this manner of childbirth. In general it is worthy, serves to propagate the human race and normally I wouldn't say a word against it. Unfortunately my fellowmen have spoken many words about it because they are asses. So I won't stay quiet either about the facts of perpetual child bearing and how the female could be improved from the ground up and not have to endure so much.

My Dear Superintendent, you said, 'The only way the egg could get the nourishment it needed was through its connection to the mothers womb'. You have no idea what these words have given to humanity!

Yes, we could separate the womb of this woman of the future from the exemplary egg that she carries! We could give her back her womb and from now on if this was done our women could lay eggs!

We are only mortal humans and can't transform into a swan like Jupiter and our women can't lay eggs. For the singer in the myth this is only a slight difficulty because a God finds the solution. Today we are capable of finding this solution for ourselves. Where can we find this knowledge?

Let us consider our predecessor the hen that lays eggs with shells. It holds the missing piece in which the egg is grown in its womb and then with the nourishment of lime grows a shell around it and finally passes the entire egg through its body.

In women sadly, this egg is nourished through the connection to the womb along with its contractions and discomfort. This connection must be

severed and an alternate way of nourishing the egg manufactured and put into place.

This could be something along the lines of the successful Uteroenterostomie performed at Harvard University by Professor Babywater but in a different, new direction with continued success. You could reconnect the umbilical cord to a new source of nourishment and give the fetus what it needs for the best health and growing bones.

Perhaps if we made an entire generation of youth through this operation they would later acquire the hereditary ability to lay eggs and being male or female would not be as important anymore.

If that is not the case and I personally doubt very much if it would be, then we could soon be enlightened enough to make the small infringement of an operation and clip the small boys making them into females as well.

Our pregnant women would then need to take lots of lime and phosphorus in order to produce the important egg shell and through therapy or mechanical means bring about the momentary contractions that must be applied to bring about the quick laying of the egg.

Perhaps later this would not be needed anymore and our great granddaughters could lay eggs as nice and pretty as the best hen.

The famous poultry breeder Poulain d'Or in Cambray found a process to enlarge the ovaries and fortify their propagation through the application of Yohimbin-Speculum on the one hand along with Radium treatments on the other with amazing success in the increase of life energy and reproductive growth.

If it had been done with our women instead, they would have not once a month, but every day-and especially adept women twice a day-effortlessly laid a magnificent egg like the greatest swan.

We only think of enriching our future national health by nourishing it on a daily basis.

In Germany we have around 20 million women between fifteen and forty-five years of age. They could comfortably lay 25 million eggs every day that would supplement our national need for more workers. That is precisely what is needed for our national prosperity along with a deepening of our economy and consumption of more products.

Everyone could hatch a fertilized egg in an Ovaro-Embryo-Paedo-Nursery that would ensure the good simple connection every egg in our day requires.

The betterment of the race also grows in my consideration. Through the process of natural selection we could take eggs only from select, exemplary, especially beautiful, powerful, healthy and clever women. We could avoid eggs from weak, sick, dumb and ugly women and not let them hatch.

My idea could easily answer and bring clarity to half a dozen other questions that exist around the world today like the need to support the fragile head of the infant when you hold it.

Or the social question: Socialist Democratic eggs simply would not hatch; only liberal eggs on a very limited scale.

The Polish question, the Jewish question, the gypsy question, the anti-military question: Polish, Jewish, gypsy, anti-military eggs would not hatch.

For America the Negro question, the Chinese question, the Japanese question: Negro, Chinese and Japanese eggs would not hatch.

The Balkan question that is coming here, the one that gets people so worked up that they throw each other around. In every village is a landscape or a different populace. In one district only Bulgarians, in another only Greeks and in another only Turkish eggs would hatch. In a single generation everything would be in better order. The Balkan question would be resolved

The criminal question, the religious question: criminals, Atheists and Monists are simply not hatched. It would certainly be best if only good Catholic eggs were allowed to hatch.

And yes, the free artists with their obscenities and rubbish in word and picture that so infest the world could now be cleansed as well. Eggs of upstanding thinkers, musicians, painters and poets and of any connected with them would under no circumstances be permitted to hatch.

In this way the coming generation could remove the arts entirely and link the world in good patriotic pathways.

But if the good citizen could certify or prove his good character to the egg hatchery his wife would be allowed to produce a beautiful egg. If she couldn’t lay an especially beautiful one, an even more splendid one could be given to him or he could buy one and write his name on it before it is placed in its glass case in the distinguished nest at the hatchery.

If he was especially interested he could go there now and then to take peep at it, particularly during the fourth quarter when the little fellow bursts out of his shell. It would certainly be amusing.

Otherwise two years later he could come back as a daddy and fetch him for the first time from the clean room at the Ovaro-Embryo-Paedo-Nursery where the child has been kept.

The entire indecency of today's childbirth would be avoided, the aesthetic would have triumphed as well as the moral. The female question would be resolved as well with the wife being perfectly equal to the husband. Her body would once more belong to her and not be disturbed by the little bit of egg laying required. On the contrary, she would be an even greater asset to her husband because an egg or two is always worth something!

Even more, in this manner…"

As soon as I reached this point I realized that strange gurgling noises were coming from Superintendent Dr. Schultze and unpleasantly mixing with the soft snores of F. Knäller. In the meantime cab driver 2nd Class No. 7468 had caught up with us, polished off eighteen rounds of grog during my speech and was now sleeping.

I woke him up and reproached him for his negligence but reconciled later and drank Schmollis with him. He then took it upon himself to take me back home and bring me to bed.

We left my friend, Superintendent Dr. Schulze of Köpenick, to the keeping of F. Knäller. What happened to him after that I have no idea.

So those are the simple facts. They are the only witnesses that can prove my part in the creation of the "Anthropoovaropartus". Their statements would naturally be very valuable to me in establishing my rights.

Sadly I can only guess at the rest, and can't prove any of it.

All I know is the police don't know the present whereabouts of F. Knäller. They have both been gone from Berlin for two years now and it's likely they ended up in London.

I am convinced they made the acquaintance of Professor Paidscuttle or Dr. Feesemupp in Piccadilly and these two gentlemen treacherously made off with my idea of the "Anthropoovaropartus".

These sons of Scotland may get all the coin but nevertheless, the great thought, the great idea of producing a pure and superior German youth still belongs to me!

The Death of Baron Jesus Maria von Friedel

And the gods heard the plea of the nymph Salmacis and united her body with that of her lover, the beautiful son of Hermes and Aphrodite.

-Aristobulos

The male sex is born out of the sun and the female springs out of the earth. But the moon is created out of both, is created as a third, rare and strange---

-Eryximachus

No, no, it is not true at all that Baron Jesus Maria von Friedel committed suicide. What really happened is that he shot her, or the other way around, that she shot him. I only know that you can not speak of it being suicide.

I knew him well enough, met him at times again and again in foreign lands. Here and there I heard of him through acquaintances. I don't know more details of his death than any of the others, only what was printed in the papers and what his lawyer confirmed- even the information that he had killed himself in the bath.

Here is my calendar. In the fall of 1888 Baron Friedel rode in a hurdle race as a very young lieutenant of the Yellow Dragoons. That was in Graz. I remember it very well, how proud his uncle, the Colonel of the regiment, was of him as he flew in first place over the ribbon.

"Look at that splendid boy go! He would have been an old woman without me!"

Then he explained to us how scarcely more than a year ago he had found the boy at his sister's. She was an old maid in Mährischen. There at castle Aibling one old and two young aunts were bringing up the orphaned youth.

“Three crazy females!” The Colonel laughed. “And his tutor, knowing him, he was the fourth! He was a poet and sang of the female soul. He saw a saint in every slut.

I don’t want to do him wrong because he taught him all he knows. The boy already knows more at fifteen than our entire regiment, that is including our doctor.

If only that was all he knows! But the others, it was horrible! The women taught him embroidery, lace making, crochet, knitting and more charming things of that nature. It was like he was made out of candy. It was so bad that when you saw him you felt like you had just drank sugary sweet almond milk!

How all five voices screamed when I took him out of there! The boy screamed the worst. I grabbed him by the hair. Only the memory of my brother kept me strong. But I didn’t have the slightest hope, you know, of ever making a man out of that blouse-wearing boy.

By the Devil! Now look who’s a smart Lieutenant in the Yellow?”

Grinning, the Colonel told us of the advancement of his nephew. How his nephew could even drink him under the table and how he had been the first to lead the charge in two battles against the Teutons. He was an excellent fencer, second to none in Graz, swashing his saber around like a riding whip.

“You have never seen anything like it, and on a horse- well you have just seen that. And the women, Holy St. Barbara, no cavalry lieutenant on either side of the Leitha river has had such a debut. When he was at War School in Vienna his landlady had three young daughters. Now all three virgins are expecting. He will gladly pay the alimony. He is a splendid boy, my nephew, Jesus Maria!”

I met him five years later in Kolomyia, in the Ukraine, of all places. He was there with ####. I will not use her name. She still travels around the world today and all the provincial newspapers exalt at her rendition of the classical play *Medea*. At that time her name rang like gold in the Hofburg Theater. This theatrical trip through the miserable holes of Galicia and the German-Bohemian Bukovina was remarkable enough.

Naturally I went to this curious performance and the tragedienne assaulted us with Schiller’s *Demetrius*. Baron Friedel faint-heartedly recited his pretty sounding little poem. I applauded enthusiastically. The

Kolomyians took me as an authority because I was in my dinner jacket so the evening was a complete success.

I dined with both of them after the performance. It was apparent their trip was also a kind of honeymoon as well, a very strange one at that.

Since he had left the service he was receiving a nice handsome bit of change from his aunts. The tragedienne had an ample amount of money as well and threw it out the window with both hands as fast as she earned it.

What was the purpose of this theatrical tour through Europe's most miserable lands? That was not the only mystery. Everyone knew the star was a man hater. Many still remembered the scandal when she slipped off one night with the Countess Schöndorf. That had happened about two years ago from that very night.

A short time later her director slapped her on the face during a rehearsal because she was having an affair with his wife. Never before or since did anyone ever hear of the great star of *Medea* having a Jason. But I saw how she kissed the Baron's hands over the dishes. I believe alcohol brought the two of them together- I, myself, could tell a hundred funny anecdotes about this drink happy heroine. That night she made herself right at home with a wineglass full of cognac before soup.

But he didn't drink a drop, had become a teetotaler. How did that ever happen? Today I understand this remarkable love affair, but at the time I couldn't make any rhyme or reason out of it.

Later Baron Friedel traveled a lot. I encountered him once in awhile, but only fleetingly, scarcely for an hour at a time. I have established that he accompanied Amundsen on his first trip to the North Pole. Later he was adjutant to Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil during the Boer wars. He was wounded during the siege of Mafeking and captured by the English at Hartebeestfontein in South Africa.

At some point a book of poetry appeared by him and a very interesting work about Theotocopuli, whom his contemporaries called "El Greco". This was the result of a journey to Spain. What astounded me so much was that the estate of the Baron was filled with the remarkable distorted portraits of this painter. In that way Jesus Maria Friedel was the only person I've ever known that valued these silver and black representations.

I met him again at a meeting of the Scientific-Humanitarian Committee in Berlin. He sat across from me between Mrs. Inez Seckel and police

commissioner, Mr. Von Treskow. He was drinking again, smoking and listening very intently to the lecture.

It was about Hirschfeld's sharp separation between heterosexual and homosexual individuals. This long-standing question had finally been resolved and now for the first time practical work could be done with it.

We only spoke briefly but I remember what he said to me while we were getting our coats from the cloakroom.

"These Gentlemen think everything is so very simple, but believe me, there are some cases that require some other form of explanation."

Furthermore I know Friedel had stayed for a long time with a lady in Stockholm that was performing a funny and disrespectful Intermedio based on Strindberg's *Hanna Paj*. This full throated devout village cleric screamed in his face in priestly exasperation. It was a repeat of the classical *Medea* but here the Baron needed to play his particular part in the Intermedio as well. It was much more difficult to perform.

Later the Baron was involved in some scandalous affair in Vienna in which he was publicly humiliated. It was scarcely mentioned in the papers and I know almost nothing about it. I've only heard that as a consequence his relatives suddenly cut off any support from that day on and that he sold all of his possessions and went to America.

A year later I heard his name brought up by chance in the editorial office of the German "La Plata" newspaper in Buenos Aires. I asked about him and learned that Baron Friedel had worked for half a year as a writer for the newspaper. Before that he had presided as Majordomo over a ranch in Argentina. More recently someone had also seen him working as a coachman in Rosario. Nevertheless he was no longer there and was now somewhere in Paraguay gadding about.

That was where I found him again and it was under very remarkable circumstances. But first I need to tell a little about the people that choose to call Paraguay "The Promised Land". It is an odd community, so much so that someone should write a book about it.

It once attracted a person that hated all the Jews and found Germany too progressive. He thought he could save the world when he vigorously screamed "Heilo". He had red hair and a red beard. His blue eyes blazed out into the world.

"Ah, you would like Dr. Förster," once said my friend attorney Philippson.

He was right. You had to love him with his joyful belief in impossible ideals and heartfelt stupidity. Not only him, but all of those that leave home searching for a meadowed utopia somewhere in the world.

Elisabeth Förster-Nietzche came with him, his gaunt, blue stockinged wife. She went back to Europe after many years and rummaged around in her great brother's papers after his death playing the left behind "Pythia" and amazing harmless citizens with the words "My brother Nietzche". But he is dead and there is no one that can rescue him from such sisterly love.

They are still insulted about her leaving over there in Paraguay. The people there are uneducated and have no respect for the Priestess that keeps watch in her temple at Weimar. They tell stories about her-

Mostly they tell stories about him, about her man, the reddish blonde Förster. They laugh sometimes too, but with tears in their eyes, the way people in a tragicomedy laugh. Oh yes, it is so pathetic, such great genuine enthusiasm, beautiful and stupid. But it is always honest, so much courage, work and naïve misunderstanding.

A New Germany in the promised land, free, huge, magnificent! How it made this man's heart beat! Then came the collapse and the end- his death.

He was their leader. They came out of Germany for him, with him and after him, Counts, Barons, aristocrats, officers and country squires. They were a strange company. They were people that wanted to go back to the old ways. The Germany they once loved had become too modern- like America.

I found a Hussar Cavalry Captain in Tebicuary. He was digging a well. His friend, a Prussian Heavy Cavalry Commander, stood near him and neither one had any idea of how to dig a well. They were playing like two boys that wanted to scratch a hole through the earth.

Another time I went into a shop, "A cognac please."

But the Count from Mecklenburg remained sitting quietly in his chair absorbed in an ancient issue of the *Reichs Messenger*.

"Will you give me a cognac?"

He didn't move.

"The devil," I yelled. "I want a cognac!"

He was bothered by my yelling and finally moved to reply, "There's the bottle. Get it yourself."

They are precious, these people out of a dead time, stuck in the middle of a primeval forest. Right or wrong, they nourish themselves from the

capital that they brought with them, beating a miserable existence through a bit of agriculture and cattle breeding. All of them are like children, and that's the life they want over there. You need to laugh at them, but with tears in your eyes.

In general they are very hospitable in these lands and you will be taken in whether you are German, French, English, Spanish or Italian. Everyone is happy to have you as a guest at their lonely ranch. Only the best is good enough for a complete stranger and you are treated royally. In fact they would be very happy if you never left at all.

This is especially true for blue-blooded Germans and they are treated much differently. Yes, they are a so much better people and it is a great honor to have one stay with them. Times are hard there and you will finally have to pay dearly for your enjoyable stay with them. But they will on no account call their home a hotel. Pfui. That would be indecent. Maybe a boarding house, a boarding house fit for a Baron. Naturally these Gentlemen are not concerned about it. Not once do they polish a single boot. They only take your money. Almost everyone has such a boarding house and every ten years or so some unsuspecting guest will stay there once.

At that time I was living at the boarding house of the Countess Melanie. I can describe her very easily. If you want to meet someone like her get up early one morning and go to the zoo. You will see someone just like her there. She wears an ugly little silk hat and a black riding dress whose inventor was the greatest enemy of women that ever walked the earth. She is very blonde, bony and thin, the perfect German officer's wife.

After you are introduced to one of these women you have to greet all of them. You never know if she is the one you know or someone else. They all look exactly alike. I once met someone I thought was Countess Melanie, I was certain it was her but I was wrong. It was someone else that I had never met before.

She was thirty-five and had been already living on the land for at least a quarter of a century. She was rich and could have had a really good life in Europe but she lived simply and poorly, commanding the household just like her father had once commanded them, swearing with the peons and riding around the ranch side saddle in a black dress. That was the only feminine thing about her. When she gave an order it rang out like that of a Prussian Cavalry Captain, clear and sharp.

One day she cried so loudly that it resounded through all the rooms.

"Marie!"

Marie came and this time I couldn't be mistaken. I knew her. It was none other than Jesus Maria Von Friedel. He wore a black riding dress like the Countess and led both horses up right under my window. The Countess grabbed the reins, laced her fingers together. He stepped into them and swung up into the saddle, sidesaddle understandably. Then she climbed onto her horse and they both flew into the forest.

Countess Melanie was the successor to the star of the *Medea* and the Stockholm performer. Where one was a dramatic actor and the other a social reformer, this one was a Lieutenant and certainly a lot more man than many probation candidates were. In return, Baron Friedel had become much more feminine. He ran around in women's skirts and worked as Lady's Maid to the Countess.

I didn't see him any more that day but I met him the next morning on the veranda. He recognized me immediately and I nodded to him. In an instant he had turned around and ran away. But a half-hour later he came to my room in men's clothing.

"Are you going to be staying here very long?" He asked.

I replied that I had absolutely no plans and could leave today or next week. Then he asked if he could travel with me. It would be best if I left right away. I excused myself, said that my arrival was pure coincidence and that I in no way wanted to intrude at all in his life at this villa with his amazon. He didn't need to worry. I would ride on alone and leave him in peace.

Then he said, "No that's not it at all. I'm a different person now but I must leave today under all circumstances. I can't stay here an hour longer."

We traveled together for half a year. We hunted in Choco, Columbia, and I will gladly admit that Baron Friedel is a better rider and hunter than I am. There were some dangers in our adventures mainly because he would not leave the Indian girls alone. He was only half way contented with the European ones. Once he dragged one around with him all day sitting in front of him on the saddle.

In Assucion, Paraguay, the consulate awaited him with good news. The last of his aunts had died and he was now in the possession of a considerable fortune. We traveled together back to Europe.

In Bologue, France, I was glad to see him go. He had been insufferable and giddy on the steamer. Every night he gambled, drank and kicked up a row before falling to sleep in the smoking room.

The Stewardesses were very obliging to his intrusions and advances, but a couple girls in steerage that he stalked complained about it to the Captain. It created a big scene with a lot of bad slander and gossip. Nevertheless he still found the opportunity to seduce the young wife of a traveling salesman and fellow traveler while on an outing in Madeira, Spain. He seduced her so openly and brazenly that I am still astonished no one except myself noticed.

It always seemed to me that everything he did came out of an irresistible compulsion, out of a burning desire to prove his manhood to himself again and again. I must say that he did a pretty good job of it.

That was a year before his death. The bullet struck him at castle Aibling, the place he retired to after his return from Europe. He lived a solitary life there in the truest sense, removed from every form of communication. He let himself be waited on by the old servants, at times rode through the beech trees and by far spent the greatest part of his time in the castle library.

I know all this from Joseph Cochfisch, his lawyer. He also let me read what his master wrote during the weeks and months before his death. I call them “notes” because that is the only word for these remarkable writings.

Apparently the Baron at first intended to write down his memoirs in a black bound book but very soon it turned into a type of journal that after a few pages again dissolved into a mixture of essays, poems and all kinds of strange contemplations. Later everything became even more tangled and confused.

One of the things that made this book so difficult was that it contained two sets of handwriting. It began with the steep firm handwriting of the Baron that I knew so well. This dominated the first four dozen pages. Then suddenly on a new page a fine elegant lady’s hand asserted itself for twenty pages. This was again followed by the Baron’s strong hand that very soon dissolved a second time into that of the woman. Later in the book the handwriting would change so often that finally they would both appear in the same sentence.

I was able to determine that all of the poems except two were written in the woman’s hand. Furthermore, she also wrote a sensitive essay about the

musical art of L. von Hoffman as well as a couple excellent translations of Alfred de Vigny.

The following were only in the handwriting of the Baron, a series of episodes depicting the Boer wars, an exhaustive, almost mathematically precise critical composition tearing apart Hoffman's influence on French artists in the XIX century. There was also a critique of Walt Whitman and his verses that had nothing good to say about him at all. Finally there was a long and broad presentation of a chess study that recommended a variant of the Ruy Lopez opening that was not very convincing.

There were only two poems in the hand of the Baron. One was a true smoking and drinking song. The other is quite informative so I will write it down here.

The Woman from Warens

Your gray eyes tell your desire
Your clever kiss knows such silent wisdom
Will this spark end in distant flickering flames?

You kiss a girl, a boy grows out of your kiss
And flees your daughter wrapped
In his joyous arms and wearing a glow so warm
That she gives heat to the middle of the night

Yet her kiss brings unknown fortune
Breaking what is and desiring to become someone new
He tears himself loose and returns in the morning dawn
Returns to you, as a beautiful woman

It seems to me that the heading is certainly influenced by some remembered poem of Rousseau. I don't know whether the subject matter of this poem is derived out of personal experience or just word imagery. Yet this sketch thoroughly permits a deep enough glance into the writers soul, confirming the sexual psyche of the Baron as I understand it. It has taken me a long time to put the things I know of his life in order. This image is not really as remarkable as it might seem at first glance. The entire sexual

life of the Baron is not that unusual except for the sharp extremes and he is certainly not alone in his experiences.

On the contrary I wish to assert that the psyche of any individual is not of a single sex but contains both male and female aspects. We may honor our manhood but that does not stop the feminine in us from breaking through from time to time, thank God. It is a great deficiency when this does not happen.

Even the way this feminine aspect is aroused within the Baron's psyche in such a crude manner appears to be only a surface consideration for me. Such perceptions and feelings must be addressed as completely normal and natural.

In a thoroughly masculine body there is a psyche with pure masculine sexual feelings. I use the word psyche as a word image to make a quick point. There is also within this same body a feminine psyche that perceives and feels in a sexually feminine way. In general these feminine feelings and perceptions are not strong enough to overcome all of the inhibitions that are contrary to its expression.

The natural instinctual feelings of the male body stand in opposition to those of the female aspect and support the male psyche instead. While in theory we have both male and female aspects equally within ourselves, under normal conditions the desire of the male body for a woman remains stronger and the feminine is only a mask that shows from time to time.

In the case of Baron von Friedel I see an unusually sharp exaggeration of this classic phenomenon in a manner that I have often observed before but never in such pronounced form.

The proof of the validity of my statement lies in the crude case of my friend, who always chose to partner with pronounced lesbians that had strongly developed masculine psyches. The fact appears to be that the opposing psyche always goes through a metamorphose and becomes a partner to the opposite sex psyche. I've received explicit permission from one of these ladies to say that she has never in her very rich life had any relationships with men except for her relationship with the Baron.

You may suspect that this phenomenon of an otherwise male avoiding woman suddenly expressing feelings for one man or another is a backlash of the repressed feminine feelings that lie slumbering within her or that she is responding to the feminine nature within the man. They probably both go together.

This reminds me amusingly enough of the old fable of Plato and the three sexes of ancient times. It puts this strange love into an entirely different light.

For the average citizen love between a man and a woman is the simplest thing in the world. But when you consider it more closely things become immensely complicated. Such as a man that feels like a woman but loves a woman and a woman that feels like a man yet loves a man!

This intricate problem resolves itself finally in the entirely natural, normal feelings of both sexes that resound within each of them. The mutual feelings are experienced as normal and only slightly tainted by a hint of inversion.

For all of these reasons the notes of Baron Jesus Maria von Friedel offer very splendid material for me in this study of sexual psychology. They do not possess much of interest except in the several places that come out of the extreme masculine and feminine divisions of his psyche and show how far over these boundaries he crossed. It explains much that we ourselves are capable of. These places are almost all to be found at the end of the book. They appear mostly in the Baron's hand with a few appearances in between in the lady's hand as well. It is necessary that I put them down together as they appear in his book for the full effect even though they are often unorganized and simply stuck in randomly like prunes in a batter.

It is worth mentioning that the entire last portion of these notes possesses a fantastic force and artistic imagery that resounds and is born out of this strange conflict of hostile sexual instincts. These passages give the impression that this Baron is not the one I knew, he was a dilettante and while possessing a deep perception and impressive insight was not capable of crossing over into these last boundaries of the psyche.

Page 884 In the hand of the Baron

Gray land crabs ran over the ground now that evening had fallen. They were unending, it was as if the earth's crust lived. The repulsive creatures swarmed over everything. There were all sizes, little ones not bigger than my fingernail and others with claws worn away, tiny ones and others as large as plates, waves of them. One powerful beast was so huge and powerful it was deformed. There were spider crabs, thick and hairy with

eyes on long stalks, poisonous bristle crabs with long stretched out limbs like monstrous bugs.

All around me the ground was torn up and deep holes kept spitting out new ones. I could not ride my horse, had to lead the mare by the reins as she carefully searched her way through.

They kept coming, more crabs, always more of them, crawling out of the earth and they were all marching in one direction. They were marching to the west, toward the setting sun. There was no deviation to the right or left, the eight-legged creatures marched straight as a string further, further into the distance.

I knew very well why they were marching. Somewhere in the west there was a carcass that the vultures had abandoned now that evening was falling, or else- yes, that was it! They were running to the graveyard, the graveyard at San Ignacio. Just this morning they had buried three peons that had died of swamp fever scarcely an hour before.

I had seen all three of them just yesterday drunken and noisy in front of the Spanish restaurant. But tomorrow before the sun comes up they will only be smooth bones in the ransacked earth where their bodies now lie. The rest will be torn into millions of pieces and distributed into the millions of stomachs of these repulsive gray land crabs. Oh, how ugly they are! No Indian disturbs these unclean creatures that plunder their graveyards. Only the Negro eats them, cooks them in his abominable soup or grasps them, breaks their claws off and sucks the flesh out before throwing it back. The others rush to the weaponless creature and eat it alive. Not even the smallest piece is left behind. Crack; crack the shell breaks and the armor-

I know this woman is like a huge repulsive crab. Am I then already a carcass that she smells, digs up and devours down to the smooth bones? Oh, yes. She must have my flesh so that she can live. But you will see. I will not be devoured! I will turn it around, break her claws off and like the Negro, suck out her flesh-

Page 896 In the hand of the Baron

In Buenos Aires I was once in the Royal Theater. We sat above in the box, Walter Gellig, two coquettes and I. We drank champagne, made noise

and had the screen shut. We scarcely threw a single glance at the stage and only then to shout some cheeky word or insult. We were having fun.

The French-Vietnamese on stage, well that was Whitley, a friend of the girls. We drank to her, shouted that her twins and we wished her a happy birthday. The crowd down below yelled at us to keep quiet. By the time the Loop-the-loop maiden had finished her act and come up to us Gellig was so drunk he could scarcely yell any more. The attendant carried him down and the women took him back home in the carriage.

I stayed behind and drank alone. Three Yankee lads came up on stage next, stupid, ugly fellows out of the Bowery bellowing some foolish song. The audience hissed, booed, screamed and shouted at them to go to blazes but the lads came back on stage for another round.

This time they didn't sing any more, they danced, rattling their hard heels in a sailor's jig. Their legs whirled faster and faster, always faster, pounding the sandy floor. I picked up the program to see who they were. They were the three Dicksons.

But when I looked back at the stage again they weren't there, the three Dicksons weren't there. There were only six legs springing up there on the stage, stamping and whirling on the boards in an amazing tempo, avoiding the hook, six slender black legs. The curtain fell and the audience applauded. They had not noticed, didn't see how the six legs came out from behind the curtain, walked up to the board one after another and bowed.

Who had stolen their bodies? No, it could not be. Someone might want those legs but certainly not the bodies. The bodies were not worth anything. Those ugly heads, narrow chests and monkey arms- No one would want them. But those legs, those six strapping legs of steel and sinew, so slender and sturdy- those majestic six legs!

My hotel was on 25th St. DeMayo. The desolate Casino Theater next door was still noisy. I went inside. Three women were on the stage, the program said they were the Graziella Trio. They were boring blonde girls in long blue velvet dresses with the sides slit open. They sang their song, and then for a refrain they raised their dresses high into the air and danced. They didn't wear petticoats. Their legs were stuck into high black tights. Slender, sturdy legs of steel, I could tell at once that they belonged to the three Dicksons. *Suddenly I felt a great fear- I knew that something would be stolen from me too. Not just my legs- everything!* But the feeling only lasted a moment, and then I laughed about it.

Then the thought came to me, what now? What could the Dicksons do about this theft? These women had certainly given them their old woman legs and were now proudly going around the world with these magnificent Dickson legs. How could the Dicksons prove this theft? No insurance would pay such a claim and it would eventually need to be settled in court. I went into my hotel and wrote a letter to the Dicksons offering my services as a witness.

Page 914 in the hand of the Lady

The Great Garden

Not the one at Cintra, not La Mortella at Ischia, not the Villa D'Este Garden, The Mirror of Dreams, in Este, not the dark mysterious one in Chislehurst, not the one at Lokrum, the island in the Adriatic sea, not the one at Schweriner castle, not the magical gardens in Haiti created by a German poet while posted as consul in Negro land. No, no. It is none of these, like all of them perhaps and yet like none of them.

Sometime- when the right word fails, when the beast that devours is eaten, when the past becomes the future, when beautiful lies smash unpleasant truth to pieces- Perhaps then!

Weary I ride through the evening somewhere, always along some field or forest. There is a wall, a long gray wall with high trees behind it. Behind this wall lies the great garden. Sometimes the wall is broken for a short space and patched with fence railings. If I wish I can see through to the other side into this mysterious place.

The road continues on into the distance, smooth, unending. Now there is a meadow. Deep bushes dream sleeping, swans sing in dark ponds as night comes. There is no sound, not the smallest, faintest sound.

When I come to the gate I will slip from the saddle, kiss the nose of my gray and with my whip tap lightly on the heavy iron. I know it will open- slowly, lightly, with no grating of hinges. It will open by itself, this mighty gate will open and receive me into the arms of the great garden, the garden of my desire.

There in the distance a beautiful woman wanders through the plane trees. Where she goes her steps ring like the sound of wind chimes. When

she breathes her breath shines like a silver fog. When she laughs the nightingales forget their song. When she speaks pearls drip from her lips.

“Boy,” she says to me. “My dear boy.”

I am so happy that my girl calls me “her boy”.

“Dear boy,” she says and kisses my hands.

No words can describe what I feel as she takes my hands and kisses them. Peace lies in the eyes of this beautiful woman and her kisses fill me with peace-

Soon- I will come upon the gate, soon-

I never find the gate, only breaks in the wall repaired with fence rails. I can look into the mysterious garden if I wish. There are only deep bushes, dark ponds and a long, wide road that never ends. There is the wall, the long gray wall with high trees rising above it.

Weary I ride through the evening along fields and forests-somewhere.

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Page 919 In the hand of the Baron

I know very well that it is a joke and I would heartily laugh over it if it happened to someone else. But I still can’t get over it, not today or ten years from now and if I see the Baroness again or the wit that gave her the idea I will shove my riding whip through their faces. Get the hangman for me!

Baroness Isabeau Primavesi, descendant of the Eleventh Hussar, was certainly no saint! She had slept with the Polish violinist and Mr. Von Staching. I believe that she had a love affair with her chauffeur as well and heaven knows whom else.

That time I made a pass at her at court- well, yes, I wanted to have her because she was a beautiful woman and highly popular at the spa. Yes, I went to great pains over her, more than over several other women.

Then at the Casino Ball it finally happened. We were sitting in a niche and I boldly spoke to her, told her what I wanted. I know that I spoke well.

First she became pale and then red at my ardent words. Her ears and forehead burned bright red. She didn't offer me her hand as she stood up but she said:

"Come to my castle tonight around three o'clock. You will see a light in a window. Climb up to it-"

Then she hurried away and danced a Quadrille with a Finnish partner.

That night I climbed over the garden fence and ran up to the castle. I quickly saw the window; a faint light shone out through the closed shutters. I took the ladder that was leaning on the wall and climbed up quickly, knocked lightly on the glass but no one answered. I knocked again, and then I opened the shutters, cautiously pushed the window up and climbed into the room.

I could easily see that it was the luxurious sleeping place of Baroness Isabeau. Her clothes lay there over the divan, her yellow silk gown that she had been wearing that evening. Where was she? Ah, there was a light burning over there behind a curtain. So that was her bed. She was in there. I softly called out her name, no answer, only the soft rustling of fabric.

I quickly undressed, went to the back and pushed the curtains apart. There stood the low, broad ostentatious bed of the Baroness- empty. But tied to the bedpost staring wide eyed at me was an ancient scrawny mountain goat. He raised himself up on his hind legs bleating loudly when he saw me.

I don't know how I got dressed again. The ladder was gone and I had to jump down. Perhaps it was only my imagination but I thought I heard two voices laughing as I ran through the garden.

Early the next morning I set off to the spa. It was only coincidence that I met Amundsen along the way in Hamburg and went off to the North Pole with him instead.

Oh no, it was not just a joke, it was a cowardly, contemptible insult, a scalding affront, as if someone had spit into my face. At the time I didn't realize it, felt I was to blame. I felt sick, wounded in my pride, that was all.

But I see things differently today. If she had wanted to make a point, make a joke, a good joke, she didn't need to do that. All she would have needed to do was say:

"You stupid delusional idiot think you want to conquer the Baroness Isabeau? Do you think she wants you? She chooses her own lovers. Go comfort yourself with a mangy old goat my boy. It will be good for you!"

But she placed that old buck in the room just for me, it lay there on purpose in her room most certainly just for me! I have never heard of a man being so insulted!

Page 940 In the hand of the Baron

Kochfisch, my attorney, has a tapeworm. He has been running around with it for years, at times troubled and annoyed by it. But besides that he is blissfully happy. He is such a simple fellow. It's true he has a few days that are very unpleasant. It's not easy moving through life being tormented by a parasite. Dear God, if only I had it so light! There is no power in this world that can drive out the parasite that I carry through life!

Earlier it was like being on the stage. I ran around playing my role straight, being funny at times and then tragic. I played my role moderately well. Then suddenly I vanished through the trap door and up above a woman was playing my part. There was no warning, no cue. I was gone and she was there.

I don't know what happened while I was under the stage. I was fast asleep. When I woke up again I was standing on the stage and the woman was gone. I have to wonder, who is this double that wants to invade me? There is only one thing I know.

It was in Monterey in the state of Coahila at the circular arena, the amphitheater. There were one-plank seats everywhere. The people on the benches were screaming and spitting, The fat and sweaty police chief sat in his box. His fingers were covered with diamond rings. Indian soldiers patrolled the area.

The Mexicans, Indians and Spanish along with a few mulattos and Chinese sat in the sun on one side. The foreign colonists, the Germans and French, sat in the upper box in the shade. There were no English. They didn't come to the bullfights.

But the loudest were the Yankees, so called gentlemen, railroad employees, mine officials, mechanics and engineers. They were all crude and drunken.

Near the box of the police chief in the middle of the shaded side sat nine tall bleached blondes from Madame Baker's Pension. No coachman

would have touched them in Galveston or New Orleans but here the Mexicans fought over them, sprinkled them with diamonds.

It was four o'clock and the show should have started an hour ago. The Mexicans waited quietly, undressing Madame Baker's ladies with their eyes. They stretched out, enjoying these free hours and the sight of these lusty women. But the Americans were getting impatient, shouting louder and louder.

"Bring out the women! Bring the damned women! "

"Are they still painting their faces?" One called out.

"They should be naked, the old swine!" A tall lank one howled.

The side in the sun screamed in delight. "They should come naked!"

The cuadrilla stepped onto the sand. At point as Matador was Consuelo da Llarios y Bobadilla, the womanly "fountain". Her lips were painted fire red, her face thickly covered with blue powder. Her giant breasts were tightly pressed up to her chin in a corset that was partly unlaced. Behind her came four fat women and two thin ones all dressed in tight fitting pants as Banderilleros. Their long and short legs showed grotesquely in the sun. There were two other women as well sitting on worn out old mares as Picadors, lances in their hands.

The crowd cheered, clapping their hands. A thousand shameless, disgusting things were thrown and fell like hail into the sand. Just one of Madame Baker's ladies unconsciously pulled at her lip with a small glimmer of sympathetic awareness of what was about to happen. Aguazil, a female dressed in a black velvet jacket, brought the keys She was greased all over and rode up on a paralytic mule that almost collapsed under its rotting burden. . These spongy prostitutes had been chosen as the favorites by ten thousand of their patrons in the city just for this bullfight.

The gate was unlocked and a young bull, more like a calf, shoved against the gate and stumbled into the arena. But the young animal had absolutely no desire to harm anyone. It mooed loudly and tried to get back inside the gate. It was afraid and pressed itself tightly against the planks. An Indian was poking at it through cracks in the planks with a stick trying to get it riled up, to give it courage.

The woman came up, waved the red cloak in front of its eyes, screamed, tried to excite the ox with the result that it turned around and pushed its stupid head hard against the shaking gate. Consuelo, the

illustrious Matador got up her courage and pulled the animal by the tail just like she pulled the mustaches of her customers.

The Mexicans screamed, “Cowards! Cowardly bull! Cowardly woman!”

A completely drunken Yankee bellowed incessantly, “Blood! Blood!”

One of the lady Picadors tried to drive her nag up to the bull. She hacked deep holes into it with her long pointed spurs but the mare wouldn’t budge from its spot. The other women beat with thick cudgels on its legs, strained at the bit to pull the mare toward the bull. They beat at the ox as well trying to get it to turn around so the horse could attack. The bull finally turned around. Both animals stood there facing each other, mooing and neighing under the force of the heavy blows. But they didn’t even consider attacking each other.

The Banderilleros took up their darts. They ran past the bull, planting their barbed sticks in its neck, its back, anywhere they could. The bull stood trembling in ridiculous terror and let it all happen.

“Bad bull! Bad women!” The Mexicans screamed.

“Blood! Blood!” The Yankee bellowed.

They dragged the nags to the side. Consuelo da Llarios y Bobadilla reached for her sword. She saluted, pointed and stabbed- in the side!

Those in the sun raged in fury. The stab should go between the horns, through the neck and into the heart so the bull would sink to its knees. Now she stabbed it again- in the snout. Blood dropped into the sand. The poor animal mooed and trembled.

Like one giant mouth the crowd screamed in anger. They threatened to press into the arena. The drunken Yankee drowned them all out with his bellow:

“That’s right! That’s good! Blood! Blood!”

The police chief shot his revolver into the air to get some order.

“Calm down,” he cried. “This is the joke of it all! They are worthy of each other, the women and the bull!”

Those in the sun laughed, “Ah, Ah! They are equal, they deserve each other!”

The woman stabbed at the ox, six, eight, ten times she thrust her sword into its body. Once the sword struck a bone, the blade bent and tore out of her hand. The woman screamed; the animal trembled and mooed. But now

the crowd had gotten the magnificent joke and they were laughing, doubling over with laughter.

One of the fat Toreadors brought a new sword but she didn't want to give it to the Matador. She wanted to stab the bull with it herself. The Matador scolded her and tore it away from her. The other took the bent sword from off the ground and they both ran up to the ox.

The Picadors, one thin like a skeleton and the other round, could no longer wait to give the deathblow. They got off their mares, tore their weapons out of their girdles and wielding daggers raced to the dying bull. All of them sprang upon the animal. They didn't aim any more, just stabbed and stabbed. Foam sprang out of red painted lips, dark blood sprayed over the golden tresses and silver spangles covering them.

The ox just stood there unmoving, spewing blood out of a hundred holes. They pulled on its tail, pulled its legs up under its body. The gaunt one struck with her dagger, above, below, in both eyes. The animal was dead but the women murdered it again. Kneeling, lying over the carcass tearing it to pieces.

Consuelo do Llarios y Bobadilla tore the snout off it and pushed her sword in to the hilt. The Mexicans bellowed nearly bursting with laughter. Such a joke, such a splendid joke! The police chief sat proudly in his grand box rubbing his meaty hands over his belly, playing with the diamonds on his vest. Then he signaled for the music, trumpets blared, a new calf stumbled into the arena!

That's when I saw how Madame Baker stood up from her place, bent over the partition, stepped into the nearby box with a light bow, came up to the police chief and she hit him, planted her fist right in the middle of his face. The fat man staggered back, blood dripped over his large splendid moustache. Everyone saw the blow; it was quiet in an instant. It was as if a great conductor had stopped his orchestra in the middle of the wildest tempo beat. In this sudden quiet Madame Baker threw her glove in his face.

"Oh, you son of a bitch!"

The colonists grinned in their boxes; they understood the humor of the situation completely. She, Madame Baker, Bordello Mother calling the police chief, the representative of the government, the keeper of the law and morals, calling him the son of a whore to his face.

But those in the sun saw it differently; they took it as war, war over there in the box. There was no turning back, no reconciliation from that.

There was only him or her. There was only room for one! The fight was on and they had to take part in it. Revolution! There was the police chief with all his soldiers, hundreds of ugly Indians with loaded rifles in their arms. But Madame Baker was not afraid, she was a power. The governor was her friend and no one sitting there in the shadows didn't know her women.

The crowd was quiet, staring up into the box, helpless, undecided. They waited breathless, perplexed. Which side should they choose? They hated the police chief and his band of extortioners but they hated the strangers almost as much. The scale hung very lightly. Which side should they throw their blood into?

Then Madame Baker stepped to the front of the parapet. It was apparent that she had acted impulsively without consideration and now for the first time realized that it really meant her or him. She was only an old prostitute and a seller of prostitutes- but she was also a Texas girl and deeply despised these yellow mongrels, these crude conceited apes, the diamonds they had and how they taxed her business.

"People," she cried. "People of Monterey! You have been deceived! That was no bullfight! That was a slaughter! They have stolen your money from you! Get the women out of the sand, put your silver back into your purses!"

I once heard General Booth speak at the Crystal Palace. I know how that great man could grip the masses, yet his influence was nothing compared to that of Madame Baker at the women's bullfight in Monterey, Coahila. She ripped the muzzle off the crowd, unleashed the tongues of the animals, whipped up the beast in every one of them and they screamed as one.

"They cheated us! They stole our money!"

They sprang howling over the banks tearing the planks off. Here and there they struck a soldier down, took his rifle and sword. The Toreadors, a fearful knot down in the arena, tore the gate open and ran out screaming letting those in the sun onto the sand.

The colonists stood up urgently looking for an exit out of their box. The police chief followed them but went only two steps before a bullet struck him in the back. Then fights flared up in the shadowed places and then where the music had played earlier. It was not long before the fighting was right next to the box and in the bullpens. Browning rifles fired blindly into the dust and long machetes cut down harmless spectators. The sunny

side raced yelling and screaming over the sand and climbed up into the box. Revolution!

Madame Baker pushed her women ahead of her. She herself carried the little Maud Biron who had fainted and hung like a sack in her arms. She didn't speak another word as she stepped down the stairs. The people made way for her.

I saw someone in a hat calling out to me from a coach. The coachman had been had been lounging at the coach stop but now climbed up into the seat, took the reins, snapped and cracked the whip over the four horse team and drove the coach over toward me. The man in the hat was Chateney. He had been with me up in the box.

"Are you crazy?" He cried. "Do you want to get yourself shot? Get in!"

The coach stopped and I got in.

"To the train station!" He cried to the coachman.

"Why there?" I asked.

"We promised to meet Ritter in San Pedro tomorrow, remember? His big race is early morning at eight o'clock. We can get there an hour early if we leave right now on the train."

"Leave now?" I cried. "Now, when things are just getting interesting?"

"What is interesting about this?" Chateney cried. "You can see trouble often enough but this is a revolution! Let these fools settle it by themselves!"

I went with him but it was against my will. I was too weak to stand up against him and it was a good thing for me that I did go. The next morning as Ritter's jockey steered his chestnut to victory against the beer brewers champion I was once more myself. I had exited from the stage of my life, disappeared down the trapdoor and the woman had taken my place, stolen my body.

It happened when Madame Baker stepped up onto the parapet. At the time it felt good, like I had dissolved, like my entire self had dissolved and nothing was left of the man that had been laughing at the crude scene playing out below down in the sand.

I trembled, afraid, and wanted to sneak away but couldn't tear my gaze away from this strong woman. I wanted her to take me as well, carry me in her arms like she carried Maud Biron. I had only one fervent wish, to lie

there like a poor little girl against the strong breasts of this great woman. I had become a woman- a woman-

It was a coincidence that saved me, a coincidence and Clement Chateney. He bet twenty thousand coins on Ritter's horse and I am happy to say that I also made a nice profit.

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Page 972 In the hand of the Baron

When I think back about it, I, Baron Jesus Maria von Friedel, Cavalry Lieutenant and globetrotter lived my life, no one else. The strange being that chased me out of my body and brain, that took possession of me only appeared in short episodes. No, she didn't take possession of me; she threw me out of my own self! I know it sounds funny but I don't know of any other way to say it. But I always came back again as my own person.

She has been there ten or maybe twelve times, not any more than that and only for short periods, a day, an hour, a few times each week and then for five months as I- no, no, as she, not I, served the Baroness Melanie.

I don't know what it was like in my childhood. I was simply a child, never a boy and never a girl until the time when my uncle took me away from my old aunts. But I am certain that up until then I never felt one way or the other. I was a true neutral and I call my youth at castle Aibling the neutral time of my life. Does this dilapidated old castle with its sleeping woods have some influence over me? All I know is that I was not either, not male or female. Or perhaps I was both- and I was only sleeping.

But then for twenty years I was a man, a man that sometimes lost his place to a woman. Even then I was only one, a man or a woman. But now since I've been back in this castle everything has shifted and things appear to be different. I am both a man and a woman and for nearly equal times.

I sit here in my high riding boots, smoking my short pipe, writing with my broad slanted handwriting in this book. I just came back from my morning ride, was out hunting rabbits with my greyhound. I look back at two pages I wrote yesterday at this same time. It is in the hand of a woman.

I sat here at this window in women's clothes. By my feet lay the lute to which I had been even been singing. It appears that I am musically talented when I am a woman. Here is the song I composed, played and sang, Dreaming through the beeches. Dreaming through the beeches! It makes me want to vomit! God in heaven, how I hate this sentimental woman! If there was only a way to drive out this hateful parasitical tapeworm!

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Page 980 In the hand of the Baron

Yesterday evening I was down in the village. Kochfisch had something to do at the house in the forest and he asked me to ride over to see Bollig, the butcher. He had delivered some bad meat to us last week and needed to replace it. I rode to the butcher's and it was around dusk when I arrived. I called but no one came to the door, then I called again.

A pig poked its head out of the window. Finally I climbed down from my horse, opened the door and went into the shop. No one was there, only the huge pig. It ran back from the window, came up behind the counter, raised itself up on its hind feet and laid its front feet on the marble counter top. I laughed and the pig grunted at me.

Then to see better I took a match and lit the gas lamp. I could see very well- I saw-

The pig had an apron on and in its belt hung a broad knife. It leaned over the counter and grunted. I had the feeling that it was asking me what I wanted. I laughed again. The butcher's joke pleased me, letting his trained pig represent himself. But I still needed to carry out my errand so I called out for the butcher again.

"Bolling! Bolling!"

My voice reverberated through the still house. No one answered, only the pig grunting agreeably. Then it stepped around the corner and up to me on its hind legs. I turned around, there hanging on strong iron hooks was the flesh- four halves of two butchered bodies. They hung there like sides of pork, the heads down below, white and bloodless. I recognized them right away, two halves belonged to the stout Bolling and the other two belonged to his fat wife.

The pig pulled out the broad knife from his belt, wiped it on the leather apron and grunted again. Then it asked- Ah, I understood its speech! It asked whether I wanted ribs, ham or shoulder? It cut off a great slab of meat, laid it on the scales, took some heavy white paper, wrapped the meat in it and gave it to me. I took it, unable to utter a single word and went quickly out the door.

The pig accompanied me, gave a deep bow. I would be very satisfied in the future, it grunted. I would always receive only the best meat. He remained my obedient servant and hoped to see me again soon-

My horse was gone. I had to go back up to the castle alone. I held the package in my hand repulsed by the way my fingers penetrated into the soft package. No, no, I couldn't do it. I threw the package as far into the forest as I could. Night had long since fallen by the time I got back to the castle. I went to my bedroom, washed my hands and then threw myself onto the bed.

Then suddenly, I don't know how it happened; I was standing in the kitchen door. People were going past me, no one saw me. Kochfisch went by and I called out to him but he didn't hear me. He went over to a group of people that were standing there and spoke to a lady. A fillet was sizzling in the pan and she called the cook to come over with some cream and make some gravy. The lady standing there- it was I.

Page 982 Immediately after in the hand of the Lady

No, my dear Sir, the lady standing there was I! Just like it is me that is sitting here and writing. I have not the slightest thing to do with you. Nature has made some kind of a joke and imprisoned the two of us together in one body. I make no claim on this body when it belongs to you, but I ask, as my right, that you be respectful of me when I live in it.

The next time you stand there in the kitchen door like you did yesterday evening and secretly spy on me pay more attention and be more careful. Realize that it is I and not you! You saw me, everyone saw me, everyone shook my hand and could feel me but I didn't see you and no one else could see you or feel you. What were you then? You were less than the shadow of my reflection in the mirror.

You are the one that is there when I am not there. When I do come you always crowd me out again, chase me out and burn out every last memory of me. Yes my dear Baron, you have never allowed yourself to play the Gentleman to the Lady. You have always, how should I say it, denied my very existence. But now you realize completely how close we are.

You have lost this little game because of your blind anger against me that rages out of every line in this book you have written. Your book my dear Sir, most certainly, but also my book, our common book.

You say that I am the one that always blindly intrudes, invades without asking your gracious permission or consent. Well this time I have stepped into your life unasked. I have a right to be here and that is why I am becoming more strongly rooted inside this body with every hour that strikes.

You are going away, you are withering, have become a tired old tree and I am already receiving life from you, even today. Believe me, soon I will be alone in here, Mistress of the castle, able to spit you out like you want to spit me out. I do not enjoy writing in this black book. I'm only doing it, especially today, so that you will realize that I have been here and that you were not. Just look at this my poor Sir, I sit here writing in my own hand.

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Page 983 immediately following in the hand of the Baron in heavy pencil written in especially large slanted letters.

I, I, I am here! I am sitting here! I am writing this! I am Master in this castle! I will get a Doctor to come, two, three, perhaps even a dozen, the best doctors in Europe. I am sick, that is all, and you, you tidy woman are

nothing more than my foolish illness! They will get rid of you my little worm, just wait!

There, I have written three telegrams, two of them to Berlin and one to Vienna. Kochfisch is delivering them immediately to the Post Office. Yes, one of these gentlemen will have time for me and my money.

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Page 984 In the hand of the Lady

If only, my dear Baron, if only! Attack with your childish stroke and I will parry it, believe me. Just like I have done today.

Kochfisch announced the Privy Medical Councillor, Doctor Mack today as if that would impress me. I let him wait for two hours before I first appeared. I, the illness, my dear Baron, wanted to consult with him about you!

He seemed somewhat bewildered, disconcerted and didn't know what to say. I was very obliging.

"Sir Professor, you thought you would find a gentleman didn't you? But Jesus Maria is a woman's name as much as it is a man's name and today you see me as a woman that even-"

The Privy Councillor gave me a very long lecture about Venus Urania; there was not a sentence that I didn't already know. Then we talked about you, my dear Baron, and thoroughly occupied ourselves with this question.

I have inherited your memories and way of thinking like I have everything else. Naturally the professor took me for you, dear Sir, and he took you for a homosexual that lived in a man's body and ran around in women's clothing. I gladly let him think it. I know my dear Sir, just how sick you really are. This is a little trifle in answer to what you have already chosen to write about me in this book. Listen very carefully my dear Sir, if you want war- I will take you up on it.

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Page 996 In the hand of the Baron

Am I really still here because this kind benevolent female gives her permission for me to wander a little longer upon this earth? I am not afraid of death, never have been. Haven't I already died a hundred times- and come back to life again? But how do I know that this time is not the last?

Other people die- and everything goes with them into the ground. The lungs don't breathe any more, the heart quits beating, the blood stops flowing. Flesh, muscles, nails, bones, everything passes away sooner or later. But my flesh lives on, my blood roars, my heart beats- only I am not there. Don't I have a right then to die? To die like other people? Why must I of all people become the sacrifice for some brain fever delirium?

It is no miracle that-

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The same page, in the same line but continued in the hand of the Lady

-yet it is a miracle and you know it very well my dear Baron! Do you remember when you yourself had an experience in Kärnten when you were still a lieutenant? You were riding cross-country and came upon a tall beautiful plum tree that stood between a farmhouse and a barn. You always liked to eat plums and you said:

"If only they were ripe!"

You looked but couldn't find a single ripe one. They were all still hard and green. Perhaps they would be ripe in a month! But the next morning, as you rode past, the plums were all ripe. Wasn't that a miracle?

You certainly had a good explanation. That night the house and barn had both been burned to the ground but the flames had not disturbed the tree that stood between them. The terrible heat had ripened the plums over

night. That’s what caused it, but isn’t a miracle still a miracle even when you can explain it?

And tomorrow morning when I or you fall into this body and experience everything that is to come, or when I become you, or you become me, isn’t that nevertheless a miracle as well?

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Page 1002 In the hand of the Baron

And- and- and you call yourself a Lady! This is too much- you are a-

No, I will remain polite. Well then, well then, you take everything that I am and that I have. You know exactly how I suffer, want to see me become insane. Yet, before I- before I go- there is something I must ask. Damn me for asking. There is no where else I can escape from you. I ask, do you hear me; I ask just one thing of you. Leave me something in which you will not intrude.

You should certainly feel some gratitude to this being that has given you everything. Just leave me- it is such a little thing- leave me this book. Don’t write in it any more. Let me at least in here be myself.

Baron Jesus Maria von Friedel

Page 1003 In the hand of the Lady

My dear Baron!

Really I am not at all indebted to you. I am here instead of you and not through you. There is nothing for me to be grateful for either. It is only out of compassion for you my poor- excuse me- you are like my father, my bad father- that I will promise to leave our book, not your book, alone for you in

the future. Understand completely that this promise is good only as long as you do not provoke me into saying something through your own conduct.

With sincere compliments,

Your devoted,

Jesus Maria, Baroness von Friedel

Page 1008 In the hand of the Baron

I've been through all the rooms in the castle. I recognize all my rooms but don't recognize hers. She certainly has an advantage over me because she can remember everything that happens when she is I, but I can't remember anything or almost nothing of what happens when I am she.

Her rooms are in back near the forest. She moved the grand piano into them as well. There are three rooms, a living room, a bedroom and a dressing room. I opened the dresser and closet in her bedroom. They were full of woman's clothes and other women's things. Suddenly the door opened and a young housemaid came in that I had never seen before.

"May I kiss your hand, gracious Lady Baroness," she said. "Shall I help you change clothes?"

I waved at her to leave. So I have a Lady's Maid when I am she! And all the servants call me Lady Baroness when I stay in these rooms! I opened her writing desk, apparently she is very organized. All the receipts lay bound in pretty little packets. On the top of the desk lay a slip of paper with notes written on it:

Order pine soap!
Get some Crême Simon!
Eau d' Alsace!

Underneath these were the words:

By all means have a black dress made for when he finally-

When he finally what? Obviously for when I finally disappear completely! Then she will wear black and be in mourning! How touching, how affectionate, this-

I ran out of her rooms. I suddenly had the feeling that I was going to transform again if I stayed there another second. I shut the door; breathed out in relief- making certain that I was still myself.

I went up to Aunt Christine's room. She was the oldest of my three aunts and yet had lived much longer than the others. I went into her room. I had not been into her room since I had been back at castle Aibling. The curtains were closed and the sunlight only shone feebly through them. The dust lay thick over everything. A faint lavender perfume rose from the ornamental covers that hung over the chairs and sofas.

On the table in a glass case stood a large stuffed dog. It was Tutti. I recognized him right away even though he was pathetically stuffed. Little Tutti, the favorite of my aunts, this fat horrible animal that I hated, that poisoned my childhood. He was always barking at me, glaring at me with angry eyes. Oh, I didn't dare enter any room if he was in it. I was afraid. I was afraid of him.

Now this room belonged to him alone, stuffed little Tutti in his glass case and I had intruded. He glared at me with his huge yellow eyes with the same stupid, poisonous hatred of old times. I had never done anything to anger this fat dog but his glass eyes still said, "I will never forgive you!"

I was afraid. Again I was afraid of this fat poorly stuffed Tutti in his glass case, of this dead repulsive glass eyed dog that stared out at me, that had always hated me and still hated me. I couldn't meet his gaze. I turned back around toward the window.

There she was standing by the window. She tore both curtains wide open and pushed the shutters back.

"Fanny," she cried down into the yard below. "Fanny! Come up here immediately and clean this room. It is terrible how the dust lies over everything!

Then she was gone. Again I stood at the table but the window was wide open. Soon Fanny came through the door with a dust broom. I quickly ran

past her.

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Page 1012 In the hand of the Baron

I sit at my writing desk. The newspaper lies in front of me. It says 16 September, but my travel calendar shows 5 August. It's been that long- six weeks! I have not been here at all. I am only visiting in this world, in this castle that now belongs to her.

But I will not go peacefully, will not leave the place to her in this manner. I have already lost, only in battle do I still have a chance. So be it-

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On the same page in the hand of the Baron

I was in her rooms. I have thrown out all of her dresses and things. Kochfisch is building a huge funeral pyre down in the courtyard. I have rummaged through her things and torn up everything that belongs to her. I had everything put into a huge pile and set fire to it myself.

Kochfisch stood nearby, a tear ran down his cheek. I don't know if he was in pain but I saw that something was on his heart and I asked him about it.

"Is it true Baron," he said. "Is it really true! Are you really back for good?"

He reached out his hand and I shook it. It was like a promise. Oh, heaven. If only I can keep it! I've dismissed the Lady's Maid. I had Kochfisch give her a half years salary if she would leave at once. Tomorrow I will travel. I don't like the damned effeminate air around here.

Page 1013 In the hand of the Lady

You will not be traveling dear Baron! But I will be traveling in your men's clothing. I am going to travel to Vienna and buy a new wardrobe. My Lady's Maid travels with me. Watch out dear Sir. I am not playing around any more!

Page 1014 In the hand of the Baron

I awoke in my bed. I rang and Kochfisch came. He didn't say anything but I knew well enough what he was thinking. It was a pleasant surprise to see me once again but there was also a hopeless resignation that it would not be for long!

I had breakfast. I went through all the rooms. They were all different. Everything had been cleaned and freshly scrubbed. The new furniture and paintings were all atrocious. I wanted to go riding and went to the stable but my horse wasn't there anymore. It had been sold.

Three Isabellan mares stood there, beautiful long tailed Lady's horses. I had been deposed. She had stolen everything. There were only two rooms left for me, my bedroom and the library where I worked. I read what she wrote on the last page-

Watch out dear Sir. I am not playing around any more!

I already knew that and I wasn't playing around either. I stuck my Browning in my pocket. I had seen her twice already- that time in the group of people and then in Aunt Christine's room. I would find her a third time and it would most certainly be the last time.

The same page continued in the hand of the Lady

So my dear Sir, the Browning is stuck in your pocket? No, I have laid it down again on the writing desk, leave it there! By the way, if you want to have a little fun I have a couple of small revolvers only half the size of

yours. They will serve just as well. I have no fear, my dear Baron, my gallant courageous Baron that is still afraid of auntie's stuffed little Tutti!

Grr, grr. The dead dog will jump out of its glass case and get you! Crawl under the bed Sir Baron!

Page 1015 Diagonal across the entire page in the hand of the Baron

You slut, you dastardly contemptible slut!

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Page 1016 In the hand of the Lady

You fool, you fool. You cowardly fool!

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That was the last entry in the large black book. On the evening of 4 October Kochfisch heard a shot ring out from the bathing room. He hurried inside and found the naked corpse clothed only in a bathrobe lying over the divan.

It most certainly can not be called a suicide. It was much truer that he, Baron Jesus Maria von Friedel shot the Baroness Jesus Maria von Friedel or the other way around, that she killed him. I don't know which. They both wanted the other one dead but wanted to live themselves. One of them wanted the other one dead and did it.

The Button Collection

Mimi Hatzeforn made a mighty career for herself. She started out as a waitress in a mediocre café and worked there for a year. She didn't make very good tips and needed to sew on the side to earn a few extra pennies. Her customers were mostly students and actors that had damned few pennies of their own.

Then came a bit of luck. A lieutenant on the premises made a big scene and in a fit of jealous rage shot her with a revolver. When he realized what he had done he put a second bullet through his own head. It was not honorably done but Mimi only received a little wound in her arm. She had the right instincts though and threw herself wailing on the corpse of the lieutenant whom she had at one time madly loved. Later she accompanied the corpse to the train station. As it was taken away, Mimi stood there sobbing in an attractive black dress of mourning that she had made. She was very talented and didn't have long to wait for a comforter.

The handsome Baron Hohenthal II, Charge of Franconia, quickly took her away from the train station on a little honeymoon trip. The Baron soon returned but it was three years before Mimi came back to Munich and then her name wasn't Mimi Hatzeforn any more. It was Mia Bienavant. She didn't come alone either. She had an aunt, a French Chambermaid and a large purse full of money.

She had been to Baden-Baden, Interlaken and Nizza. From there she had made a delightful trip to Paris with a lady friend. Mia had it made and grasped with phenomenal insight the intricacies and duties of her trade. The little lady from Munich was perpetually sought after by the English and American women for her fashion designs. After three months she was seen riding around the Bois de Boulogne in her touring car. Jealous eyes coveted the new hat she had designed. She wanted to continue up the Isar but found a German attaché waiting with word that she must finally return to Munich and her worthy patron.

Mia Bienavant lived in a charming villa on Keith Street. She had huge receptions with officers, artists, jurists and writers always coming and going, but not any more students. Mia was delightful. She patronized the

young artists, had literary and musical evenings in her home. She set the finest wine in front of her guests and because of that always had plenty of guests.

Women from Paris or New York were always coming to see her. Her portrait was in the finest style of the modern art movement; her auto was the fastest in all of Bavaria. Since the days of Lola Montez no Lady in Munich had ever been so talked about. Every street urchin spoke of her travels, every beauty on Kaufinger Street knew what she wore, every waitress told stories and jokes about Mia and everyone in Munich knew the corner and the villa where she lived.

But there is something about her that no one else knows, only I alone. It is why I am not so passionate about this lady from Munich as the others. Let me quickly explain. Mia has a button collection.

I knew a courtesan in Florence that cut off a lock of hair from all of her lovers. She had brown, black, blonde and even snow-white locks of hair. Another beauty that lived in Berlin had a large box full of coins from all lands and each one had initials engraved in it. The dark Ellen Brunkhorst that now owns the large music hall in Amsterdam has an enormous wardrobe full of handkerchiefs, large ones of sackcloth and soft ones of linen and silk. Many are embroidered with Initials, some have a coat of arms and others have crowns on them, beautiful seven and nine pointed crowns.

Mia didn't collect locks of hair, coins or handkerchiefs. She had a button collection. None of her lovers knew about it. She never asked for the buttons. She stole them secretly, when-

Earlier, she took them herself, now she had Susan, her chambermaid take them. I learned about her secret from Susan. She had been born on the Montmartre and I knew her when she was a child. I bought violet bouquets from her for our cabaret. Of all the guests in Mia's house I am the only one she has told this secret to. This is how it happened.

Yesterday I wanted to have tea at Mia's but I was delayed and everyone had already left for the Octoberfest by the time I got there. I was very annoyed and complained.

That's when Susan called out, "If you are nice I'll tell you something."

"What?"

"Oh, it's a secret, a secret!"

Then she pulled me into the Boudoir of her mistress. She opened the wardrobe, pulled out a drawer and took a little chest out of it.

“My Lady has forgotten the key, would you like to see?”

She shook with laughter. I opened it. Inside lay a large assortment of round pieces of cardboard all covered in red, blue, yellow and green velvet. Each one had a trouser button carefully sewn onto it.

I took out a button. It said “For Gentlemen” on it. That certainly belonged to a waiter. The second had W.f.A.u.M.G.o.V on it. Aha, Warehouse for Army and Marine, German Officer, probably the Lieutenant’s. The next was a horn button that had most certainly been something else before it became a trouser button. It must have belonged to a student! Another said, “Gabriel Schöllhorn”, he was the finest tailor in Munich so it belonged to a banker as well! A tarnished brass button had “Fritz Blasberg, Master Tailor” on it. That belonged to a rich Manor owner, a Baron perhaps, not quite as good as the crown of Ellen Brunkhorst but still notable. Another read, “Made in Germany”. That most certainly once belonged to a true son of Scotland.

There was one other button that I recognized right away-

“Look there!” Susan laughed.

Brr. I was ashamed of my own poor button among so many others. I will not be indiscrete. I will not tell how many there were, but-

Bible Billy

I wandered for long hours through Browery, through Chinatown, across the ghetto, through Macaroni Street and then back to the East Side aimlessly through the endless streets. I felt like a small grain of sand driven by the wind through this immense bustle, this noisy, rushing world of iron, stone and flesh.

I am a dreamer in this giant machine of Manhattan. When my eyes become tired of the flowing, constantly changing scenery, when my ears can no longer endure the colorful noises of thousand of rushing people, I escape for awhile, go to a movie theater. There is one on every street corner.

The black and white movies are good for me. I dream and laugh over the foolish scenes, the inventive childish pranks. The movies are from Paris or from the United States. The French ones are always funny and refreshing. The American ones are always brainless, crude or narrow mindedly sentimental.

On the street was a musical band of six blonde sausages in red band uniforms. They played unbelievably bad but the crowd that pressed around them was completely indifferent. Negroes, Chinese, Slovakians, Italians, Russian Jews and Greeks stood around listening to the sounds with open mouths. A few German sailors in their Hapag uniforms proudly bellowed out the words to the song.

“You are my entire life. I kiss the ground you walk on-“

One of the uniformed sausages had his trumpet hanging on his back and was handing out red, yellow and green tickets. He was shouting in a loud abominable Yankee slang with bits of Italian and Czech mixed in. The sailors were talking to him in German.

“Walk right in! The greatest attractions in the world! Step right up, only ten cents a ticket! The greatest shows in the world! Now showing in #1, *The sudden attack on the railroad at Galveston*. Now showing in #2, *The Adventures of Muesio Fanfardou in Paris!* After that *The Dream of the Flower Queen*! Ten numbers in every show! One show after another all day long and open all night!

Following each show is a performance by Bible Billy, the famous world-renowned Bible Billy! The greatest attraction of the century!”

I paid my ten cents and another five cents for the smoking section. I saw once again the last #, a movie from Paris where ten girls pursued a man. Dressed in top hat, frock coat, monocle and cane with a flower in his buttonhole, he breathlessly fled away from the sweet girls as they pursued him through streets and meadows, through forests and mountains. The chase went on through a brook and the girls were enchanting.

He climbed over walls and hedges and ran behind a nearby haystack where he ran into a chubby cheeked girl. She was the last, fell down, stood up again, tore her dress on thorns, lost her hat, but breathlessly chased after him, her clothes in shambles.

The lights came on in the theater. Someone played a hymn on the piano by the podium. A bald headed man dressed like an usher pressed through the rows handing out bibles, thick, dirty black bibles. The fellow sneezed incessantly on the bibles, unintentionally leaving traces of his own upon them.

A man stumbled up to the podium. He was smooth shaven but with stubble and pimples on his bloated face. Long strands of gray hair fell over his ears. He wore the unbecoming black garb of a non-traditional preacher. Only the ruddy nose was right. The filthy flesh was a bright spot in the colorless gray and black that overshadowed everything else.

“Bible Billy! Hello Bible Billy! Three cheers for Bible Billy!” A few fans in the audience called out.

Bible Billy took a few moments to reflect and deliberate before beginning his talk. He explained where, when and how he had been bought into this world by God fearing parents, how he had been baptized, had been the most devout in Sunday school and never took the opportunity to miss church.

For those reasons God, Blessed be his name! God had bestowed upon him the skill, power, perseverance and patience to learn his holy book by heart. He was prepared to offer a demonstration of this skill. God, The Father, The Son and Holy Ghost, had given him this ability to bring Christians together and help them to believe. He asked that after the demonstration the audience give a little donation or some pocket change. He closed his talk with a fervent prayer. Then he sat in a creaky easy chair

and asked the audience to search out a favorite spot in their Bibles and call it out to him.

One called out, “4 Deuteronomy Chapter 26 verse 12.”

Bible Billy closed his eyes, leaned back in his chair and after awhile began:

“The sons of Simeon after their families: of Nemuel, the family of the Nemuelites: of Jamin, the family of the Jaminites: of Jachin, the family of the Jachinites:
Of Zerah, the family of the Zarhites: of Shaul, the family of the Shaulites.
These are *the families of the Simeonites, twenty and two thousand and two hundred.*
The children of Gad after their families: of Zephon, the family of –“

Bible Billy didn’t move, only the swollen gray lips moved underneath the ruddy nose as a small stream of dry words spilled out.

“Of Jashub, the family of the Jashubites: of Shimron, the family of the Shimronites.
These are *the families of Issachar according to those that were numbered of them, threescore and four thousand and-“*

Men and women sat speechless in the theater, almost crushed to death by this overwhelming fruitful family geneology.

“Of the sons of Manasseh: of Machir, the family of the Machirites: and Machir begat Gilead: of Gilead come *the family of the Gileadites.*
These are *the sons of Gilead:* of *Jeezer, the family of the Jeezerites: of Helek, the family-“*

Everyone was staring into their bibles and following along with their fingers on the lines. It was all correct, word for word, all of the families and all of the numbers. There was not the slightest mistake in the names of Israel.

The audience listened along curiously until one of the sailors eagerly searched through his Bible and called out:

“2 Samuel Chapter 11 verse 2!”

It was as if he had pushed an electric switch. Bible Billy became quiet a moment and then immediately began:

“And it came to pass, after the year was expired, at the time when kings go forth to battle*, that David sent Joab, and his servants with him, and all Israel; and they destroyed the children of Ammon, and besieged Rabbah. But David tarried still at Jerusalem.*

And it came to pass in an eveningtide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was *very beautiful to look upon.”*

Aha, this was the famous story of the woman, Bathsheba, wife of Uriah, the Hittite! I was curious whether this modest son of America would tell this story to his delicate audience. It appeared that the indecencies in the Bible were the only ones they were permitted to enjoy.

Grinning, Bible Billy told the story of David’s adultery and the audience grinned back with full understanding as they listened to him. Then things began to speed up in a faster tempo-

“Jeremiah Chapter 36 verse 9!”

“And it came to pass in the fifth year of Jehoiakim the son of Josiah king of Judah, in the ninth month, that *they proclaimed a fast before the LORD to all the-“*

“1 Corinthians Chapter 12 verse 15!”

“If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of –“

They didn’t let him complete a single verse. Everyone called out Bible passages from all sides and they whirled like brilliant jewels around his head. Immediately, almost automatically and without thinking the strange brain of this man snapped to the new passage.

Suddenly he stood up.

“Brothers and Sisters in Christ!” He said. “With your permission I would now like to knock upon your hearts as a man that has a wife and twelve children to provide for, twelve, like the tribes of Israel! For this demonstration I would like to do something very special. Would someone please choose a favorite chapter from the Gospel of Mathew?”

Someone called out, “The sixth chapter!”

“Good,” said Bible Billy. “I will say it backwards and don’t forget to give generously!”

He cleared his throat and began:

“thereof evil the is day the unto Sufficient. Itself of things the for thought take shall morrow the for-“

Meanwhile the usher went around with the offering plate and everyone gave. The entrance fee was only ten cents but I saw people now throwing entire dollars and half-dollars into the plate. While the usher took up the collection and Bible Billy said his chapter backwards I calculated what he would probably earn.

The usher would pull in well over $20 and there were at least twelve performances a day. Some of that considerable income would go to the owner and manager of the theater. Then there would be some petty costs as well.

Billy certainly made a clear profit of twelve hundred Marks every day! I know many theater managers that would be very envious of him, but they don’t know the Bible by heart!

The Blue Indians

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The Blood of our fathers:

“The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge”

-Ezekial Chapter 8 Verse 2

I got to know Don Pablo when I had to shoot an old donkey in Orizaba. Orizaba is a little town that is the point of departure for those wanting to climb Pico de Orizaba, the tallest mountain in Mexico. In school they call it Citlaltépetl.

At the time I was still a true greenhorn and always mixed a handful of Aztec and Toltec words in with my Spanish. My Mexican was terrible and unfortunately the Mexicans couldn’t understand it at all. They preferred scraps of English mixed in.

Orizaba was a charming little-

But I have no intention of talking about Orizaba. It has nothing to do with this story except that it was where I needed to shoot an old donkey, which also has nothing to do with this story. I need to speak about the old donkey only because I have it to thank for my making the acquaintance of Don Pablo and it is through him that I met the blue Indians.

The old donkey stood in the back of the park. The park was not very large and laid out in a square at the end of the city. There were many high trees and the grass was growing over the path because no one ever went there. The people of Orizaba went to a place in the middle of the city instead where they played music.

Late one afternoon I went into the City Park while it was raining very hard. I found the old donkey in the back where the mountain rises. He was thoroughly soaked and grazing in the wet grass but I was certain that he looked at me as I went past.

The next evening I again went to the park in the rain. I met the old donkey there in the same place. He was not tied up, was not near any house or cottage that he could belong to. I went up to him and.then I saw that he was standing on three legs. His left rear leg dangled in the air. He was very old and had many sores from where the cinch had been too tight and rubbed the hide off, from lashes of the whip and from being stabbed with nail sticks. His leg was broken in two places; a dirty rag hung loosely around it. I took my own handkerchief and made a makeshift bandage.

The next day we rode up the mountain but returned two days later because of the unending rain. We were frozen and our nags shivered in the wet cold. I kept thinking about the old donkey and rode over to the park before taking my mare to the stable.

He was still standing there in the same old place and raised his head when he saw me coming. I sprang down, petted him and spoke to him. That was not an easy thing to do because he stank dreadfully. I bit my lip not to get sick, bent over and raised his leg. It had become gangrenous; the flesh was rotting and stank bad, very bad. Much worse than-

I will not say. It is enough that I endured it. I knew what it meant. The old donkey looked at me and I felt what he was asking of me. I took my Browning, tore up a handful of grass.

“Eat,” I said.

But the animal wouldn’t eat. It only looked at me. I held the revolver behind his ear and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. A second and a third time, no shot. The revolver wouldn’t fire. It had rusted in the wet holster.

I laid my arm on the head of the animal and promised that I would come back. The fear in its tortured eyes fled.

“Will you really come back? Are you certain?”

I sprang onto the back of my mare and whipped her around. There perching on the branches of a dead tree were vultures. They were prepared to fly down as soon as their victim fell. They had been waiting days for the sick animal to collapse and then it did. The donkey stood up, fell, then sprang up again on its legs trembling in silent miserable fear. Oh, it knew its fate. If only it could die somewhere hidden, alone, away from these miserable birds. Then it collapsed again, couldn’t get up any more and the birds flew down.

They still needed to wait for days until the gasses from the decomposing body burst the hide open. Their weak beaks couldn't rip through it. But now, right now, they could take the best from the meal, the delicious Hors d' Oeuvre, the eyes of the living animal-

I turned around in the saddle. "Stop, you stop right now. I will be right back."

The mud sprayed in the softened street. I went into the hotel like a tramp. There in the guestroom at the corner table were the gentlemen, German, English and French.

"Who will lend me a revolver?" I cried.

They all reached into their pockets, but then one asked, "Why?"

I told them about my old donkey. Their hands came back empty. No one gave me his Browning.

"No," they said. "No, don't do that. It would be very bad for you."

"But the animal doesn't belong to anyone," I cried. "Its owner has chased it away to let it rot alive and be devoured by vultures."

The bartender laughed, "You are entirely correct. Right now the donkey belongs to no one. But if you shoot it dead an owner will show up after an hour and require a sum for it that you could buy twenty horses with."

"I would throw him out through the door!"

"Naturally, and that is the thing. The man will get the sheriff and the judge. Then you will refuse to pay. This is not Prussia and they would handle you brutally. You would most certainly find yourself sitting in jail and we would need to exert all our influence and a heavy amount of money just to get you out of there. What is the purpose in doing that! Believe me, there is law in Mexico!"

"Really," I cried. "Law?"

I waved with my hand to a pair of bullet holes in the wall.

"Nice law! And those-"

The English engineer interrupted me. "Those? We just told you about them yesterday. The man shot three men and two women dead just for the fun of it. But they were Indians and prostitutes, not worth as much as a donkey. He received a half-year in jail but got off by staying at a hospital for two days. That might be true but don't forget he was a Mexican and the Governor's nephew. Strangers in this land must obey the law without fail.

I bet you would sit in a cell for a year because of your old donkey if we didn't get you out, and that would cost us thousands. We would need to bribe the sheriff and the judge. Everyone knows how this business works. We are only saving our own money by not giving you a revolver."

No one gave me his weapon. I pleaded but they laughed at me. I left the room fuming. A quarter hour later there was a knock on the door of my room. It was Don Pablo.

"Here is my revolver," he said giving me a nod. "Pack your suitcase. Go back to the City Park as late as possible and then take the early 3 o'clock train. I will be leaving as well and wouldn't mind a traveling companion.

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He certainly had a traveling companion and not just for one day. Don Pablo dragged me around through Mexico for a month like one of his twenty-seven suitcases. He was a drummer for Remscheider. Over there the people know what that is but the people reading this book don't know at all therefore I need to explain.

He is a traveling salesman for the Remscheider export firm, speaks all languages and all dialects. He has been in every city in America from Halifax to Punta Arenas, is a good friend and a godfather. He knows exactly how much credit he can give each merchant. His employer is over there as well and pays him 50,000 Marks a year and is well satisfied because he gets back ten times as much in return. His employer will certainly make him a partner sooner or later.

He is a traveling hardware store. His suitcases are so full of samples they fill two wagons and include garters, portraits of Saints, cooking pots, toothbrushes, machinery parts and all kinds of things. He knows the way things are, knows his wares as well as the land he travels in.

When you travel with him you don't need a travel book; he knows everything, what is going on in each location and a great deal more. My

drummer was named Paul Becker but I will call him Don Pablo because all the Mexicans call him that and so does he.

It was late when I got to the train station. I jumped onto the train at the last minute and tore my suspenders. Don Pablo gave me a new pair courtesy of his company. Then he scolded me because I had bought a ticket. He had given the conductor an old table knife instead.

He first took me with to Puebla, then to Tlascalai. We traveled around in all the states, Yucatan, Sonora, Tamaulipas, Jalisco, Campeche and Coahila-

As long as we could travel by train it went well but when you had to load twenty-seven heavy suitcases on mules and ride up and down mountains it soon became an ordeal.

I wanted to go on strike many times but then Don Pablo would say in exasperation:

“What! You don’t want to see the ruins of Mitla?”

That went on for a couple of weeks. There was always something else that I needed to see.

Once Don Pablo said, “Now we are going to Guerrero.”

I told him that he would be riding alone. I had seen more than enough of Mexico. But he insisted that I must absolutely by all means become acquainted with the Indians in the state of Guerrero. Otherwise my picture of Mexico would not be complete. I stubbornly refused saying that I already knew over one hundred Indian tribes and was entirely indifferent about visiting one more.

“Dear Sir,” cried Don Pablo. “That doesn’t matter.You must see. There are things you will most certainly want to speak with them about. Namely the Guerrero Indians are-“

“Very dumb,” I interrupted him. “Like all the Indians.”

“Naturally,” said Don Pablo.

“And horribly lazy.”

“Of course.”

“Are good Catholics and don’t in the slightest follow the old ways any more.”

“Entirely correct.”

“Then why in heaven should I go there to see them?”

“You have to see this for yourself,” said Don Pablo importantly. “There is a tribe there that is blue.”

“Blue?”

“Yes, blue.”

“Blue?”

“Yes, blue. Blue! As blue as the gown of the virgin in my Madonna portraits, bright blue, Easter egg blue.

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Good enough. We bought new horses, donkeys and mules. Then we rode from Toluca up over the Sierra Madre. We made a couple of stops to show our samples. While Don Pablo visited Tixtla I had the honor of calling on customers in Chilapa.

On the whole the trip went very fast. After three weeks we were already on the Pacific in Acapulco, the capital of the state, in a real hotel. I searched hard for the blue Indians but didn’t find any even though Don Pablo had said we would find them here. He called out to the Italian innkeeper as Crown witness and the innkeeper confirmed that the blue Momoskapan tribe did indeed occasionally come into the city.

It had been a few months now but two French Doctors from Ystotosinta, the dwelling place of the tribe, had just left. They had stayed there for half a year to study the blue disease. The blue color was considered a strange skin disease. The two doctors had told him that in addition to their blue color the Momoskapans displayed a downright amazing memory that reached straight back to early childhood. It was the result of a severely restricted diet of only eating fish and crustaceans that extended through the tribe back to time immemorial.

Now I wanted to go there myself. The tribe lived where the Momohuichic flowed into the ocean. It was scarcely a ten days ride. Don Pablo rewarded me with some trading goods. It seemed to him that I might be able to make some good bargains there. He was not going.

So I rode alone. I had only three Indians with me. One of them was an Usama and the other a Toltec out of the Sierra Madre that understood a little Islapekish. They were from the neighboring area and I was under the assumption that one or the other of them would to a certain extent find a way to understand the speech of the blue Indians.

What I really wanted to see of the Momoskapans I saw in a quarter of an hour. I confirmed that they really were blue just like what hundreds of others before me have said. The foundation color was really the white-yellow of all Mexican Indians. Yet on this was always a handful of spots, frequently on their faces and other parts of the body where the blue color had become dominant.

It was different from the tiger Indians of Santa Marta in Columbia. With them the original yellow color remained strong with the large rust brown places prevailing only in certain areas. Nevertheless it appeared to me that there must be some type of natural connection between them both. The Santa Marta Indians also lived right on the ocean.

Unfortunately I understood little more of skin diseases than a German Kaiser’s ambassador understands of diplomacy. Still while I have not discovered anything new about the blue skin of the Momoskapans, I have put together a couple of observations that are certainly well made.

I can only open my eyes wide and say, “Hmm, that’s strange!”

While on the way to elementary school in sixth grade I always encountered the banker Löwenstein. He was coming back from his morning ride wearing a cap, spats and swinging a whip. He was small and fat, wore a monocle in his left eye. The entire right side of his face was covered with a large blue-violet strawberry mark.

I said to myself, “That’s why he wears a monocle. If he wore a Pince-nez and there was some jolt the entire blue side of his nose would rub off. I was tormented with the thought that if I got too near him my jacket button would get stuck on his face and if I tried to pull it off his whole face would pop off! I dreamed of it during school hours and at night in bed.

Finally I made a big detour and went to school down another street just to avoid him.

The blue Indians were that blue, deep violet blue like the strawberry mark of the banker Löwenstein and from the first moment I saw them I was seized again with that twenty-five year old forgotten idea, that my jacket button might get stuck and rip everything off.

This childish influence was so very strong that not once in all the weeks I stayed with the Momoskapans was I able to touch one of these spots. Nevertheless I saw very well that this was no strawberry mark. The skin was tight, smooth and beautifully healthy with no interruption where the bright mark began and ended. I only had to overcome my own mania that restrained me and get used to it.

I resolved that since I was now in Ystotasinta and not able to add anything at all new to the blue phenomenon I could at least work a little with the other puzzle, the one the French doctors had told the innkeeper about in Acapulco.

In reading over my notes my first observation is that science needs to determine whether and to what extent the role of a restricted diet of fish plays in the gradual development of blue coloring in the Momoskapans as well as the still apparently uninvestigated coloring of the Santa Marta Indians as well.

These Mexican blue skinned Indians eat a lot of tortoise, the Columbian tiger skinned eat absolutely none at all. Perhaps this is a good starting point for further research?

Then it needs to be determined if the increased memory of the tribe is related to this restricted diet from the sea as well. One can only wish that limping science would finally once get to the bottom of this.

As for the facts themselves, I don’t need them anymore. I have spent a long half-year in the attempt and received a series of long vanished childhood memories that are thoroughly uninteresting to me. I have become completely indifferent on the matter and conclude that I was only able to last that long due to my strong stomach and to satisfy my equally strong curiosity.

Unfortunately I find that with the Momoskapan Indians no single individual remembers all the events of his life back into the first year of life. But many do have a few memories that reach back that far.

This is not that remarkable when you consider that this little tribe for countless generations has never eaten meat or enjoyed some other fruit of the field. They depend exclusively upon the gifts from the sea and also from a certain little mussel that is very rich in phosphorous.

By the way, this practice is not determined from some religious law where other food from the land is “taboo” or forbidden. It is simply because there is nothing else growing, creeping or running in this pathetic wilderness fit to eat. The blue Indians do enjoy a little variety and were extremely grateful for the remainder of my canned provisions.

The Momoskapans are also very lazy, unintelligent and extremely peace loving. They can’t understand the use of weapons at all. Through the visit of the French doctors they have become accustomed to receiving gifts from the strangers that reside with them.

They came to me with the greatest willingness and as soon as they halfway grasped what I wanted brought all the members of the tribe that were distinguished by an especially strong memory. While this was a good start these confessionals soon became ordeals, especially because of needing to have the conversations through my two interpreters and old Kaziken of the Momoskapan tribe that only spoke a little Islapekish. My good start was not very long lasting.

Then one day a yellow one was brought that told me a most amazing tale. First he gave an account of all kinds of foolish stuff out of his earliest childhood. But then he spoke of his honeymoon, told how they captured thirty large red snappers and cooked them. Shortly after that he and his wife were in Acapulco. He described exactly how it looked. That is not at all remarkable except that the boy was scarcely thirteen years old, had never been married and had never been away from the Momohuichic River.

I asked him about it. He looked at me very stupidly and grew quiet. But the old one grinned and said, “Pala”. (It was his father)

I must say that I didn’t sleep that night and it was not mosquitoes that kept me awake. Either the youth had lied to me or I had discovered an astonishing phenomenon, a memory that went back beyond birth and pulled a memory out of the parent’s lifetime.

Couldn’t it be possible? I have green eyes like my mother and a protruding forehead like my father. Everything can be inherited, every characteristic, talent, every disposition. Why can’t the memory be inherited?

The young kitten that is barked at by a dog arches its back and hisses. Why? Because it instinctively remembers out of the memories of thousands of generations that that is its best defense! The hedgehog curls into a ball with bristles on every side as you turn it. This action also comes from some strange custom that it has not learned on its own. Instead it comes out of the memories of an unending number of ancestors.

That is what instinct is, the memories of the ancestors. And these Indians whose brains work no differently than ours, these Indians who are only unique in the foods that their forefathers also enjoyed have evolved this wonderful memory. Why shouldn't a higher memory as well as an ancestral memory be capable of being inherited out of the brains of the parents? The forefathers live again in their children.

Yes, but what lives on? Perhaps the grimace! The daughter is musical like papa and the youth left handed like mama. Coincidence? No, no. We die and our children are entirely different people. The mother was a prostitute and the son became a missionary or the father was Attorney General and his daughter sings in a casino.

Our undying souls must comfort themselves by singing Hallelujah in heavens green meadows somewhere far away from this earth we know and love. It is the only thing permitted.

We take great pains to do something so that our memory will not die. We die peacefully when we are in encyclopedias. Then we are immortal- for a second in a few centuries. Still everyone wants to live a little longer in humanities memory or at least in the memories of their friends and family. That is why the fat citizen has children, to carry on his name.

It's true; the artist has it right. Somehow we live on in our children many generations after our death. As women with emotions and sorrow they carry and give birth under miserable torment but with each birth we rise from the dead and as men later fertilize our great-grandchildren. Then once more blossoms our first thought drawn from a chorus in a distant land and we first become aware of our groping feet and once more cast our wavering seed upon the rocks.

Something lives on and perhaps the best. Many things die- and perhaps the best. Who is to know? Everything dies and what does not die is kept safely in memory. What is forgotten is entirely dead, not that which dies. People are beginning to grasp that it is not the remembering of the past

that is good but the forgetting. Remembering is foolishness, an illness, and a disgusting pestilence that chokes out the new life. We do not want to constantly look back in honor of our fathers and mothers but more deeply separate from them because we are more than they are and greater than they are!

We want to tear down yesterday because we know that today we are alive and that our today is a much better one. That is our strong belief and it is so strong that we do not even think about it. We don't consider that our great today- tomorrow will be a pathetic yesterday only fit for the rubbish heap.

It is an eternal war with eternal defeat if we do not gain victory over our ancestral memories. We are slaves to the ideas of our forefathers. We spend our lives tormenting ourselves in their chains, suffocating in the restrictive fortress that our forefathers have created. We need to build a bigger house. When we are dead it will be worn out as well and our grandchildren will lie in the chains that we have created.

But if that is the truth then what is it that I have now discovered? Am I today at the same time my father, my forefathers and myself? If what my brain carries does not die but lives on in my children and grandchildren how can the eternal revolution ever become reconciled?

* *

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I gave commands that everyone be brought to me whose memories extended back beyond birth. Everyday someone was brought, men, women and children. I determined that the memories of the father's and of the mother's both extended back but the latter prevailed by far.

In all cases tribal members could only remember portions of events out of the lifetimes of their parents. The most frequent were coincidental to the marriage celebrations in general as well as to the last year of the parent's life before the child was born.

In one case I was able to determine that the memory was out of an episode of a life even more generations back. This was with a young girl

whose mother had died at her birth. Her memories went back to the lifetime that apparently belonged to her grandmother or great-grandmother.

These confessions in themselves were all inconceivably uninteresting. They all repeated themselves in the same variations, sitting there almost sleeping and looking like grey headed sea eagles. Out of the totality of my notes I only have two points of interest that appear significant.

My blue confessors never once said:

“My father did- My mother, my grandmother did-“

They always spoke as if it were themselves. A few of the older people like Kaziken who helped interpret for me were very clear about this. Many of the remembered episodes did not relate to this life at all but were taken from a distant one and most were not particularly important or have special significance. Most of the tribal members had done the same things their parents had done.

The second point is this:

They themselves never remembered experiencing the death of their father or their mother. That is most natural because their parent’s memory that they carried never went beyond the moment of their own conception. Almost all of them later saw their parents die with their own eyes resulting perhaps in the unconscious tendency of taking these memories as their own.

This gives rise to the little paradox that is sometimes amusing enough as when the boy that has never left his sandy beach describes the majesty of Acapulco or when another youth scarcely ten years old speaks with the wise mien of an ancient midwife of his seven births. Or when a child cries in mourning that a fish seized him and he drowned. The spirit of a little brother lives in him that his mother had given birth to before he was born and passed on to him.

In my notes it says:

16 July, Teresita, daughter of Elia Mictecacihuatil, fourteen years old. Her father brought her into my hut and declared proudly that his daughter spoke Spanish. The girl was well built, had just been married and was pregnant. She was almost entirely blue with only a handful of spots on her back of the original yellow color.

While she appeared proud enough of them, she also appeared embarassed and fearful, more fearful than any other Momoskapan that I had

up to that time observed. At my requests to speak she only sat grinning, embarassed and ill at ease without speaking a word.

Her husband who had just come back from fishing threatened her with a rope and her father admonished her, pressed her to cooperate with no luck. It only turned her silly giggle into a pathetic howling.

Then I showed her a large hideous print of an oil painting of St. Francis and promised to give it to her when she finally did talk. Her features brightened up again yet she still didn't say a word until I threw in one of St. Garibaldi-

The Remscheider company had purchased cheap somewhere a parcel of Garbaldi prints and Don Pablo sold these in place of the hard to get prints of St. Aloysius.

Teresita wanted to possess so many saints and this won her over. I began to carefully ask after the usual things and she falteringly told the same stupid childhood memories that I had already heard a dozen times before. Gradually she lost her fear and began to speak more freely. She gave accounts that were drawn from her mother and her grandmother. Then very suddenly the little Indian girl called out in a loud and clear, yet deep voice that she had not used before:

"Hail."

The word was scarcely out when she again faltered, rubbed her hands over her knees, moved her head back and forth and wouldn't speak another word. Her father, proud that the Spanish had "finally come" told her to continue, begged and pleaded with her. I saw that there would be no more coming out of her that day, gave her the pictures and dismissed her. I had no better luck on the next day or the next or even the next. Teresita always told the same harmless little things and faltered completely at the first foreign word. It was as if she was frightened to death everytime this clear "Hail" pushed out.

With hard singular effort I got out of her father that it was not common for her to speak in a foreign tongue. She had only done it a few times in her life, on special occasions like at the dance right before her wedding when she had spoken "Spanish". He himself had never had a Spanish word cross his lips even though his father and an older sister occasionally did as well.

Every day I gave Teresita and her relatives little things and always promised them more beautiful things, mirrors, portraits of saints, pearl

beads and finally a silver linked girdle for when she finally talked in Spanish.

The greed of the entire family had grown immensely and the poor child not only tormented herself but was made to set apart from the others. Old Kaziken knew with true instinct that Teresita would only speak out of such a very heavy memory while in a state of ecstasy.

I told him that I would wait until the dance festival took place the next week and contended that the pregnant woman should be permitted to take part in it. He resisted, stared at me and said that women were not allowed. I met with only stubborn rigid resistance no matter how much I pleaded. There could be no exceptions and then he gave the counter proposal that Teresita be given a beating until the needed state of ecstasy was achieved.

That would most certainly lead straight to the goal and not do too much harm. Yes, an Indian girl could take more blows than a mule but even if Teresita gladly allowed herself to be whipped ten times for the silver girdle I was certain it would still not give me the needed memories. The memory of my jacket button, Sir Löwenstein's strawberry mark and the thought of her back being ripped off wouldn't leave me. I was ready to call the whole thing off. That's when Kaziken relented and made a new proposal.

He would allow Teresita to take peyote but it would cost me, naturally. It would need to be done secretly in my hut where the other tribe members could not see. This was the favorite drug that the men experienced in their high ceremonies and was strongly forbidden to all women. I saw at once why Kaziken had been so against her participating in the dance where the entire tribe would have witnessed Teresita‘s intoxication.

His preparations were very elaborate. He came in the middle of the night and had two of my Indians lie down across the door. He placed Teresita's father, her husband and a brother, who was in on the secret as well, in a wide circle around the hut as guards. To appease his own conscience he had the girl dress in men's clothing. She looked quaint enough in her father's long trousers and her husband's blue shirt. It amused me to add my own contributions and while the bitter cactus button was brewing I put my sombrero on top of her head and gave her one of Dan Pablos highly popular bright red belts.

The girl sat on the floor and drank a huge bowl of the brew. We sat around and smoked one cigarette after another waiting for the drug to begin working. This went on for a good hour. Slowly her upper body sank and she fell back down, her eyes wide open in the waking sleep of peyote.

I had taken mescaline myself often enough and knew every stage of the working of this intoxicant. I saw how her glance eagerly devoured the wild halucinated colors but I was extremely doubtful that this passive intoxication would provide a usable condition of ecstacy. Indeed, the lips of the Indian girl remained tightly closed.

Old Kaziken could forsee the disapointing failure of this attempt as well as I could and realized the peyote was working differently on the girl than it did on himself and other men of the tribe. Perhaps it was his obstinant stubborness that drove him to it, but once he had set foot on this path he would not leave it and sought instead to go further.

He cooked a new brew and threw ten large mescal buttons into it, enough to intoxicate half a dozen strong men. Then he propped the girl up, held the hot bowl to her lips and compliant, she drank it. But the nausiating brew didn't set well on her pallatte. She shuddered and spit it back out. The Elder grabbed her by the throat, hissed, spit on her and told her that he would strangle her if she didn't empty the bowl. In miserable fear she reached out and with immense effort guzzled the toxic drink down and sank back onto the floor.

The result was extraordinary. Her body raised up writhing like a misshapen snake, her legs tightly pressed together, until she stood wavering in the air. Then she pressed both hands over her mouth. You could see she was trying very hard to keep the abominable stuff down but she couldn't. A sudden spasm ripped through her as the toxin erupted and sprayed widely into the air.

The Elder trembled in rage and rushed at the girl screaming. I saw the Navaho seize him, the one that had cut the peyote buttons with him, and I grabbed his feet. He lay for a long time beating against the dirt floor trying to get at her.

The girl could see his threatening gestures completely and she stood there upright and unmoving, stuck against the straw wall, whimpering lightly like a starved dog. Then her pupils rolled back into her head and only the whites of her eyes showed in the dark hollows. The sweat on her

face glowed a deep violet and the brown brew oozed out past her strong teeth.

A slight jerk started at her knees, crawled up her legs, shaking her body in violent spasms and growing stronger as it moved upward across her breast making her arms wave wildly and her neck and head began pounding faster and faster against the wall.

This did not promise a very good or desired outcome and I involuntarily murmered, ”Damned mess.“

Then it rang out harsh and deep from the girl’s lips in her foreign voice, “Wine!”

It was as if this one word with a single blow destroyed all resistance and the convulsions were gone instantly. Teresita was wiping off her mouth and nose with her sleeve like a peasant. Her body moved away from the wall, a broad confident smile lay on her face. Her feet moved firmly forward stepping with powerful strides up to the fire. She good-naturedly, confidently and disdainfully pushed the Elder, who was trembling in deathly fear, to the side.

But I saw that it was not Teresita that did it. It was someone else. This other grabbed the full mug that stood near her on the floor, emptied the wine in a single draught.

“Thank you brother! TheVirgin protects our General in this shit with the fat Lutheran pigs! Peace be with you!”

She took my riding whip, struck the Elder on the body, “Answer me you dog! Peace be with you!”

Kaziken spouted, “Do you see! Do you see! Now she speaks Spanish!”

But there was not a syllable of Spanish. It was a broad ancient Low German that laughed out of the blue lips of the Indian girl.

“Bah, he doesn’t speak the Christian language, the Indian hell hound.”

Then he struck himself solidly on the belly.

“By San Juan de Compostela! I am starved, starved and yet I’ve got a belly like a villain Wittenberg priest. Come brother, share your food!”

I waved at the Elder and he brought rolls and a piece of broiled fish from out of the corner. In the meantime I refilled her mug again.

Teresita looked him over, “Ah, the blue skins! These blue dogs! What will my ArchBishop in Cologne say when I tell him sometime that I

preach Christianity to blue monkeys over here. I must bring one with or he will not believe me. It's true brother. It's true. Their skin really is blue, not just painted on. We have scrubbed them with brushes, scraped with files, cut entire patches away. The skin is blue inside and outside!"

Teresita ate, drank and filled the mug up again. Then I asked a question, carefully trying to start a conversation by imitating her speech back to her as well as I could. She spoke Rhinish with a little Dutch and Flemish mixed in here and there as well as some Spanish curses and Latin religious phrases thrown in as well. In the beginning it was very hard going and there were entire sentences that I could make no sense of at all. But gradually things got better as I got used to this old dialect.

Once I almost ruined everything when I asked her name. Without thinking I used the two single words that I had learned in the Momoskapan language and asked so often in the last few weeks.

"Huatuchton Tuapli?" (What is your name?)

There was a light trembling on the girl's face and she answered in her language timidly with a frightened voice, "My name is Teresita."

I was startled and believed in that moment that the dream was lost. But the harsh ancestor that lived in her brain would not be driven out so easily. She laughed out loud again, smiling broadly and confidently.

"Will you come with brother? Tomorrow I will cook some more of them. They are too dumb to learn anything, like how to make a cross."

It occurred to me to find out more of the life story of Teresita's ancestor in this chopped up speech. He originated somewhere on the Lower Rhine, had taken vows and been ordained as a Franciscan friar in Cologne. Then he had moved around mostly with Spanish rabble as an Army friar. He had been on the Rhine, in Bavaria and in Flanders. In Milano, Italy, he made the acquaintance of General Jon Kheern van Santanillas, who was going back to Mexico as the 5th governor after Cortez and was in his retinue on the well-known trip back to Honduras as well. Somehow he had come upon the blue Indians of Ystotasinta and brought the blessed Christian civilization to them.

Teresita drank and drank. Her voice became more ungainly and the harsh voice became slurred. The chatter of the war priest became more boastful and wild. She told of the conquering of Quantutaccis that she herself led, saber in her right hand and cross in her left, of the three hundred Mayans that she burned in honor of Merida on Corpus Domini Day. She

reveled in the murder and burning, in the lust of victory and having fun with the captured women and the rich booty in the temples. No one else had killed as many men or violated as many women in the entire land.

"Hail, Viva El General Santanilla and Hail, hail Cologne!"

The voice went wild in full-unbridled laughter as it screamed out, "If you want to brother, we can roast these blue rabble tomorrow, roast them all together! Would you like that? Each one could get their own wood and light it themselves! It would be great sport!"

She emptied the mug again, "Answer brother. What? You don't believe me! St. Anna! They will do anything that I want, these filthy pigs! You don't believe me? Pay attention brother. I have taught them a fine trick!"

She hit Kaziken with the whip. "Come here you old heathen dog! Your damned tongue has prayed often enough to your shabby devil gods before I brought you the Holy Virgin and salvation! Out with your blue monkey tongue that cries out to Tlahuiccalpantecuhtli, your lousy Pulque gods, Coatlicue, Iztaccihuatl and Tzontemoc, the filthy sun god that runs through the underworld. Out with it, out with it! Bite it off, bite your damned tongue off!"

Teresita screamed and a hail of Momoskapanish words that I didn't understand fell like lashes on the Elders ear. Then suddenly this mighty discharge in her language extinguished the centuries old memory in her brain. She sank together, her hands searching for support and finding none slowly her body fell to the earth. She cowered on the floor, pulled her legs together and a light sobbing shook her shoulders. I turned around to get the water jug for her and my gaze fell on old Kaziken.

He stood behind me upright, head bowed back, eyes staring straight up and his tongue, his long violet tongue, stretched wide into the air as if he wanted to catch a fly on the ceiling. A deep gurgling rushed out his throat and his hands pressed against his naked breast, the nails clawing deep into the blue flesh. I didn't understand it at all, only had a vague feeling that there was a horrible war playing out inside him, a desperate resistance against a sudden, immense and invincible compulsion.

He struggled weak-minded against this horrible compulsion the white priest had laid down on him, this hellish compulsion of a murderous priest long since dead that had awakened and sprang across the centuries to

once more utter that handful of fearful words that held the Elder in nameless torment.

His time was running out. He stood there, a distressed animal that had to mutilate himself at the priest's command. He had to obey, had to. Gripped in a wild convulsion the mighty teeth seized the tongue and bit it off. Then the lips took the bloody flesh and spit it out. I shuddered, wanted to call out, felt in my pocket to find something to help.

Teresita crouched at my feet stroking my leg, kissing my mud-covered boots.

"Sir, may I have the silver girdle?"

My Mother the Witch

This is what Doctor Kaspar Krazy Cat wrote to his brother:

Dear brother,

Thanks for your letter, the first in eight years. It could even be ten or twelve, and it certainly is an even longer time since I have written you. We hear about each other through our mother and that is good because seeing things through her eyes has kept mutual harmony and concord between us. We have held only love and friendship toward each other.

The few times that we do occasionally meet are much too short and allow only the smallest shadow of the relationship that we should have.

If I so suddenly reply to your long and detailed letter it is because I must. It is so you can become acquainted with some very weighty and important grounds that need to be considered.

You write me dear brother, in light joy and enthusiasm. You are now almost fifty and like myself, have known women in all five parts of the world. You are certainly entitled to have your opinion and to express it as well.

Now you are engaged and will get married in less than a week. The young lady is from the best family, very rich, very beautiful, blooming with health and intelligent as well. You love her as a Goddess- and even more! What else could a person ask for?

You go on for ten passionate pages about how lucky you are. I believe every word, every single particular and take nothing as exaggeration.

On the other hand, your high position, your income, your occupation, and your good looks- Excuse the compliment, but every time I visit mother, I must look at your latest picture and listen to her enthusiastically sing your praises!

She is rightfully proud of you and quite truthfully, I am no less proud of you. So, your decision to have her come live with you can be very joyous. Her age-old favoritism means nothing.

In summary: I would not want to put the smallest cloud in the blue heaven of your happiness. I should celebrate with you and send you all best wishes in hopes that it can stay this way for you always!

Instead of this I beg you urgently and imploringly to rise above your engagement. Don't get married!

You, dear brother, are as thoroughly healthy as I am. With such a healthy wife you should bring strong and healthy children into the world, as many as you might wish. As many as I, myself, have wished for until now.

There is something in our family, whether it is on our father's or mother's side, it doesn't really matter. In any case, it is something worth deep consideration at this time. Our father was old enough, was strong and healthy throughout his entire life. Our mother is over eighty years old and known throughout the entire city for her astonishing physical health, intellectual vigor and alertness.

Nevertheless it is on her account that I must warn you dear brother. You know that a genetic trait is often not passed down from parent to child but skips a generation. I am now afraid that this special genetic trait of our mother's might show up again in your offspring.

I, myself, dear brother, have three or four times been in the same exact position that you are now in. But then I didn't know what I know now, I didn't know about the amazing nature of the woman that is our mother.

It must be a completely secret instinct that saves me at the last minute, prevents me from taking that final step, and now you appear determined to get married as well.

Each time my conduct appeared completely senseless to all my friends and acquaintances, yes, perhaps even insane. It was too extreme and turned my engagement into a hoax.

I want to describe just one of these to you in a few words because it certainly is about this strange genetic trait.

At that time I was going to marry a maid on the next day. I could claim about her everything that you write in your letter about your bride. Only at that time I had many other valid reasons for not getting married.

I was without any means and had only been living free from debt for a little over a year. I believe I have told you about this before. My nerves were completely depressed for an entire month after; narcotics were the only possible way I could maintain myself. The truth was that it was this woman that I lived for, that I believed in and that I loved.

On the evening before the day of the wedding celebration I went to bed with a strange feeling. Dear brother, you are now going to hear what really happened. I went to bed with the highest pleasant awareness that on the next morning my life was going to change.

We are both, you and I, very good sleepers. Perhaps that is what keeps us so fresh. Two minutes after I pull the covers over me I am fast asleep. It's that way today and has always been that way.

This was one of the few nights in my life that I couldn't sleep. It was not because I was pondering over something. There was a stranger brooding inside of me, some deep, secret slumbering thought that was struggling to get out.

"I", my awareness, could perceive it. I was indifferent to it but had a strange curiosity about this thought and wondered if it would come out or not. This went on for awhile but it wouldn't come. Then I tried to get rid of it by thinking about other things.

Naturally the first thing I thought of was my bride. I pictured myself standing with her, pictured the bridal veil and the orange blossoms.

It was in that moment I felt the secret thought play in my subconscious, even with my bride, with the bridal veil, with the orange blossoms; there was something that I needed to do. This thought quickly sprang up and crossed over the boundary into awareness, clawed its way into my brain and stayed there.

"Don't go to the Justice of the Peace! Don't bring her to church! Don't marry her!"

For a small moment I was terrified, but then the thought appeared so comical to me that I began laughing out loud. It occurred to me, how unbelievably stupid, how absurd, how cruel and how low it was! Would I make her so unhappy, perhaps drive her to suicide and myself as well? Would I do this to the person I loved and who loved me as much and perhaps loved me even more?

Even though my position in the world was not that great, it was shear lunacy to hesitate even a second. Nevertheless, the thought stayed there, fixed and stubborn. "Don't marry!"

I tried to think of reasons why I shouldn't get married, but found none. What always came to me instead was a resounding "Yes!"

But the "No" Will-o-the-wisp circled around, appearing here and there but never giving a good reason. I put out an honest effort to go to sleep but

it didn’t work. I got up, turned on the light, put on my kimono and ran around. I tried to read, smoked a cigarette and then another. I went from one room to another, staring at pictures and at furniture, opened the window and looked out.

I tried in every way to get rid of the thought, but it wouldn’t leave me. It held me fast. “Don’t do it!”

Finally I sat at the writing table and wrote a long letter to some woman I had once been in a relationship with, explaining to her why I could not go through with the marriage. It was a very stilted letter, completely overflowing with reasons why I would have no more to do with this woman that I had known for a year and a day.

That was the first line I was aware of writing. After that I wrote the entire letter putting forth what she would say when she read it and further, what she would say a few hours later if I came to explain to her why I didn’t want to get married.

Then I took a new piece of paper, I swear to you that it wasn’t “I” that wrote, but still in my hand the feather glided over the paper. It wrote to my bride:

“It won’t work. I can not marry you. I don’t know why, but I can’t”

My hand put this letter in an envelope and attached a stamp to it. My legs carried it to the post office and mailed it. I went back inside, climbed into bed and was asleep in the blink of an eye.

On the next morning I remembered well enough what I had done. I was still consumed with the idea of escaping so I packed my suitcase, went to the train station, bought a ticket and left.

That was many years ago. I have often deliberated over it, trying to find out why I acted the way that I did. Over and over again I force myself to confront the reality that I acted against common sense, destroyed my own happiness and crushed the one I loved in the most cruel way.

Still, at the same time, I could never lose the feeling that I acted in the only possible way and did the right thing even though I could never find a valid reason, I could find only shadows.

Another time something similar happened to me. First and above all, I was determined to this time to get married. But no matter how resolved I was, the nearer the day approached, the more uncomfortable I became until I panicked and once more refused to get married!

I have searched continuously for the unconscious reason behind my behavior and have finally found it. I consider it a very valid reason unlike all the previous threadbare reasons in the past that I tried forcing myself to believe.

I even once wrote a highly passionate refusal letter that ended in the sentence:

“I will not give up my freedom: I can’t be imprisoned in a golden cage.”

Another time—

But I don’t want to bore you with memories of my life history. It’s enough to say that I have continuously lied to myself and imagined this or that reason was the basis of my running away from marriage. I see today that all my objections and reasons were utter nonsense that prevented me from seeing the truth.

Today I know where this involuntary resistance comes from that holds me back every time I try taking such a decisive step. I have been visiting our mother for over three months now. It has been a very long time since I’ve seen her.

I don’t have much else to do, so every day I spend many hours alone with her. Without this experience I would have never discovered the true reason. All week long I have been observing her. I once more began to have this same subconscious feeling that something was wrong and that I needed to search for it.

I’ve searched and I’ve found!

The answer is that you and I are not permitted to ever get married! The great possibility exists that the genetic trait our mother carries, the one that has skipped us, could carry into the next generation and our children could become what she is—a witch!

I know you are laughing, perhaps later you will make a sad face, shake your head and more or less doubt my sanity.

But it’s the reason! For the first time everything is clear to me. It was always right before my eyes but I couldn’t see it. This senseless, comical and childish word, “witch”, is not so funny. I doubted this understanding, and myself just as you will when you read this. But the understanding just goes deeper and deeper with each passing day.

If you doubt what I say and still decide to continue, if I should fail in my attempt to explain the reality of the situation to you. I bear witness that

if you continue in your heart's desire you will commit what I consider a crime against humanity! If you marry you will beget children, bring witches into the world!

Naturally you know as well as I do that is not easy to escape from the spell of our mother's personality. Every child in the city knows her as well as every adult. When she goes out with her cane in the mornings there is always a friendly man or woman on every street corner that will help her over the curb and pay attention that no auto, bicycle, or streetcar comes too close to her.

When she goes shopping, there is certain to be some child off the street that will come up and ask if they can carry her packages for her. On the crowded streetcar, in the bus or on the ferryboat not only the men stand up to offer their seats to her—No, all the men and women compete in offering her their seats before she can sit down.

The kindness of the attendants in the Opera, in the Theater and the Concert Hall, as well as in the shops and Guesthouses, where we occasionally eat supper, is amazing and almost shameful. It is as if these people were trying to prove their friendship to our mother.

Every evening when I go for a short walk with her I am newly astounded. Gentlemen, Lady acquaintances or children always have flowers in their hands and hastily come up and give them to her when they see her. There is never a day that goes by without someone sending flowers in a vase or a pot to her house. I am employed every morning at watering these flowers and it takes me almost forty minutes if I'm lucky!

I don't know if she has written you about her name days. For a few years now she has felt that a single birthday in a long year is not enough and has determined to celebrate her name days. She looked them up in the calendar. As you know, her name is Johanna Nepomucia Hubertina Maria.

Hubert occurs only once, in November, and Johann of Nepomuk occurs only once as well. But all the other Johann days and Marian days, it is a true delight! She has explained that she couldn't decide on one or the other so she celebrates them all!

Word soon got around and ever since then her family, acquaintances and neighbors have flowers sent to her house on dozens of these name days. Her balcony, the one that overlooks the cloister garden, is a veritable flower basket. She sits in the middle of them having tea with young people,

painters, carpenters, musicians, singers and actors, male and female. It is a wide variety of people, really, but the fine arts always sets the tone.

They are always young people! She doesn't like old people. You and I, we are a little old for her, only, she sees us still as her children, always as little children. Our old mother certainly acts like all these young people as well. The people are always saying that she must have a secret youth potion, then they laugh.

Naturally she rules, permits no other will in the house besides her own. This concerns me because I am always getting punishment slips on a daily basis.

Five Marks because I'm late for breakfast, twenty Marks because of a mocking smile, thirty Marks because I don't find the coffee as excellent as usual, ten Marks because of a sullen face.

It's cheap as she sees it, but I can never go a day without at least a fifty Mark penalty coming to me. Mother is very cheerful about the discovery of this new source of income. She has absolutely no sense of the value of money. She helps everyone in need while naturally making them feel guilty as a student.

Then she gives back to you or me as a friendly settlement what she has so carelessly collected when we come for a visit.

This is all very charming and like any other, I fall under the spell of this old woman that we are permitted to call mother. Everything is harmonious around her and any small mistakes only make this entire picture more quaint and attractive. That is why this woman is—

A little past eleven she wanted to go to bed. I brought her to her bedroom, said goodnight to her and went up to my room. I had forgotten a book downstairs so a little later I went back down to get it. I came through the hall, knocked carefully on her door, no answer. She couldn't be asleep yet. I knocked again and finally opened the door carefully. The room was half lit, the bed undisturbed.

I went through the dining room to the living room. I saw her sitting there in an armchair completely dressed with her elbows resting on the table, her head resting in her hands. Her eyes were wide open, staring vacantly into space.

I entered softly at first and then made an intentional noise. She didn't appear to hear me. At first I was frightened. Was there something wrong

with her? Then in the next moment I calmed down. She was living and breathing.

I sat down too, a distance away from her, on the sofa and observed her. She didn't move. Her breathing was regular but not strong, yet her eyes appeared to move as if they were watching some invisible thing moving in the room. I could have been mistaken. There was no light in the room except the light of the August full moon that fell through the wide-open window. She sat in the middle of this silver light.

I was as still as she was, waiting, waiting, for something to happen. But nothing did. I heard the Grandfather clock in the hall by the stairway strike half past twelve. I felt a firm conviction that a rare secret was being revealed there in front of me, but I couldn't make any rhyme or reason out of it. Nothing happened, nothing at all.

Finally, she appeared to come out of the trance, sighed lightly once or twice, then laughed. She was unquestionably now fully awake. I saw her break off a few withered leaves from a Geranium and throw them out the window. Then she turned around without noticing me in the corner and with firm strides went into her bedroom.

I sneaked through the door and listened. It sounded like she was getting undressed and into bed. Then, after a very short time, I heard the quiet breathing of her sleeping. I went lightly out of the room. It was not yet half past one. Her trance had lasted at least thirty-five minutes.

I began my vigil the next evening. I stepped lightly into the living room after she had gone to bed and waited in my corner to see if she would come back, but she didn't. She did come back on the fourth night, however, not at the same hour as the first time, but a little later. Apparently she was waiting, consciously or unconsciously for the moon to come out.

She stepped into the living room and sat in an armchair, not the one she had sat in before but one that was in the moonlight. This time she was not as relaxed, her hands gripped the armrests of her chair as she stared out into space.

I know exactly how long she remaining unmoving; it was for thirty-six minutes. Then she got up and went back into her room. Nothing happened again for several weeks. I understood that it must have something to do with the moon. So I waited for the full moon in September.

She came again and it was the same show in general as before. This time I noticed something that made things a little clearer for me. While

mother was in the trance her long silvery blue hair was let down and bathed in the moonlight as it covered her shoulders.

I made a clumsy movement and knocked two vases off the small table. Mother didn't stir despite the loud noise. Apparently she hadn't heard it.

Her body sat before me in the moonlight, but her spirit was many hundreds of miles away.

After she had gone back into her room I listened at the door like before. I suddenly heard her coming. I quickly turned on the light and turned to the cupboard as if I was looking for something.

Mother opened the door.

"Did you forget something?" She asked.

Her voice sounded as it always does. She did not remember the somnambulistic condition that she had been in just minutes before. I said I was looking for my writing quill. She laughed and said she had forgotten how late it was. I gave her another goodnight kiss and she sharply told me not to stay up too late. I better not be late coming down for breakfast.

Apparently she remembered nothing about her trance condition, or perhaps, it had been going on for so long that she scarcely noticed the few missing minutes that she had forgotten. Yet this somnambulistic sleep was so deep that she didn't waken at the sound of two vases falling off the table. It was also certain that in her half-hour of rapture, her awareness, her ghost, her soul, whatever you want to call it, her life force was somewhere else.

But where? That was something worth finding out.

By now I've collected an entire series of odd details that I have very slowly tracked down. Several of them I have only now discovered, but I have known about many of them for years. I just didn't recognize what they meant.

You know, dear brother, that we have many toads in our garden, very beautiful, huge toads with green and golden yellow eyes. I must confess that I share the partiality of our mother for these animals entirely.

Do you remember when we as children put them in milk bowls? They were probably looking for grubs and angleworms.

It always made mother happy when she went out into the garden and a toad hopped into her path. You know how she occasionally spoke to these animals. But this is something new that I have observed for a week.

I was looking for mother one evening at dusk to go for a walk with her. Then I heard her light voice in the garden. I went down. She was walking

slowly down the path and leading an enormous brown toad on a silk cord like it was a puppy. She spoke to it.

As I came up to her, she laughed and said, “Lise” had been naughty today and wool wouldn’t work. Then she explained to me how all the little girls went around with toads on leashes. She untied the animal and set it carefully under the Fly Agaric mushroom near the large fern. Such a small sign, this mushroom!

What reasonable gardener would allow poisonous mushrooms in their gardens? Our mother has fought with the gardener year in and year out that he must under no circumstances disturb these mushrooms.

A day later the gardener came to work on the flowerbeds and I asked him what kind of mushrooms we have in our garden. We have Fly Agaric, Giftreizker, Panther Mushrooms, Satan Mushrooms and Speitaubling. They are all poisonous as sin! Yet we don’t have a single harmless mushroom growing in our garden.

That got me to thinking I might need to examine her houseplants and flowers a little closer. They are really a complete mix. Some are harmless. Our mother has flowers and plants from all over the world in her house, that is obvious.

I will take this opportunity to only speak of the ones she especially treasures, the ones that have been her favorites for many years.

Do you remember, dear brother, when we were getting ready for Christmas and she would send us out to the cloister garden or the park to search for the white Christmas flowers under the snow and bring them back?

The Christmas rose was the first flower of the year and mother always wanted it just as the hollyhock was the last flower of the year. As you know, they are both very poisonous. In the spring enormous bushes of Laburnum grow out of her vases. Later she grows red Foxglove and blue Eisenhut. In fall and winter big pots stand all over the house with Cyclamen that bloom with the flower we call Anemones and the same with Rosemary Heath.

Now, all of these flowers are very poisonous. Do you wish me to believe, dear brother, that it is just coincidence that all these poisonous plants are scattered around near the harmless ones?

I might mention her nightshades and prize winning hemlocks as well, even if they can be found in many homes. But where can you find the beautiful Wolf’s Milk, Heartsease or Devil’s Eye? They grow here in the

garden or in pots. She has these amazing flowers growing in the same pots with the abominable Henbane. You must believe me, dear brother, when I say that you can search for a very long time before you will find these in another house!

She treasures all of her flowers, especially her roses. But a full bough of the yellow blossoms and grapes of the Laburnum is most certainly her very favorite. This strange partiality is instinctual. She loves these flowers for no other reason than because they are poisonous but she doesn't give it any thought.

On the other side, I have no objection because she has no idea of the poisonous nature of her plants and flowers at all. She does nothing with them. She was a bit astonished when I told her that the Christmas rose and the hollyhocks were poisonous. She simply would not believe me when I said the Laburnum were as well.

These things are no different than the secret discovery of her setting toads beside the poisonous mushrooms and plants that she loves so dearly.

By the way, she doesn't do anything with these poisons. She touches a plant once in awhile, kisses an especially beautiful flower. But she does that with her harmless peach blossoms, Fuchsia and giant snapdragons as well.

The only poisonous plant she does things with is perhaps the worst of them all, the Henbane. I have never seen what she does with it. I have noticed that she will occasionally take a pot into her bedroom with her, she has four.

I must take a break, dear brother, mother calls.

Mother called, she wanted me to go to the zoo with her. She goes there often and I can tell you, dear brother, that she thinks of the animals just like people. Every single one runs up and presses against the bars when she comes. Now, it is true that she always has a large pair of gloves and food that she brings along.

This time she had me carry a small sack full of ripe chestnuts that had fallen from the trees. She sent me out into the garden to get them before we left.

The elephant, camel, bears, apes, the doe and the stag, even the rabbits and Guinea pigs, all know that she always brings something along. What is even more amazing is how they continue to be well behaved even after her provisions are gone and there is nothing left. Some go without anything.

But what about the affection of the animals she is not permitted to feed, those that must eat fish or flesh, things she can't really bring along? I understand why the small raccoon leaps with joy when the old woman comes by his cage and gives him a piece of sugar. I've seen him cry almost like a human when she leaves.

But I don't understand why the old marabu, a black and white carrion eating stork, that stands in his meadow on one leg the entire day despising the human mobs that come by, suddenly remembers that he has two when mother comes by. He immediately begins a crazy Fakir dance and rattles out a melody with his beak.

Why does the tiger rise up from his dark corner and come up pressing itself against the bars with hissing sounds? A man of good will could interpret it as purring.

Why do the sea lions swim through the water, crawl on the banks, openly showing their joy at her approach? They know very well that mother has no fish for them, just like the other carnivores know she has no meat!

There is only one animal in the zoo that doesn't openly show joy even when she brings its favorite treat. It belongs to the race of Andalusian mountain goats from the Sierra Nevada. It is an amazingly huge grayish white buck. The fellow stays back on his rock and doesn't care at all who comes up, while the other mountain goats quarrel over the delicious treats mother gives them. She must call this old one, almost beg him to come. Finally he decides, climbs very stiffly down from his rock and comes slowly with deliberate strides up to the fence.

He takes the entire piece of sugar, but as if he were doing her a large favor by taking it. He has a magnificent full beard, a large crumpled nose, and a pair of gray eyes. The short horns stand out high over his ears. The old fellow really looks almost human, like the great Pan himself. He stinks, that is for sure, and mother gladly takes her Eau de Cologne bottle out and sprays a little on him.

By the way, don't think for one minute that this only happens at the zoo. It happens with all animals. She comes up to every dog and every cat and makes friends with them in a moment. So does every horse that stands on the street hitched to their wagon.

The wild vines and Ivy that climb our house and grow in our garden are filled with the nests of dozens of birds. It is the same in the bushes and trees

in the garden as well. When we eat breakfast on the balcony, we continuously have sparrows and black thrushes as our guests.

A small red squirrel that lives in the cloister garden comes at an ungodly hour every morning and goes into mother's bedroom to get the nuts that she leaves on the nightstand. Mother says that he is her alarm clock.

During the summer a butterfly will once in awhile fly through an open window into every house. It will certainly make use of the next opportunity to find its freedom again. But in our house butterflies are always in the house. Several stay two, three or even four days. One, a gorgeous Peacock butterfly, stayed for over a week in mother's living room.

Yet another time we had a cricket in the room. It didn't come in by itself like the butterflies. On one of our evening walked we passed by a bakery and heard its little chirping. Mother immediately went into the bakery and explained that she wanted to take the little thing home with her. He laughed and replied that he would gladly give it to her if he could. But the animal was very hard to catch. It had already been there in the bakery for several weeks.

I tell you, dear brother, the small black creature was the first thing we saw sitting on the floor. It quietly allowed mother to pick it up, put it into a matchbox and carry it back home.

Coincidence? You will say, dear brother, that it is all coincidence! I tell you most emphatically that it is not, that it is something else!

Every single one of these things that I have written about and shared with you might be coincidence by itself. But taken all together, can you still call it coincidence?

So, that is mother's amazing connection to people, to animals and to plants. You will now see some of the other things that she does.

She doesn't say a single word about jewelry. She always wears a small black enamel broach with your initials-or are they mine? Anything else that she once possessed of jewelry she has long since given away or lies completely forgotten at the bottom of her jewelry box.

You already know about the art that hangs on the walls and stands all over the house. The art pieces that mother has collected over the course of her long life are mostly of animals and monsters. There are bronze and porcelain toads, snails, lizards and others, but many are mythological creatures out of storybooks.

She has a very large and beautiful statue of the Egyptian Goddess Bast, you know, the one with the head of a cat. Mother claims that she can hear it purring and that sometimes it opens its eyes.

The candlesticks on her desk, by her bed and other places are bronze copies of the gargoyle of Notre Dame. I tell you, dear brother, that our mother is surrounded with all the wildest figments of Gothic imagination! They stand around you and over you!

She has an intense liking for mythological creatures, especially mixtures of human and animal. There are now figures of Egyptian, Chinese and Indian origin scattered throughout the house. But the Gothic ones seem to mean the most to her.

She has entire portfolios with illustrations, engravings, prints and photos of things she has once seen and been attracted to. It makes her very happy whenever she adds something to her collection.

I would like to say that a few of the “Temptations of St. Anthony” are amazing. She has a complete collection. What is significant is that she is not a book lover like Flaubert who created these images. You will agree with me that Flaubert is certainly not light reading!

Mother knows all about these devil sects, the Gnostics, Manichaeins, Ophites, Marconists and Priscillians. She knows what they are called and even little things like how they celebrate the memories of their prophets and magicians. She knows their names, Irenaeus, Simon Magus, Apollonius, Valentinian, Marcus, Montanus and others. She knows them well enough to converse about them in Flaubert’s own words.

If that isn’t amazing enough, there is something else she finds just as interesting. What can a person say about her collection of brooms?

In the dark narrow passage that goes between the other rooms into her bedroom mother has no less than forty three brooms, new and old! I believe there is an example of every kind of broom ever made in our house. They are all resting like retired civil servants in rows and files on both sides of the narrow passageway. You can’t see them from the stairs because of the curtain that blocks the view.

There is certainly a much better place for such a collection. The great loft next to the kitchen that leads to the garden is almost completely empty and would be a good place for such a collection. You could hang hundreds of brooms there quite comfortably. But no, she presses them tightly together in the small narrow passageway that leads to her bedroom! There are more.

One or two brooms stand by themselves in her bedroom behind a small curtain in the corner where her dressing table stands.

You know what a very capable and talented healer mother is. People are always coming and going from the house. She does not treat them as a professional but as a friend. Indeed, mother always tells them that she does not know much but they ask her for every little bit of advice and then follow it faithfully.

She has absolutely no tolerance of quacks and charlatans. Instead she uses herbs. Never on herself, but on the entire neighborhood and she has a loyal following. She is very limited to what she does. She only cures corns, barleycorns, warts and freckles.

For the corns she prepares a brown paste. When you smear it on you must pray the paternoster. The paternoster doesn't seem to help with the barleycorns though, and the cure for them is somewhat complicated and requires the Ave Maria. She caresses the barleycorn with her wedding ring while slowly saying three Ave Maria's. It works best when done by moonlight.

Removing warts takes longer. The person with warts must come every other day for two weeks and get a greenish ointment put on the wart. While this dries, preferably in the sun, they must pray profoundly. This cure works beyond any question. I have seen half a dozen splendid warts disappear with my own eyes.

Even more remarkable is her cure for freckles. She only makes it in the spring. The young girls during the last three weeks of April must smear the bluish ointment on their faces in the mornings and in the evenings and then say the Regina prayer a few times. I haven't heard of any young boys taking the cure.

Mother counts among her patients not only devout Catholics but the daughters of Protestants and free-spirited elders as well. She has learned their beautiful prayers and uses them at times like she uses the paternoster and Ave Maria's.

On Mayday the young girls must get up very early without saying a word and go straight to the garden. There they must throw themselves on the ground and rub their faces in the grass, bathing in the beautiful morning dew of Mayday. After that is another three weeks of ointment and Regina prayers, then the freckles are gone! I tell you, dear brother, they are really gone, just like the barleycorns, warts and corns.

Little Lotte, the doctor's daughter, swears that mother can do more than her papa can, that he doesn't know how to remove freckles. She gave a very lame speech about how he is only a medical doctor and not a corn and wart doctor! The doctor himself is very happy with his daughter's smooth face and takes the competition gladly declaring that he recognizes mother's work and takes the Regina prayers and other foolery into the bargain as well.

Mother has an entire chest full of dried seahorses. They are to be sewn into the petticoat or trouser bottoms as an excellent cure for hemorrhoids. Unfortunately, it appears that this remedy is not widely used in our city. I can't even think of any case that might be in need of a seahorse except for the old washerwoman. She freely maintains that it is an excellent remedy.

All of that is child's play. There are other things much less harmless. Mother never tells fortunes; she never reads palms, never reads cards or other things. When the prophecy comes to her she always calls it stupid stuff; at least that's what she wants us to think.

She certainly doesn't do it very often, only a couple of times a year, but always with staggering results. It is constantly amazing to hear what the people say about her. When anyone comes to her that is really down on their luck she will wish them "something good". Never something bad, and always just "something".

A young sculptor had been coming to her house for a year and through a coincidence she learned that he was almost starving and had not earned a penny for a long time. When he visited next time mother took him into the garden and told him that lots of luck would be coming his way. Naturally he asked what and when. She only answered that she couldn't say, only that luck would come. She would "wish" him luck.

In the course of a month the artist sold five pieces of art at an exhibition and also received a commission for a very large grave memorial and three portrait busts. He told me these stories himself. Mother never speaks of these things. He put it all together and believes that it happened the very moment that mother "wished" him luck in the garden, that she was the cause of his luck.

Now I have solidly established that mother did help his "luck" in a few of these cases. Two of the pieces that were bought at the exhibit were brought about through her, one was sold to a museum director she knows and the other was sold to her banker, but what about the other three and the commissions? Coincidence? Oh, certainly it is all coincidence!

How does the story go about the professor that wanted to clarify the concept of “miracle” to his students?

“Consider this,” he says to the class. “I am climbing to the top of the highest tower of the Cathedral in Cologne. Near the top I suddenly get dizzy and fall. I land on the hard stone pavement but nothing happens to me. I am intact, healthy and don’t have a single scratch. What would you call that?”

Little Moritz is by nature very skeptical and says, “Coincidence, Teacher!”

“Very well,” the professor comes back. “It might be coincidence. But now on the next day I climb the tower again, again I get dizzy and again I fall down without getting hurt. What would you call it now?”

“Luck,” answered the unbelieving Moritz.

The patient teacher would not let it go.

“As far as I’m concerned,” he continues, “you can call it luck. But now on the next day I climb the tower of the Cologne Cathedral again, again I become dizzy, again I fall down to the ground unharmed. I do this three, four, even five times! The air carries me down gently and I land unharmed on the stones below without mussing a single hair. Tell me Moritz, what do you call it now?”

“Now I call it skill!” The incorrigible Moritz answered.

Truly dear brother, it must be more than coincidence with mother. There must be some small element of “skill” involved. Unfortunately our mother does not limit her skill to just “wishing good luck” on people. If she is really offended or injured by someone she will “wish bad luck” on them as well.

I would like to talk with her about it but it goes right over her head. Besides, I only know what other people have told me. I haven’t observed such a case for myself. Still, these people are of all classes and occupations. I have taken pains to ask almost everyone that comes into the house about it, from the workers and neighbor children to her friends, the artists, professors, doctors, lawyers and bankers, people of every different education and comprehension. They all shrug their shoulders and speak of “coincidence” or shudder and speak of a secret “skill” she has.

But none dispute the facts. For example, a housemaid that had done a lot of good work for mother in the past stole some of her things and ran away. After mother recovered from the shock of the theft and determined

the extent of the damage she declared that Kate, that was the housemaid's name, would have very bad luck soon. Less than ten days later the corpse of the maid was pulled out of the Rhein. She had gone on a boating trip with friends and the wave from a passing steamer had capsized their boat. The others were all rescued.

Another time there was a cousin that had borrowed one of mother's books. Almost a year later mother found it in a used bookstore and bought it back. Mother felt very sick over it, not because of the lost money but because it had happened before and she had been stupid enough to allow it to happen again. Three weeks later the bookstore was broken into and valuable things stolen from the safe. They did catch the thief, but not before the stolen property was squandered away.

There was a neighbor boy that mother let play in her garden. One day out of pure mischief he cut down a birch tree. It was a little birch tree that mother had planted herself and loved dearly. Less than a week later he came down with scarlet fever and diphtheria at the same time. He hovered near death as both his parents came to the house very agitated. They had heard that mother had "wished harm" on the boy.

They knew of the mean trick the boy had done and were smart enough not to blame mother the least bit. They just said that he was their only child, could mother forgive him and have compassion on him? Naturally mother was very compassionate and soon crying with both parents. She sent them back home after telling them that their child would become healthy again.

Our cousin Bertha was witness to this and explained to me that they went away full of joy in complete confidence at the truth of her words. After they had gone mother sat down, laid her head in her hands and remained unmoving for around five minutes. Then she spoke with our cousin as if nothing had happened. She changed the subject completely. That same day the boy's fever broke and in a short time he was healthy again.

By the way, our cousin Bertha is one of those that mother has "wished bad luck" on. She spoke of one particular experience. One evening she was supposed to pick mother up and go to the concert with her, but something came up and she was an hour late. Mother was very upset about it. Bertha was certain something bad would happen to her and very soon it did. On the way back to the house mother told her that she would soon become ill but that it wouldn't be at all dangerous! A week later without any apparent

reason she caught a chill. She told me that she had such a cold that she could scarcely see out of her eyes.

"I'm glad," she added, "that I got off so lightly!"

These are only examples, dear brother. I could write many more pages describing one after another, bad luck in business, physical and mental illness, all occurring naturally in every possible way. Then there are the death curses which, thank God, I can only ascertain in a very few cases. Is all this only "coincidence" dear brother? Don't you think that perhaps it might also be a bit of "skill" as little Moritz calls it?

Mother, herself, appears immune to bad luck. She has written you about her auto accident, but she treats it so lightly and makes jokes about it. The story goes like this:

On the corner of Marian and Kreuz mother was crossing the traffic lane. A ten-year-old girl was leading her. Both were almost to the other side of the road, the child was already up on the sidewalk and mother was just stepping onto the curb when an auto came speeding around the corner. It was close to the curb to avoid an oncoming delivery truck. The driver saw mother, braked immediately and steered to the left throwing his machine against the delivery truck. It was too late!

The front tire hit mother and threw her onto the pavement. She lay there unconscious near the child that was still gripping her hand. The child sprang up and screamed. People immediately brought the unconscious old lady into a store on the corner. Someone recognized her and immediately called for a doctor and an ambulance. Meanwhile someone waved a couple drops of red wine under her nose and in a few minutes mother came to.

Her first concern was to brush herself off and then wash her hands. Then she declared that they should cancel the doctor and the ambulance, bought a dozen eggs and went quietly back home with her little companion as if nothing had happened. I met them at the door. The child was still shaking from overwhelming shock and scarcely able to speak a word. Mother took down a book of fairy tales and gave it to her along with a bar of chocolate. I, myself, first learned of her adventure on another day.

The automobile was completely totaled, the driver seriously injured. Mother visited him at the hospital. He is now well on the path of recovery and will, as the doctor says, be completely healed. He, himself, believes that he has mother to thank for his remarkable recovery and healing more than the doctors.

Sometimes in the evening hours mother will sit in the garden and tell fairytales to the neighborhood children. They sit around staring at her with huge eyes and wide open mouths. I was interested in knowing which stories she was telling them, Snow White, Rapunzel, the steadfast tin soldier or even Red Cap. So one evening I sat nearby and hid behind a newspaper as if I were reading it. She didn't tell any of those fairytales or any other fairytale by Grimm, Bechstein, Anderson, Wilde, Papa Dumas or Musaus like she told to us as children.

It was not even a story that she told them. The children only call them fairytales because they have no other word for them. They are more like very short lyrical word pictures if you can call them anything. But the effect they have on the children is simply amazing. When mother stops talking the children just sit there for the longest time staring hypnotized into the air seeing the nightmarish images that the voice of the old Lady has painted for them.

Behind my newspaper I wrote one of them down. It goes like this:

There were once a dozen witches and wizards all sitting together at a table eating beer soup. Each of them had a long spoon carved out of the front bone of a dead man's arm. The coals glowed red in the fireplace; the candles smoldered and from the plates came the aroma of a fresh grave.

When Maribas, the oldest wizard, laughed it sounded like a bow scraping over the three strings of a broken violin. By the light of a candle he was tapping on the cover of an old magick book where a fly with singed wings was running around trying to escape. The fly buzzed frantically as a yellow spider with a fat hairy belly crept toward it.

Then the witches and wizards flew out through the chimney sitting astride broomsticks and fire tongs. Maribas led them laughing.

After that mother showed them a finger game.

"This is the thumb, it shakes the plumb."

Do you remember it brother? Well, that's not what children hear today under the old pear tree.

"This is the thumb, fat old Baas, the landlord, from down on the Rhine. He is fat, cheerful and smokes as he sits by the door of his pub drinking good beer.

This is the pointer finger, his wife, she is long and thin like a herring and screams and nags at him all day long.

This is the middle finger, their son. He is such a tall fellow, tall as a tree. He wants to become a soldier, and then he won't have to be a brew boy.

This is the ring finger, the nimble daughter Katrin. She cuts onions all day.

But this little one, this is Benjamin. He is fearful and such a crybaby. He howls like a little baby that is hanging between the teeth of a werewolf."

Without question any teacher would find such images completely unsuitable for young ones. It is also without question that the lessons they teach are certainly as unsuitable as well. But when mother describes these things they blossom out into a romantic magical world that is so vivid and real that the children see the fat Baas, see his wife, thin as a herring. They laugh loudly at the tall lout of a son and at the nimble daughter that cuts onions. They cry with the little whimpering youngster that is about to be devoured by the werewolf.

I would be willing to bet that thirty years from now when they encounter a potbellied Innkeeper they will call him "Thumb". Still, the most frightening thing that night by far was when mother said:

"There were once a dozen witches and wizards all sitting together at a table eating beer soup."

None of the children had ever eaten beer soup; there is no such thing. But each child could completely visualize and imagine how it tasted. Witches and wizards exist in all fairytales but they always live very far away in some imaginary place. These witches and wizards that eat beer soup live right here on the lower Rhine, in Holland and in the lowlands. You can encounter them there every night.

These children sitting under the pear tree only remember the stories of Snow White, Sleeping Beauty and Red Cap because they have seen them in the movie theaters. They have so completely forgotten the beautiful fairytales of Dickens and Hauff that they would not be able to tell them to their own children.

But the images of the witch's soup spoon carved from the bone of a dead man and the yellow spider with the hairy belly creeping over the magick book toward the fly with the singed wings, these images will never disappear.

Dear brother let me summarize everything that I have tried to communicate to you so far. The next time you come here you can easily

verify for yourself that I am not making things up. In fact I have understated things and taken pains to be very objective and realistic, only considering those things that are very evident.

Mother is extremely well liked by all of the people that she knows, by people of every sex and every age. Animals have this same remarkable love for her and it even appears as if plants share this as well. They bloom more beautifully and last much longer in her home than I have observed in any other house. Her favorite animals are cats, toads and Billy goats. Her favorite plants are poisonous mushrooms and poisonous flowers.

It is certain that she can successfully remove warts, freckles, barleycorns and other bad things. People travel from all over to see her. She is very robust and healthy despite her great age and so sharp and intellectual that people think she has a fountain of youth potion.

She seems immune to accidents while at the turn of a hand appears capable of making some people sick and wishing bad luck on others. On the other hand she can wish them luck as well. She has a peculiar fondness for mythological creatures, prepares remarkable ointments and has a collection of old brooms. During certain hours at the full moon she goes into a trance condition is which her spirit is able to travel far away from this earth.

Less than a hundred years ago only a tenth of these things would have been enough to have her burned at the stake. Meanwhile today, we are so infinitely clever and educated that we turn sympathetic smiles upon those delusional enough to believe in witches.

The truth is that today there are over a hundred thousand witches and wizards in America and in European cities. They are making excellent money. Almost every street has its own astrologer, card reader, palm reader or fortuneteller. The Theosophists and other mystic sects grow like mushrooms all over, blooming at times into powerful religious communities.

I recently attended a theosophical assembly and sat in the back. The president gave a lecture and there were over a hundred people there! Oh, yes! It was a serious educational class about the differences between white magick and black magick where the later was strongly condemned. Not one of these people had the slightest idea that the origin of the term “black magick” was a comical printing error during the Middle Ages when the word “Necromancer” was misspelled as “Negromancer”.

There are more miracle workers in our day than ever before and they all do an excellent business. Only a few days ago “Jesus from the lower Rhine” sent a postcard to all his patients saying that for 20 Marks he would touch them with his holy body. Business was good and he went back home to Switzerland and retired. This honorable man had scarcely been a year in our city and earned over a million Marks.

The blissful public runs to all these swindlers and enlightened congregations, yet becomes deeply offended when you ask them to believe in witches. They will gladly wrap a sacred Indian cloak around themselves without feeling how strange and unsuited the Indian teachings are to the West.

They don’t have the slightest idea that the small grain of truth that does lay in these swindles is descended out of the Middle Ages. Let alone that the Middle Ages corrupted the wisdom of the Gnostics who in turn got it from the Chaldeans, the Babylonians and the Akkadians.

The Gothic that was once in the fine arts is now again coming into fashion. I have only the highest scorn for it by the way. That is why I became suspicious and compiled for you these examples. Such naive credibility is conclusively the child of our time.

Nevertheless dear brother, I am curious what you make of the following occurrences.

We had just sat down around mother’s table for the evening meal, eight men and women. We were speaking about Indian magic tricks and one of the Gentlemen showed us the well-known needle trick. He stuck a long hatpin into his back and out under his arm. He then made his arm into an attractive pincushion.

The Indian fakir can do this to perfection and apparently does not feel any discomfort from the nails, glowing coals and other things. I have seen this trick performed often and even tried it myself a few times. It is really a simple trick and requires only a little practice and willpower. The slight injury to the skin does hurt but is bearable. People naturally have favorite spots in which to stick the pins and needles. A favorite spot is one with a lot of fat under the skin that is less sensitive. They laugh while sticking needles, nails and shoestrings into the spot. It always amazes people.

The only real danger is of getting blood poisoning when the wound becomes infected by naïve self-torturers. It does occasionally happen. Stab

one of these dazzlers unexpectedly with a sharp pin and you can bet they will feel it and yell out.

That gave me the idea of performing a little experiment with mother. She is extremely sensitive to the smallest pain and cries out loudly when she pokes herself on the finger with a needle. Now she has a small pale birthmark on the side of her neck.

One night as I gave her a goodnight kiss I put both arms around her neck and poked her there with a small needle. She didn't feel a thing. The next night I had the opportunity to push the small needle in almost to the bone in the same spot. She didn't notice anything.

You know that before executing witches they would strip and torture them with needles looking for so called witch marks on the body that were completely insensitive to pain. Our mother has such a spot and an old time judge would very quickly pass judgement on her.

That same evening I was able to again observe mother during the full moon. I sat hidden on the sofa in the corner, saw the door to her bedroom open, saw her come out and sit in her chair in the middle of the moonlight. I saw her pushing her silver hair back under her black scarf as she stared out the open window.

She looked wonderful, our mother. She sat there unaware, the street below was dead still and there was a deep quiet in the room. Then mother's cricket began to sing, nice and gentle, much more softly than it usually does. It was as if the animal were afraid to break the sacred stillness. Suddenly its shrill voice broke off.

I glanced around the room looking for the little thing. At the moment as my eyes once more fell on mother I saw something spring out_ come from her?_from near her?_from over her? I don't really know. It wasn't the cricket, oh no. It was large and gray. It landed on the carpet without making a sound. Then it sprang up onto the back of the small couch by the open windowsill. It crouched there for a little while on the yellow fabric.

That's when I saw that it was a huge cat. One minute the gray animal was sitting there and the next it sprang out through the open window. I was involuntarily frightened and still hadn't heard the slightest sound. I immediately hurried to the window, then hesitated because I heard a loud purring right next to my ear. I turned around and there near me stood Bast, the goddess statue with the cat's head. The one that mother claimed would

purr at times. I didn’t hear it anymore, apparently it had only been my imagination.

I continued to the window and looked out. The cat sat there under the window. Then it slowly got up, paced a bit and sprang from the first story down to the stones below without apparent injury.

It didn’t seem to be aware of me as I ran down the stairs, opened the house door and went out onto the street. I saw the cat running a few doors down and followed at a distance. It went through the streets as if it knew where it was going. It didn’t move like most cats do around houses. Instead it moved quietly and proudly down the middle of the empty street. I wondered which house it could be going to and where it lived. Even though mother liked cats, she never had any in her house.

I finally understood where it was going. The animal was going straight to the churchyard. Perhaps it was wild, I thought. There in front of the cemetery I heard a couple of drunken voices. I saw two gentlemen and a beautiful brown dachshund chasing after the cat, which never made a sound as it ran quietly on its way.

The cheeky little dachshund sprang at it. It the bright moonlight I could see perfectly how it seized the top of the left ear with its teeth. But the cat shook him off, sprang to the side and attacked. In a moment I saw the cat on top of the hound, clawing into its neck. The poor fellow became so frightened that it ran around trying to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

The cat was riding the bowlegged hound horseback around the cemetery. Behind the bushes you could hear a pitiful howling and whining, then the dachshund came running up to the men covered in blood with its tail between its legs, very ashamed of its disgraceful defeat. It looked so comical that I had to laugh good naturedly in sympathy along with the men. I went on to the graves but the cat had already gone so I went slowly back home.

As I stepped back into mother’s living room I saw her still sitting there in the same motionless position. I walked up to her quietly, kissed her on the forehead. That’s when I saw the top of her left ear was bleeding, exactly on the same spot where the dachshund had bitten the ear of the gray cat!

What did it mean? What did it mean?

Mother had been sitting there, there on that exact spot without stirring during all this time just like all the other nights! But what of her spirit? And what had I seen going out of her? The gray cat had come out of her! It was

our mother. Put rhyme or reason to that dear brother, if you can! She was the gray cat that ran among the graves.

* *

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I came to breakfast with a fluttering heart the next morning. Perhaps it had all only been a dream. There sat mother quietly drinking her tea. On the top of her left ear was a bit of small hard plaster.

“What did you do to your ear?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she answered completely unembarrassed. “I must have hurt myself and not been aware of it. My pillow was all bloody this morning!”

It sounded so completely harmless, so completely innocent that she couldn’t be pretending! It appears that our mother is a werewolf and doesn’t know it!

* *

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One evening I was sitting alone with mother. We chatted for a long time, heartily drinking our customary evening glass of wine. Without noticing I had already opened a second and then a third bottle. Mother laughed.

“You are really drinking today,” she said.

“Really?” I replied. “I hadn’t noticed.”

“It’s ok,” she nodded. “Drink up! It makes me happy that you enjoy the taste of my wine.”

Mother drank much less than I that night. She didn’t have any more than two, at the most three small glasses. That night for no reason at all I drank four bottles and then did something that I have never done in my life. I drank alone.

After I went back to my room I was suddenly thirsty for a highball. I got some whiskey and a couple bottles of soda and mixed myself one. I needed to wait a few hours for the moon to come out so I sat in my room smoking and drinking whiskey, one after the other. When the time came to go to my observation post I felt completely clear headed and refreshed. On the contrary it seemed that I could see and think much more clearly than normal.

Soon mother came. She sat in her armchair again like she had done last night. She sat there unmoving in the moonlight with her black scarf over her hair. Then I suddenly saw an old broom leaning against her chair. I didn’t know how it had gotten there, but it was there.

I rubbed my eyes, got up and went over to it. I grabbed the broomstick with both hands to convince myself that it was really there. In front of her there on the table I noticed a small round jar. I opened it. There was a green ointment inside. Slowly I went back to my place. Then I saw mother raise both arms and remove the scarf from her head. Like the other times she pulled out the hairpins and let her hair fall down.

She grabbed the broom, took the little jar and rubbed some of the green ointment on the broomstick. I don’t know how it happened but suddenly she was astride it, floating in the air. Then she flew out through the open window. I heard her voice as she cried:

“Up and away! There and nowhere else!”

Then I saw her riding through the air. There were others riding on broomsticks and fire tongs as well. They were there in the clouds and in the fog. I couldn’t see them clearly, but mother was in front, in front of them all. She led the entire group to a hill that was covered with short alder trees.

A buck, a huge buck, stood on the hill in the middle of a clearing. It was the Andalusian buck from the Sierra Nevada! His short horns glowed and glinted over the others. The witches danced in a circle, their faces turned away.

“Ha, ha,” they cried. “Devil, Devil! Spring here, spring there! Hop here, hop there! Play here, Play there!”

I saw this as though through a hazy veil, far away across the meadow on the hill.

And mother still sat there in the moonlight in front of me unmoving in her chair. I don't know when I fell asleep that night. I awoke early the next morning, but it was already light. I wiped the sleep from my eyes, found myself curled up, freezing, on the sofa. I stood up. Mother was long gone, but near her chair stood the old broom and the jar of green ointment was on the table.

I started laughing out loud.

Slowly I walked through the room, went up the stairs, undressed, washed up, went to bed and slept till noon.

* *

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That dear brother is everything. I don't know whether it will convince you or not. Do whatever you want. Just consider it carefully.

* *

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Three weeks later doctor Kaspar KrazyKat received this reply:

"We want you to know, dear brother-in-law, that we were married yesterday. My husband gave me your long letter to read shortly after he received it. We read through it together. At first we laughed and considered it all unbelievable. But then I must say that we took things much more seriously the more we read. Both of us have very seriously considered what you have shared about your mother. We have read your letter again and again.

To make it short, dear brother-in-law, you are completely right about your mother. Your brother and I are in complete agreement with you and thoroughly convinced.

Only, dear brother-in-law, we take it all differently than you do. We are married and I hope to give my husband children, perhaps a couple of girls. I

have no greater wish than that they might be such lovely, pretty witches like your mother.

* *

*

Doctor Kaspar KrazyKat read that and thoughtfully shook his head.

Intoxication and Art

While I accept in general the position of scholars that the consumption of alcohol will cause a reduction of an individual's abilities, possibly after a short spontaneous enhancement. I nevertheless assert that a narcotic induced intoxication can play an important part in artistic creation.

Van Bleuten framed the questions of his study like the clever judge who through cross-examination gets the answers that he wants to hear out of witnesses that are unskilled and not legally trained. If he had changed his questions just a little bit he would have received entirely accurate although contrary answers to his questionnaire.

But first it must be stated that his study is entirely worthless for scientific and statistical purposes. Many of his questions have no real value.

For example, Dr. M. Hirschfeld organized a study to determine sexual feelings of members of the Federation of Metal Workers and students of the Charlottenburger student body. Each respondent was given a card with questions on it. All they had to do was complete the questionnaire and throw it into the mailbox without naming names. It was estimated that due to the anonymity only 10% of the respondents treated it like a joke and gave worthless responses. It was allowed that the great majority answered truthfully.

It was known from the very beginning that van Bleuten would publish full names along with their responses. It was not a scientific study. Instead of going to the wide public the questions went to a group of writers whose position on the alcohol question was already known. Consider as well that there is hardly any other profession so much in the public eye and dependent on public opinion. It takes no prophet to know that these writers would answer the questions in a "politically correct" way to make a good impression.

You can not deny that the Temperance Movement has made extraordinary progress and likely belongs to our future-fortunately for our country! What a miracle it is then that the overwhelming majority of respondents answered in favor of it!

Unfortunately the Temperance Movement has smuggled in a bad companion across from England with it, one that has always been close on its heels, hypocrisy! Who wouldn't like a count of the honorable, upstanding Temperance dignitaries that sit in the back rooms of TeaHouses in England and the States secretly guzzling their whiskey? They have long been the subjects of English cartoons and jokes. Certainly the open drunkard is more likeable than the hypocrite that preaches water and secretly drinks schnapps!

I would have never thought van Bleuten would bring the hypocrisy surrounding this public issue into his questions in such a frightening way. The plea for abstinence in several questions is only a grotesque joke.

For example when the extremely gifted poet of the cosmos, Paul Scheerbart, makes the phase:

"In my opinion there is no interaction between alcohol and poetry. But yes, the effect of alcohol does compromise poetry."

This is the same foolish nonsense as when the poet designates himself in *Furriers* as the "Supreme Authority" of writers. It is a mockery of the question itself, but is not noticed. He has no idea of what goes on in the creative work of strong personalities or even of our best-known German comedians.

Another factor is that many serious constant drinkers cloaked themselves in the innocent mantle of Temperance and it became their garment as they answered the clever questions that van Bleuten supplied.

These questions were:

1 Do you regularly take alcohol in some form before artistic work and what effect do you ascribe to it?

2 If you don't regularly take alcohol before artistic work, but have occasionally done so, did you observe an increase or inhibition in your work performance?

3 Your viewpoint on the alcohol question in general and especially your observations on the interaction between alcohol and poetry are valuable to us.

But alcohol is just one of many more or less used narcotics. If van Bleuten wanted to limit his questions to alcohol he should have at least asked the sub-question:

“In addition to or instead of alcohol do you make use of any other narcotic?”

Then for example it would be obvious that the responses of anti-alcohol respondents that were cocaine users would be worthless. A few respondents were aware of this deficiency in the questions. They spoke of their enjoyment of nicotine while still clinging to the narrow borders of the questions and considered themselves competent apostles of temperance.

It was almost laughable for the insider when one of the gentlemen, an outspoken morphine user, proudly wrapped himself in his toga and stormed against alcohol. When you have one hundred Marks it is the same whether you possess it in paper, gold, silver, nickel or copper. Likewise it is the same for the fact of intoxication, whether it is produced by alcohol, hashish, cocaine or mescaline. He should never have limited his questions to just alcohol, but attempted to answer the connection between narcotics and poetry with the understanding that stimulants like tea and coffee are also narcotics. The issue is not whether they are “Temperate” and abstain from alcohol but whether they abstain from any other narcotic as well!

I am convinced that the outcome would have been very different. Yes, perhaps if they were all honest they would have to concede that there is scarcely one writer that doesn’t use some stimulant, consciously or unconsciously.

Van Bleauten’s questions contain nothing about the difference between using narcotics as stimulants for artistic creation and how artistic works are created through the intoxication itself. Naturally the vast majority of respondents didn’t either.

Stimulants are now so extraordinarily diverse and intermixed so often that it seems almost impossible to note anything about their use. Alcohol can hardly even be considered.

Question 1 could be answered negatively by almost anyone. The rotten apples of Schiller, the tops of Wagner, Balzac’s dressing gown for Wilde, the violet paper of one, the cat on the writing desk of another, a bowl of mocha, Greek pottery, a bush of chrysanthemums- these and hundreds of other things are all stimulants. By themselves they have absolutely nothing to do with artistic creation. They are unique and it is seldom known how they evoke creative art out of the psyche.

But the majority of van Bleuten’s questions are framed in such a way that they are only related to the use of alcohol as a stimulant and therefore

with good reason could be rejected. Anyone without a wine bottle near his inkstand could proudly answer the first question negatively.

Herbert Eulenberg writes with priceless humor:

“I never drink immediately before or during the work of alcohol.”

This is directly honest. It could be inserted into fifty other replies. In fact, the use of alcohol as a stimulant, or any other narcotic, is completely irrelevant. Its use in getting “there and back” awakens no more interest than the use of any other coincidental stimulant.

The question that counts is this:

“Can the intoxication induced by a narcotic help contribute to the creation of a work of art?”

I will answer that question here. It is not only capable of it, but can even under certain conditions spawn completely new works of art. I will prove that it is capable, that it is the “law of the artist” that the “alcohol question” only points at. It is a law like all the other customs and laws that govern the artist.

In general it is certain that an individual’s intelligence determines what he is able to accomplish in the state of ecstasy. It is precisely this state of ecstasy that is important, not whether it is achieved naturally or through the use of narcotics. If the creator of a magnificent work of art uses natural means to achieve ecstasy so much the better, but the grandeur of his work is no less if that is not the case. This remains true of most artistic creations.

The causes that bring about suitable conditions for artistic ecstasy are not as common as blackberries. The ecstatic inner experiences of every living person come less frequently as the person ages. The mature person is less capable of inducing an artistic ecstasy through natural means. The youth swims in ecstasy and passion but doesn’t know what to do with it. The mature person knows what to do but the ecstasy and passion may stay away for months and years at a time.

That is the truth behind these phrases:

“The passion of youth, the tranquility of age.”

“The average life of the talented artist: In youth, passion without skill. In old age, skill without passion and never a completed work of art!”

However, if the intoxication produced by a narcotic is capable of producing a suitable state of ecstasy under certain conditions, why not use it? Because it is not natural? Ice machines produce ice that is just as cold as the ice on frozen ponds. The value of a great work of art is completely

independent of whether it was created out of the ecstasy of a great love or that of a wine bottle.

The real issue is whether this ecstasy remains unconscious or can be brought into consciousness and worked with, not if it was brought about naturally or artificially. A creation through intoxication is as difficult to put into words as a creation through the emotions of heartbreak and misery. But both intoxication and strong emotions are capable of vibrating the strings of the artist and perhaps occasionally producing a state of ecstasy.

This creation of a state of artistic ecstasy is always accompanied by a physical, thoroughly sober mental state. The most beautiful state of intoxication is not capable of bringing art out of a person that has none inside to begin with. You can take any person off the street and put him into the most beautiful hashish delirium and it will never result in the creation of a work of art unless they are painters, sculptors, poets or musicians in the first place. Such experiments with intoxication will be completely futile.

In any case the habitual use of any narcotic over a long period of time is to be avoided. In most cases the habitual user finds it increasingly more difficult to achieve the needed condition of ecstasy. This includes the habitual drinker, smoker, morphine user, cocaine user and hashish user. Opium alone appears to consistently lead to ecstasy. It is also the only narcotic not intended for artistic creation. Such use leads to only random and unpredictable results making it the narcotic of choice for pleasure instead.

The artistic process of working through intoxication and bringing art into conscious awareness is gained only later after both the intoxication and the emotions are gone. Short sentences, words and symbols written down while intoxicated are often enough to call up, even years later, the entire sequence of memories and images of the original experience. That is the moment when it can be fashioned into a work of art.

Here are a few ways the artist can work through intoxication to obtain material that can later be fashioned into works of valuable art.

Enhancement of memories, including the remembrance of early childhood. (Hashish)

Profusion of images, intense color scales. (Peyote)

Grotesque distortion of everything seen, chaotic emergence of new forms. (Muscarin)

Deep mood swings that last for weeks, division of the personality, living with two or more “I’s”. (Hashish)

Inner rhythm, capturing the necessity of dance. (Kava Kava)

Unlimited refinement of all the senses, the process of spontaneous artistic creation. (Hashish)

Sculptural vision, incredible lust (Opium)

Postponement of the concept of time, flying (Henbane)

Etc. etc.

In general, immense treasure lies concealed within the narcotic for the artist. It is an almost untouched land of gold from which the wise and lucky finder can again and again fashion new works of art if they desire.

Admittedly the resources of intoxication in no way facilitate or help the conscious work of artistic creation. On the contrary, the subsequent work of the artist is generally much more difficult, often extremely difficult.

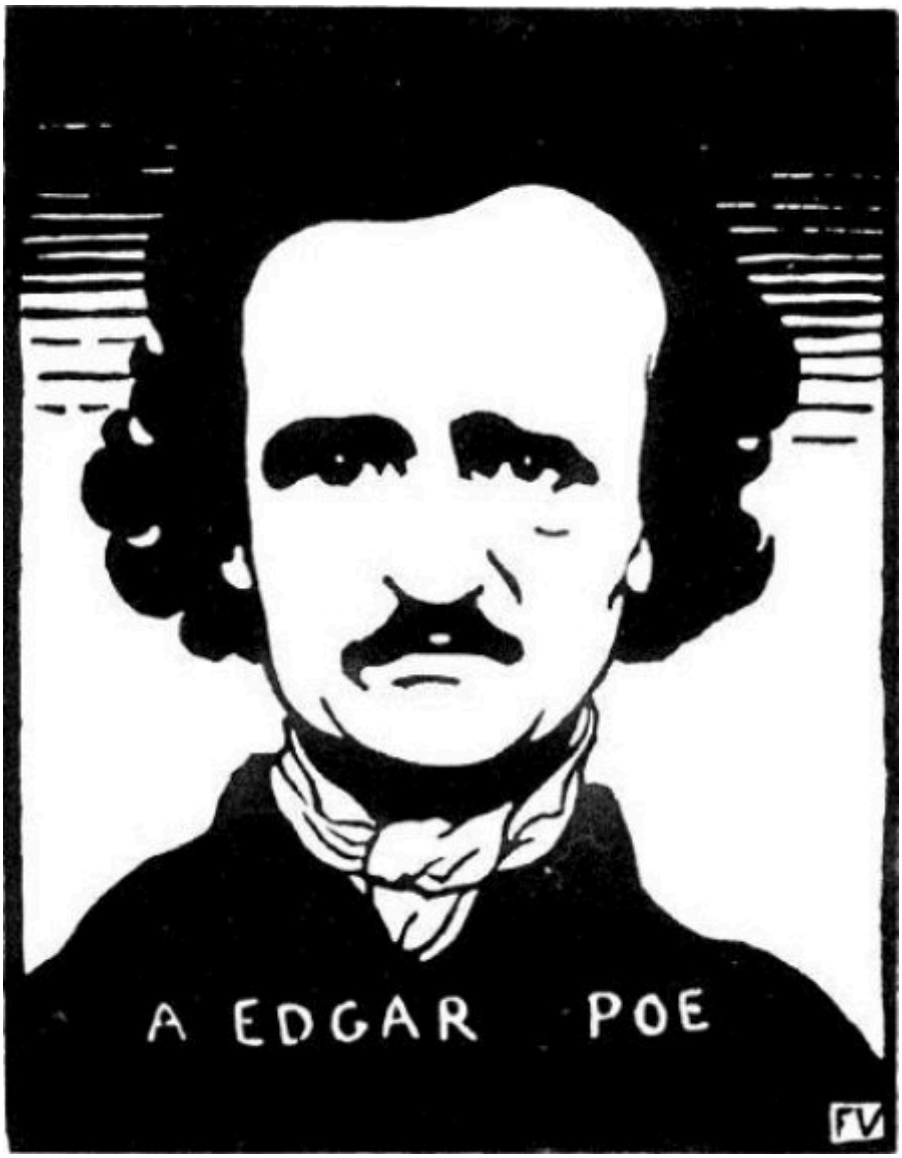
In conclusion the average writer or painter would not be able to fashion these bits and pieces of captured phrases and words into works of art. They would remain cryptic nonsense.

The man on the street says, “Art is not work, it is a pleasure!”

This is the most belittling lie ever invented by the rich, the experts and the great masses that thoughtlessly chatter about it without ever having experienced even a tinge of ecstasy, let alone created a work of art! This ecstasy is always an agony, a suffering; even when- in rare cases the basis of its production was a pleasure.

Intoxication is not some miraculous method that will allow anyone to quickly paint, compose or write magnificent works of art. On the contrary, bringing material out from the subconscious into consciousness and fashioning it into art is something that only a person of high intelligence combined with strong talent is capable of.

Edgar Allen Poe


A EDGAR POE
FV

EDGAR ALLAN POE

VON

HANNS HEINZ EWERS

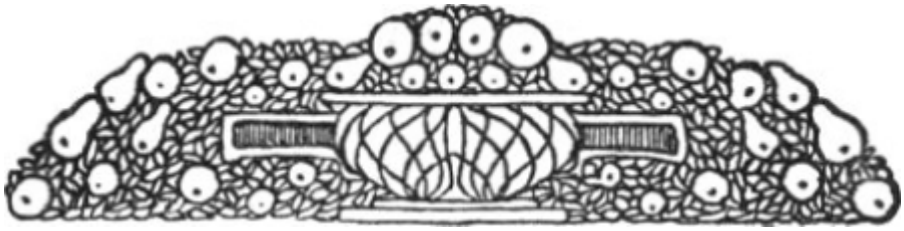
VERLEGT BEI SCHUSTER & LOEFFLER
BERLIN UND LEIPZIG

This booklet is dedicated to
Gustav Meyrink

Drunken Artist, dreamer, he believed dreams are the true reality just as Poe did. He wrote what he dreamed.

In the Alhambra
April 1905

Hanns Heinz Ewers



My feet stride lightly upon the morning stones of the old way that I have so often traveled up through the sacred groves at Alhambra. I long for that vast world behind the jeweled gate where time flies. I wander so lightly in the dreamland, where the elms rustle, where the spring babbles, where a hundred nightingales sing out from the laurel bushes. I can certainly reflect upon my poet there.

You should not do it. Really not. You should not go there and read any book about an artist you love. How can a priest speak about God? You need to be careful, so very careful.

This is what you should do:

You love Firdusi? Don't you know Goethe wrote about him? Very well, first learn about Goethe before you read what he said about the Persian. Only then after you are convinced that he is qualified to write about your favorite read what he wrote. You will not be disappointed.

It doesn't matter what the critics write about the artist you love. If the critics boast about him being a star or say he is only a wisp of mist- it doesn't matter! It doesn't matter if the critics are qualified because you are. You are telling the truth about your artist.

I haven't done it this way. I've got a few drops of thick flowing German thoroughness in my blood, a sense of duty.

I thought:

Before I write about my favorite artist, what have others written before me?

I thought:

“Perhaps—“

Many have written about Edgar Allen. Only I’ve been disappointed, so very disappointed. There was just one able to grasp the spirit of him.

There was only Baudelaire. Baudelaire whose art came from hashish. How could he not grasp him, he who formed valuable art out of alcohol and laudanum.

Now I need to forget what the others have said. I must forget the horrible Griswold whose poisonous vomit is not a Poe biography.

“He drank too much, he drank too much, such a shame, he drank too much!”

Also I must forget the horrible fool Ingram who would defend my artist’s honor in return by stammering “He did not drink, really, he did not drink”.

Quick, before I forget I’ll put down the dates I have about him:

Edgar Allen Poe, born on 19 January 1809 in Boston. Irish family, long pedigree, Norman, Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Italian blood. 1816 to England with his foster parents, a couple of years in a boarding school in Stoke-Newington, 1822 back to America, 1826 student in Richmond, then in Charlottesville, 1827 travel through Europe with unknown adventures, 1830 Cadet Officer at West Point, 1834 Head of the Southern Literary Messenger in Richmond. 1836 married his cousin Virginia Clemm. He wrote. [1]***He lived in various places, in New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, and Fordham. He had a rough time. “He drank too much”, (said Griswold). “He does not drink”, (said Ingram). He died on 7 October in a hospital for the poor in Baltimore, forty years old.***

So, these are the all-important dates. Now I can forget.

How difficult it is. For a long time I go along the elm lined avenue up to the royal palace. I turn left and enter the gate to the mighty tower of Justice. I am glad of the hand above that averts the evil eye. I think, this might keep my moralists outside. Now I am above, alone in the familiar spaces.

I know exactly where I want to go. Quick through the myrtle courtyard, through the hall of the Mocaraben into the courtyard of the twelve lions. Enter left into the room of the two sisters and through it to the Ajimeces. Now I'm there in Mirador de Daraxa, where Boabdil's mother Aicha lived. I sit by a window looking out on the old cypress trees.

How hard it still is to forget! There go my moralists strolling in the garden. Two English hypocrites with round hats, short pipes, black jackets and reviews in their hands.

"He drinks too much", hisses one.

"Oh no, he does not drink at all", chimes the other.

I would like to knock their heads together!

"Go away you rats, go away! I'm sitting here dreaming about an artist I love. He sang in your language and you sticks know nothing about him!"

They left all right. Be certain of that. I am alone once more.

He drinks too much. He does not drink. That is how the English argue about their poet. They let Milton starve, they steal Shakespeare's entire life's work, they scrabble with crooked fingers in Byron's and Shelley's family history, they vilify Rossetti and Swinburne, stick Wilde in prison and point their fingers at Charles Lamb and Poe. Because they drank!

I'm so glad that I'm a German! Germany's great men are permitted to be indecent. Indecent—Certainly that means not as decent as the good citizens and moralists. The Germans say, "Goethe was a great poet." They knew he had vices but did not consider them.

The English say, "Byron was indecent, therefore he was not a great poet."

Only in England could the repulsive moral preacher Kingsley create a household phrase about Heine.

"Do not speak of him. He was a wicked man!"

When no one listens, when people gather round to acknowledge the "indecent" English poet they love, the Englishman is finally compelled to speak and then he will lie. He does not give up on his hypocrisy. He says then, "After further examination he was not at all indecent but of high morals, completely pure and completely blameless!

This is why the English liar could not take it any more and vindicated Wilde's honor with a Saul to Paul conversion. The same with Poe and Ingram's reply to Griswold.

"Oh no, He did not really drink!"

The English have only now after all this time officially recognized that Edgar Allan Poe was a decent man!

We however, never make a big deal of middle class and moralistic purity. We love him even if he drank. Still more, we love him because he drank. Even though toxins destroyed his body, great art sprang out of his life's blood, that was his gift. The layman does not determine how great art originates. It comes from out of the artist himself. No one is permitted a say in this or a derogatory judgement or cut-down.

Only the few whose insight perceives the creative process because they love him, only they are permitted to watch in silence, to comment**.**

Wilde related the fairy tale of the lovely rose created from the heart's blood of a dead nightingale. The fallow student looked and wondered, never had he seen such a marvelous blood red rose. But he had no idea how it was created.

by E. Manet

Edgar Allen Poe

We admire the Tiger Orchid. Is the magnificent orchid less beautiful because it feeds on insects by slowly torturing them to death in the narrow way? We are joyed and amazed at the glorious lilies in the Park of Cintra.

We have never seen any so large and so white! How does it happen that their exceptional beauty is owed to the clever gardener that fertilizes the ground not with pure water but with treatments of Guano, applied manure?

Sometimes a sympathetic smile comes at the wide country roads our art must travel by chance before it shines meagerly here and there like a lantern piercing the fog of intoxication. There are times when it only comes through the union of intoxication and art. Then it is the only way great inspiration can come out from within and make itself known. When this happens the highest place must be given to the scouts Hoffman, Baudelaire and Poe, who first worked consciously through intoxication to find their art.

Let's be honest! Is there an artist that can go without stimulation? No one can do without their little stimulants, tea, tobacco, coffee, beer or what ever. Do these things hinder our inspiration of art or help shape its spirit more clearly?

They often help shape it more clearly.

Art is contrary to nature. A man that lives in abstinence keeping body and mind pure and whose ancestors also lived in abstinence for long generations has poisoned blood and can never become an artist! Not even God's favor in life can awaken the ecstasy. Its spirit has been poisoned.

Nature and Art are the worst enemies. Where one exists the other is not possible.

In the best sense what precisely is an artist? A pioneer of culture in the new territory of the unconscious**.** In this holy sense how few deserve this proud name! Th. A. Hoffman deserves it and Jean Paul and Villiers and Baudelaire and most certainly Edgar Allan Poe. Griswold must admit to himself that this poet of the soul related in so many of his stories a secret land considered by no one before him and gave us a first glimpse of a new genre of literature.

This powerful land of the unconscious, the land of our eternal desire lies in gray hazy clouds. The beggar lies warm in the sun. The commoner crouches sated by the oven. But there are those whose desire is so immense that their inspiration must come bleeding out.

They must in triple protect their breast when they leave the land of consciousness and steer through the gray murderous flood back toward Avalon.

Many, many get dashed to ground without casting a single glimpse behind the clouds. Very few succeed at this journey. These discover new

territory for the culture and the border of the unconscious is pushed back a little further.

The artists are these first great explorers. Then mankind may equip researchers to survey and investigate this new land. They send in officials and civil servants to organize and record-men of science.

It is certain that in addition to other ways the so-called poisons we call narcotics are capable of taking us across the threshold of consciousness. If anyone has success and gets solid footing on the “other side” they can metaphysically in a positive way create new works of art. They are in the finest sense an artist.

Maybe it is necessary to stress the truth that art can never converse naturally with self except while working through frenzy. Some form of stimulation is needed. Or another, that no intoxicant in the world can bring art out of a person that has none inside to begin with!

The Griswolds and Ingrams want less wine drinking, less opium smoking, less hashish eating. If they had their way no more art would be created!

But he who works through intoxication together with narcotics creates suitable conditions where ecstasy can be invoked. This highest level of ecstasy can be invoked in anyone according to his or her intelligence and capability.

Griswold was right. Edgar Allen Poe drank. And yes, he drank too much. His body reacted badly to alcohol. His addiction was hereditary, so he drank a lot. He drank too much. But his actions were deliberate. While in the intoxicated condition things came out in a frenzy that later, perhaps years later, were shaped into new works of valuable art. Such intoxication is no pleasure. It is a horrible agony where awareness is only of the yearning for the art blazing like the mark of Cain upon his brow.

It is a belittling lie of the narrow minded that artistic production is no work, that it is a joy. Those that say so and the large masses with their thankless thought chatter never have a hint or breath of the ecstasy that only the artistic condition produces. This frenzy is always an agony to experience even if the ecstasy at first brings delight.

It is said the mother cat has pleasure bringing her young into the world but they are only poor blind kittens. This may be the weekend chatter of the Buxtehuder Newspaper like the writer of “Berlin at night” who with pleasure puts his lines on paper.

A work of art is never born without pain.

I am going out. Through the enormous palace of the Roman Emperor Karl that led the German Nation. Cross through the mighty columned courtyard and out through the long avenue of white blooming acacia. Through the meadow covered with thousands of blue Irises.

I unlock and let myself into the Tower of the Princesses. The sultan's daughters, Zayda, Zorayda and Zorahayda secretly listened at these windows to the songs of a captured knight during the time of the crusdades.

Over the valley on the hill I see the boundary where Boabdil gave his last sigh over the lost Granada. From the Generalife gardens I can clearly see the ancient cypress where the last Moorish king's wife, the beautiful Hamet, brought disaster through her tryst with Abenceragen deep in the shadows.

Every stone here tells a sad tragic legend.

Down at the bottom of the valley the road continues on the long way to the cemetery. A pair of black goats graze on the green slopes. In back, under the prison tower sits a ragged customs agent in front of his filthy den. Long eared rabbits graze close to him and nearby seven cocks battle, pecking the ground or flying after each other, combs and black feathers plucked.

Far in the east glows the snow on the purple-red Sierra Nevada.

A troop of ragged urchins moves slowly across the valley bottom. Two carry a small child's coffin on their shoulders open in the Spanish custom. Another shoulders the lid. The coffin is very simple, three yellow planks and two plain ones. But a small waxy face and dark hair appear out of the flowers, many flowers, red, yellow, white and blue flowers that have been placed inside.

No Priest, no relatives, no father or mother in the procession, only ragged urchins. Still, the dead child rests in such fresh blooming fragrance among so many colored flowers. How good they didn't close her eyes! They look around curious at the colored flowers, at the old Moorish Palace and then back to the splendor of her flowers, this small dead maiden, so contented and fortunate to never again be alive.

by H. Crickmore

Poe’s Cottage at Fordham

If only Edgar Allen Poe could have sat here in the Alhambra. How he would have dreamed! How the colorful stories would have flown lightly around his head before landing! With a few quick words he could have built an Alhambra whose thick towers would have withstood the rain and endured for centuries.

Here he might have found another way to reach ecstasy. He might not have needed to drink. But the poor poet’s soul was stuck over there in New England strongly penning realistic prose while
at the same time Washington Irving, the English model of morality, was allowed to dream in the moonlight magic of Alhambra..His **Tales of Alhambra** have become world famous.

Day by day I see strangers enter this sacred place, in their hand reviews and in their jacket pockets Edgar Allan Poe’s book. This is how they read **The Fall of the House of Usher** or the Dionysian **Last Days of Pompeii**!

Can’t you perceive the influence of Lord Lytton or Irving’s spirit within this pair of beautiful stories? No, a whisper from a Catholic cemetery flows through the haunted Moorish palace in his soul. Although he was no famous

poet, although he was only a common journalist, not Bulwar, not Irving created these beauties. He created Pompeii and the Alhambra in spite of them.

Poe's ability was not enough for his burning desire. The only method that worked was to gather up everything he had inside using it to awaken and carry him into ecstasy. The entire amount of stimulation he surrounded himself with was barely able to lead him to this condition.

If this unhappy poet only once in his life received a kiss from the Muse it was through his beautiful wife, Virginia Clem. The moralists want to call this intoxication holy and divine while forcefully rebuking the poet's other ecstasies, those from alcohol and from Opium, as unholy and devilish. They are equal! The valuable art that came forth from them was no less glorious.

The agony from the divinely consecrated ecstasy was scarcely inferior to the devilish! Where another was in paradise he was in hell, a passionate blissful hell whose flames were no less scorching. The hand of the poet was rich and **Morella**, **Ligeia**, **Berenice** and **Lenore** are all owed to the dying eyes of Virginia before her death was certain. He knew the gleaming red of her cheeks lied, knew it was a deception and that within the depths of her moist, shimmering eyes an unrelenting illness grinned out at him.

In the evening when he stroked her beloved locks he could sense, "She won't live many more days" and in the morning, "Another day less".

It was a dying person that his lips kissed, a dying person whose beautiful head lay next to him nights when he rested. When he was awakened by the rattle and laborious wheezing of her hard working lungs he would see the white linen shroud, see the cold drops of death sweat on her brow. The visible long drawn out death of his beloved took years. That was the only "fortune" this luckless poet ever had.

Oh yes, the coronation of his dead spouse gave him fame, but it was the fame of fear, of silent grief, the despair behind the smiling mask: A paradise of torments. Virginia sank deeply into his soul and came out in his finest stories. Who can perceive which nameless agonies gave birth to her whisper?

Before the last thread of life snapped and the still wife was laid in the tomb Edgar Poe wrote his masterpiece **The Raven.** Nothing like that poem or like him had ever been seen before in world literature. I would like to scream in the faces of the English hypocrites.

“His ecstasy came out of the divine intoxication of a lost bleeding heart as well as the common intoxication that comes out of a wine bottle.”

Any psychiatrist that works with alcoholism can prove with ease that **The Raven** originated from a delirium. It’s just as easy for a psychologist to prove **Lenore** is owed to the poet’s other intoxication, Virginia.

Then compare the origins of these poems to the candid, wonderfully clear essay that Poe wrote. Every apostrophe, every line, every single syllable is founded in amazingly simple logic. It is almost as if he were solving a binomial equation! The theme certainly gives no mention of ecstasy and its origins out of his divine and not so divine intoxications.

He wrote his essay for New England magazine readers that wanted to know how to become poets and learn the speech of ecstasy. The massive hard work, the pure technique, the ability to edit, that is what art amounts to. It has never been more clearly stated than in this essay**, American Poetry**. It is a master example. Really.

Admittedly Godfather Schneider and others like him would never use the guide but for the artist it is the most valuable information there is. What he shows is that the divine ecstasy alone is not enough to create a perfect work of art. Hard work, despised technique, deliberation, the weight and tone of words are all indispensable.

The magnificent Alhambra was not created by the great ideas of Arab architects alone. Masons, donkey drivers, gardeners and painters each played their part.

Edgar Allen Poe was the first poet to speak with such candor and moderation of the pure craft of writing. Yes, and I will also say that even though he was an American, he was the first on the threshold of modern thinking. The shining proof of the full value of this artist is that he only speaks of technique and with no word mentions the intuition always mouthed by amateurs. Perhaps if he could have written more in the magazine for others to read, he might have been happy to tell about the intoxication technique. Never had anyone before him so analyzed their peculiar craft in such anatomical detail until each fiber was taken apart.

This is an alternative to the faith of the masses in the inspirational fables that persist in our days. Of the divine voice that dictated the Bible and the Master Artist’s inspiration made possible through God’s grace. When the Holy Spirit came upon them, they painted, they wrote poems and more or less composed an immaculate spirit child that was placed into this

world. That was so nice, so comfortable, that certainly some great artists themselves believed in this mysterious consecration.

The Thracian singer was called “Drunk with God” even though he was sober as Socrates. This idea in its original Dionysian form nearly coincides with our modern view of intoxication and ecstasy which became in the later Apollonistic view, “The Divine Anointing” of the Christian belief that has been in a position to take over and with great enthusiasm cloud clear thinking.

All the beautiful phrases from the square in Mount Olympus, the kiss of the Muse, the divine intoxication, the Artist’s “Grace of God”, and so on. Thank God we no longer in the slightest think of these and where they have originated.

It took courage to scatter such a luminous fog. Few, very few poems in world literature could tolerate such relentless scrutiny. Poe could dare take this step because he had created in **The Raven** a poem that was so pure, so complete. All others not as perfect, the small, the ridiculous, the sublime, are ripped to pieces.

My glance falls to the plaster on the walls of the hall. The eye can not follow all these arabesque and Kufic proverbs. It gets swallowed up and lost in the fantastic harmonies of the Moorish style.

Now this Arabic miracle of art is created out of gypsum, common gypsum. How ridiculous, how small, how absurd! But although created out of gypsum it loses nothing from its composition and is a complete work of art.

The common materials have been given life by the breath of the Spirit.

Art triumphs over nature, and this art is so great that recognition of the ridiculous common materials of its creation mean nothing.

by C. F. Tilney

The Raven

Poe did not need this ancient fabrication any more. He saw how threadbare and tattered it was and boldly threw it aside. In **Eureka** he defined the concept of intuition in a few words as a “realization of truth” grounded in inductive and deductive reasoning so hidden in shadows that consciousness retreats from getting a grip on it or understanding of it and mocks our inability to put it into words.

Here lies a clearer understanding of the way art is created than that of his contemporaries. Those Poet-philosophers that claimed so-called "Intuition" was the opposite of philosophy. This is true in the limited narrow untheological and thoroughly modern sense and a special place has been made for the opposites, Aristotle and Bacon, placing them side by side together at the same time.

He was the greatest of these first men of modern spirit. He was a romantic, a dreamer, and a worshipper of reason who never let his feet leave solid earth.

Edgar Allan Poe was also first to openly speak on the technique of thinking a decade before Zolas's "Genius is diligence".

Edgar Allan Poe wrote of this in his forward to **Eureka**.

"To the few who love me and whom I love; to those who feel rather than to those who think. To the dreamers and those who put faith in dreams as in the only realities—I offer this book of Truths, not in its character of Truth-Teller, but for the beauty that abounds in its truth: Constituting it true. To these I present the composition as an Art-Product alone; let us say as a romance, or, if I be not urging too lofty a claim, as a poem.

What I propound here is true: --Therefore it can not die; --or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the Life Everlasting!"

Poe stood completely independent from Th. Gautier and his "L'art pour l'art" principle. His claim was more than Gautier's, who only saw beauty with the eye of the painter and also lower than Gautier's in that the external form alone revealed the beauty. First beauty, then truth. To truth, that was his correction without negating beauty. That is the highest claim of any art that has ever been framed. He spoke in waking life of the longing for true value and reality, the simple reality that only the dream could fulfill.

Also here is Poe-the Romantic- Pathfinder; revealed here as the first of the modern spirits. His claim was so ultra modern that even today only a small portion of the many great writers can understand this radical spirit that sprang out independently fifty years before Zola coined his technique of creation principle and more widely than Parnassier's principle of art.

Among civilized people the fertilization of literature through Poe's spirit is now in full bloom in this century. The past saw him only as an

outsider like the ridiculous pair, Puke and Snot. Certainly as someone fortune has turned her back on unlike Jules Verne and Conan Doyle who made fortunes.

It is entirely certain Poe wrote these things for his daily bread. The travels of Gordon Pym and Hanns Pfaall …ect. It was only through the need for a hot noon meal that the criminal novels (for example: **Murders in the Rue Morgue**, **The Purloined Letter**, **The Gold Bug**) originated. Poe knew what it was like to starve! So he wrote these things, made translations and scientific collaborations whenever possible.

Really, every single story, even his weakest, make all the adventures of Sherlock Holmes fade in comparison. Why does the large public, especially the English speaking, devour Doyle's ridiculous Detective stories with enthusiasm and lay Poe's aside? It doesn't make sense!

Poe's characters like Dostojewskys are so genuine, his composition so complete that the reader's imagination is held captive in his net. That's when the reader is helpless against the painful murderous horror and seized in cruel suspense. They are continuously white with tension.

In his popular imitators this is merely pleasant titillation. The reader always knows that it is all stupid nonsense. They stand apart from the story and prefer it that way!

But Poe takes the poor drip by the hair, drags them to the abyss and catapults them into hell! They lose hearing and vision and don't know where they are anymore. That is why the average person that likes to sleep avoids Poe's horrific nightmares and is attracted to the scenic heroes of Baker Street.

He wanted to write for the large masses and set his goal way too high. He wrote way over their heads and thought they would like to read him! Then he went from publisher to publisher trying to market intelligent works to people that only wanted to buy straw!

There will come a time when the world is ready for this poet's gifts. There have already been many promising starts and we recognize the singular ways that Jean Paul, Th. Hoffman, Baudelaire and Edgar Allan Poe have contributed to the culture of art.

Such art can no longer be dressed in nationalistic colors. First of all we need to realize that Poe's art was not for the people of America, but for the thin cultural layer whether it be German, Japanese, Latin or Jewish. We all

wish and believe that no artist creates just for his people but for the entire world.

Velazquez and Cervantes are as completely unknown to the large masses in Spain as the English writers, Shakespeare and Byron, the French Rabelais and Moliere or the Dutch Rembrandt and Ruben are.

The German people don’t have the slightest idea who Goethe and Schiller were and have never even heard of Heine. We hear the small blunt questions of soldiers in the regiments, “Who was Bismark? Who was Goethe?” When will blissful blind trust finally open its eyes?

Entire worlds separate the people of culture in Germany from their fellow countrymen, which they see daily on the street. There is only water that separates them from the people of culture in America.

Heine perceived that Edgar Allan Poe was great and threw it in the faces of the German experts. Even in our day most artists, scholars and experts of national culture have such little understanding that they misinterpret Horaz’ refined “Odi Profanum”.

The artist that tries to create for his people strives for the impossible neglecting something much more accessible and higher, to create for the entire world. Over the Germans, over the British, over the French stands a higher nation to create for, the Nation of Culture. It alone is worthy of the artist. The awareness of Poe is as solidly grounded there as Goethe but in a different, not as modern sense.

by C. F. Tilney

The Pit and the Pendulum

I slowly walk for a long time through the park at Alhambra under the ancient Elms that Wellington planted. On all sides I hear the babble and rustle of flowing water mixed with the sweet songs of a hundred nightingales. I stride between the high towers into the luxuriant valley of Alhambra.

Who does this magic palace, these dream gardens belong to? The destitute Spanish nation that I despise? The vulgar strangers with their red

books that I must take ten steps to avoid?

Oh no! It belongs to me, to me and the few capable of receiving this beauty into their souls. There is a voice in these stones, in these bushes that lends life to the spirit of beauty and brings an understanding of truth.

Everything around me and everything that is beautiful on this earth is the sacred everlasting property of the Nation of Culture that stands above the masses. It is ruler. It is owner. The beauty does not speak to anyone else. Understand this command and dare to live. Edgar Allan Poe did.

I sit on a stone bank where Aboul-Haddjadj once dreamed. In front of me a spring gushes up out of the hill and flows into a marble basin. I wonder if the Sultan ever sat alone here in the dawn hours. Oh, it is so sweet to dream here.

There was once a poet that wrote only of his conversations with the dead. He chatted with all seven Sages, all the kings of Ninevah, with Egyptian priests and Thessalonian witches, with Athenian singers, with Roman Commanders and with the knights of King Arthur's round table. Finally he didn't want to talk with living people anymore, the dead were so much more interesting!

Certainly anyone can chat with them. Every dreamer knows this and everyone that believes in dreams as the ultimate reality.

Have I not today wandered there above through the halls with my favorite? Have I not shown the world a beautiful piece of the dead that living eyes have never seen before? Now he stands before me leaning against an elm.

"Any questions?" He says.

He looks good, my caressing eyes question him and he speaks. Soon clear words drip from his lips, soon his voice babbles out of the fountain and sings out of the throats of the nightingales and rustles in the leaves of the ancient elm. The dead are so clever.

"Leave my poor life alone." He says. "Ask Goethe about his. He went hunting around the world with a prince that paid him with six stallions. I was a solitary."

I never let my gaze leave him. "Tell of your life and of your love!"

"I forgot life, forgot that I lived." He says. "Oh, not now since I've been dead, as the children say. I forgot every day on the next day. Could I have lived any other way? My true life, the one in my dreams you already know about."

A light mist rose from the ground and scurried away into the evening; a sweet cool fanned my temples. I certainly knew his dream life; it poured through me and through the world. Through his poetry his life has slowly unfolded before me.

William Wilson. Naturally this is Poe, so very much Poe that the moralist Griswold deemed Wilson's birth year as the poet's own. The boy ruled over all his schoolmates in the old boarding school at Stoke-Newington, all except one, his own self.[2]

Those good things that he inherited as a boy, youth and man would always turn to rags because his conscience was not free of the other Wilson, his own self.

Pigheaded conscience pushed against his fascination with crime in the world and he became his own punishing judge.

This is how the poet's childhood poisoned his youthful years. What he inherited along with his education awakened still more feelings for good and evil so exaggerated in him that he went here and there trapped in an eternal struggle that nearly destroyed him.

Every little wrong he had ever experienced grew in his dreams into enormous crimes that tormented him, tormented him. Still more was the sinful thought of playing with the idea of evil in his dreams until it became real as well. He, himself, is the hero in all his gruesome stories. As the last of his kind he rights the sins of his father and like his Friedrich von Metzgerstein rides a demonic horse into the flames of hell.

How the elm leaves rustle! I hear this luckless voice in the wind. "If I had not been a poet I would have been a murderer, a fraud, a thief and a cheat."

The elm leaves clang and his voice continues, "and perhaps I would have been happier."

I think, who knows?

How is it that this tormented poet never became a criminal? Where he really lived, in his dreams, he was not only a murderer but at the same time a victim. He entombed his enemy alive in the cellar and it was himself that he entombed. (**A Cask of Amontillado**)

He murdered the man with the vulture eyes because he had to and buried him under the floor. The heart kept beating and beating and gave the deed away. It was again himself. (**The Tell-Tale Heart**) His evil twin, the double, William Wilson everywhere.

Seldom has an artist toiled so much for so few results, never has anyone so immersed themselves in their work. A German or Frenchman could more easily have freed himself from this morality. But the poet was so encumbered with a crushing religion of the soul from early childhood and in his education that he could never entirely free himself. When he was finally able to distance himself it was too late.

He was never able to stand on the other side of good and evil. The old English curse oppressed him. No fortune would spare him and like Breughel, Jean van Bosch and Goya, this poor soul had to suffer insane anguish and drink the bitter cup to the last drop.

Oh yes, if he had been a criminal he would have ended his life on a gallows instead of in a hospital for the poor. He would not have shared his thoughts and his life would still have been miserable and full of agony but not as dreadful as it was.

But a temple stands out of Golgotha, lily fields grow out of blood fertilized meadows, and we are fortunate to partake of these glorious flowers that grew out of the poisoned heart's blood of this poet.

The spring fed brook splashes through the park at Alhambra. Small lively rivulets prattle and chatter. It rushes in the narrow gravel plastered bed, rushing like the good hours of this poet's life. The hours, minutes perhaps that he was able to spend in harmless enjoyment.

In those times when he dreamed they were amusing dreams. About the man with the wonderful nose so huge that all the world sat in amazement. Painters painted it and Duchesses kissed it. This precious little story in a bizarre way is in advance of the talent of Mark Twain. Only in this one by Poe the exaggerations are finer and expressed more naturally so that no where is word play over emphasized.

Or his funny one about Hot Beggars Soup dished up in the weekly paper for good natured readers, or the instruction of Miss Zenobia with her capable and gripping Blackwood article and lastly the Honorable Thingum Bob from the World Lantern with the sublime delightful chat over his literary career.

So light, so kind is the poet's wit like the lively splashing brook babbling through the park at Alhambra.

But how the nightingales sob his dream of longing! And his soul appears to sing in the voice of the nightingale, so pure, so without blemish that the divine Cecilia would be jealous and break her violin and Apollo

would smash his lyre. In his criminal dreams there was no hell deep enough for this poet but in this divine song there is no heaven high enough.

No where do we find a single sentence or gentle thought by Poe speaking of sexual love.[3] The erotic is so completely alien to him as to no other except perhaps to Paul Scheerbart. There is little to be found where he expressed social feelings as well and while he does have a heart in his breast that yearns for love it is never permitted to be expressed.

He was not able to love people and always took a small view. He pushed away the caressing hand and the endearing words died on his tongue unspoken. This is when his addiction helped and proved his ability to love animals, to pet the hound and feed the starving cats. Then he was grateful for the faithful gaze and the contented purring.

The poet was aware of this and expressed in his novel **Black Cat** how this love of animals was his richest source of joy. The higher love of his dying spouse gave him joy mixed with horrible pain and was certainly not the richest source of happiness in his poor life.

Edgar Allan Poe is Roderich Usher and like him has a lute from the angel Israfel of the Koran in his breast instead of a heart. When he looks at his beautiful beloved his heart stops and the lute sings. Its high song of longing sounds such sweet tones in his ear in the pure manner of **Morella** and **Berenice**, of **Eleonora** and **Legeia**. That same inner music flows through **The Raven** and **Ulalume** and is perhaps the highest art there is, this intoxication expressed through poetry and prose.

And in the poet's world song **Eureka** it is accompanied by these sounds, *"They can not die: or if by any means they be now trodden down, so that they die, they will rise again to the life eternal."*

Yes, in the short space of time that he lived he achieved what men call immortality, the highest man can ever reach now or in the future.

The worth of Edgar Allan Poe is at no time higher than in our day. Our time can learn so much from him and it has. Poe is not a problem today; he is a beacon whose clear light shines the way for others.

The awareness of his art through intoxication, the significance of stress and technique, the clear recognition of the Parnessian principle of art in the broadest sense. The strong sweeping back of the borders and the extreme significance of the inner music for all poets.

These are all moments some of which others individually stress but in their entirety and pervasive connection no artist has recognized and applied

as much as the New England poet. And these moments in their entirety represent what is demanded by the modern spirit of cultural art expressed in a way that can be comprehended and studied. No artist or layman should be as grateful to any other poet as much as to Edgar Allan Poe.

When an artist is really stuck and can't make a translation there lies at hand a way to learn and enjoy being a poet by forcing a way into his inner being and bringing out the needed original translation. No other poet can show this process more than Poe can.

Now the nightingales flute and out of their small throats sings the voice of the artist I love. The light wind stops beating its frenzied wings on the leaves of the elms. The trickling brook quiets its chatter as the park of Alhambra pauses to listen to the song of the nightingales.

For a hundred years the old towers and mortar have experienced these familiar sweet evening sounds but today is different, so different. The loud beating of a dead poet's heart and the little birds are singing his soul song. The brook and the trees listen, the square red stones listen, the purple glowing snow capped mountains listen. And an infinite sigh sounds through the huge garden as in the west the warm sinking sun mournfully takes its needed parting from the poets raised song.

The twilight breathes through the elms and light misty shadows rise out of the laurel bushes to climb up toward the Moorish Palace. In ancient times long gone they sat round these marble banks. I know well who they are. Gabirol now sits next to me, now Ibn al-Khabib and Ibn Esra, and Jehudah ben Halevy and Mohammed Ibn Khaldoun and Ibn Batouta. A hundred dead poets listen hushed to the song of the nightingales. How clever are the dead.

They hear the heart of the angel Israfel whom the Koran told of, and give thankful praises to God that such music has awakened.

"Ouala ghaliba ill' Allahta 'ala" murmur the misty shadows. And the nightingales sing of dark mysteries, of the immense longing that is the pure source of life.

> They sing of the greatest secret of all, that all things created and brought through eternity are filled with the breath of infinite love. They sing of beauty as the truth that comes before truth. They sing of dreams that are the life that comes before life.

Poe's soul sings and a hundred dead poets listen to the clamor and from their lips arise once more the ancient words "Ouala ghaliba ill' Allahta

‘ala”.

So thankful are the dead.

And the night sinks deeper here. The nightingales hush and the east wind rises and comes from the Sierra. The misty shadows disperse. I am alone again in the enchanted park of Alhambra. Alone with a great poet’s soul. And how the wind blows through the ancient elms rustling the leaves and singing of **Ulalume**, the very same ballad in the poet’s dreadful dream.

“The skies they were ashen and sober
The leaves they were crisped and sere
The leaves they were withering and sere
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year.
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber
In the misty region of Weir
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir
Here once through an alley Titantic
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul.”

I know well that the verse speaks of me. But I perceive my lips are not saying anything different than that of the rustling elms. I perceive that it is the grief of the October wind howling in distress at the poet’s unearthly longing enspelled in human words and being pulled out of me.

It is the spark of his peculiar thought or essence that emanates from his corpse as the divine breath of nature penetrating everything. The original spark of his being is in all things and a small proof of the poet’s highest law, that the source of all things is unity.

My mouth speaks the mysterious words that the wind has carried to my ears. I am becoming afraid in the dark loneliness, in this living fairy tale. I want to leave out of the valley of Alhambra. Groping in the darkness I lose my footing and miss the path. Finding a trail in the ancient cypress I come up hard against a low door. Oh, the terror that comes upon me in the darkness. I know, I know well whose grave this is. And against my will my lips speak to my soul.

“What is written, sweet sister

On the door of this legended tomb?”
She replied, “Ulalume, Ulalume.
Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”

Again and again the fear rises up within me. The dead poet’s soul that rustled through the elm trees, that resounded in the nightingales song, that babbled in the spring fed brook, that howled such a dreadful song in the wind, has taken possession of me.

Only a small mote of dust with the divine breath of nature has pierced through me, through me. I know there is no escape and he will destroy me. He does not crush me. And strangely I am quiet, so quiet as if I have been completely filled by him.

The human fear gently fades away.

Now I find the path again. I stride through the gate of vines in the place leading to the Aljibes. I go in the Alcazaba, climb up the Ghafar, the mighty watchtower of the Moorish rulers.

A glowing crescent moon shines now between two moving clouds, it is the true mark of Arabian greatness that no God in heaven can wipe away.

I glance deep down into church happy Grenada, noisy and swarming with nightly street traffic. They run into the coffeehouses, they read the newspapers, polish boots and get their boots polished. They look into lit shop windows, travel in streetcars, call out, “fresh water!” and collect cigar stubs. The noise and bustle annoy me but I try to tolerate it. No one raises a glance; no one looks up to the singular splendor that is here above.

Over there on my right resounds the river Darro, behind me I hear the rushing of the torrent Geni. Bright campfires penetrate out of the caves of the gypsies and in another direction the snow capped Sierra glows silvery in the moonlight.

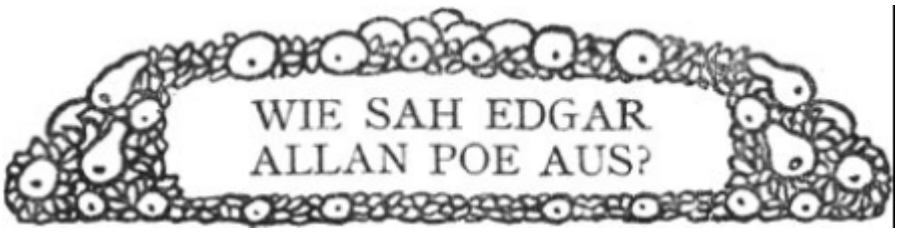
From where I stand between two watchtowers and the purple towers of the Moorish Mountains lies the park hidden in the darkness deep in the valley. Behind me lies the magic palace of Alhambra, hall on hall, courtyard on courtyard.

There below is the small life of this century; here above is the land of dreams. That down below in the distance is so infinitely far from me and this here above, is not every stone a part of my soul?

Haven’t I been in this world of ghosts, that the living blind down below can not see? Haven’t I been a part of this dream? It is the almighty beauty

that makes these dreams come true. Here life blossoms and the reality down below is only a shadow game.

The deed is nothing. The thought is everything. The reality is ugly and not justified to exist. The dream is always beautiful and is true because it is beautiful. That is why I believe dreams are the only true reality.



What was Edgar Allen Poe like?

There are people that give out a strange magic. Under their spell you have to believe in their personality. There is something that pushes back and makes you notice. No one knows what but it is there. They are marked with the sign of the artist. Oscar Wilde was one and so was Edgar Allan Poe. His manner was high; his gait was light and his demeanor always harmonious. He was always refined despite his poverty and had a romantic chivalrous manner.

His proud features were regular, yes, he was handsome. The pure dark gray eyes held a strange violet glint. The high confident brow had marvelous symmetry. His complexion was always pale and shadowed by his dark locks. Edgar Allan Poe was beautiful in body and in soul. His gentle voice was musical.

He was a strong supple athlete, a persevering swimmer that once swam over seven English miles upstream against the current from Richmond to Warwick without getting tired. He was an experienced jumper, elegant rider and excellent fencer that more than once demanded a duel from a hot-blooded opponent.

He was a gentleman from top to bottom; his social manner was cool and though entangled was charming. He was sensitive and tender, earnest and solid. He was a scholar with an almost universal education. It was an equally great pleasure to see him or to listen to him. He was always sharing and his curse was that so few, so few to whom he gave his great riches were worthy enough to understand.

Did a few beautiful women understand him? No, but they could sense the nobility of his soul, instinctively the way all women do.

Only three people lived in his time that were capable of grasping him completely. Baudelaire and the two Brownings, but they lived over in old Europe and he never saw them.

Edgar A. Poe.

by Harry G. Webb

The poet was alone in his exaggerated dreams. He was beautiful, loved beautiful things and needed to surround himself with beauty. He created glorious beauty in his dreams that were real to him. The expensive country house in Landors or the marvelous estate at Arnheim.

But in his poor modest life the penny mattered. He knew how to create things around him that excited the admiration of the rich. His small cottage at Fordham where he endured a paradise of agony with his death marked spouse had a precious harmony flowing through it that charmed every visitor.

Stuff and clutter filled it. But it was attractive and beautiful. It was a miserable cottage on the top of a small hill but blooming cherry blossoms stood out of the green meadow. In the early dawn small songbirds enticed the poet out into the nearby pine forest. There he walked through his colorful Georginian bushes breathing the sweet perfume of wild Mignonettes and Heliotrope. The light morning air kissed his moist temples and stroked the weary eyes that had kept watch through the long night over his beloved.

He visited the high bridge over the river Harlem and the rocky cliffs in the wilderness where he dreamed under the shade of ancient cedar trees.

Now he rests somewhere. On the day after his death he was buried in the Westminster Church Cemetery in Baltimore. You have read of the poet dying like a vagabond and buried in a hurry like a dog found on the street.

His grave will be near that of his grandfather, General David Poe, who made a name for himself in the Civil war. It should be there somewhere, there is no cross or gravestone to mark the site. No one bothered. His countrymen had other cares. Why should they worry about one dead poet!

For one week they were employed with various miserable ways to soil and vilify his memory. All the false stories that have been invented since are still in circulation, a whole flood of poisonous ink sprayed over the dead lion. The mediocre fell upon him, the jealous torrents of small writers which he had so relentlessly pulled to pieces.

Voiced the battle cry of the lying moralist Griswold, “He went mad in a drunken fog! He drank too much! He drank too much!”

Then he was forgotten and that is all right. His countrymen are not yet mature enough to recognize the genius of their great poet. After another century they will gather his decayed bones together, erect a mighty monument and inscribe on it:

"The Greatest Poet of the United States".

Allow them to keep his bones over there. What we want is to listen to the poet's soul in the call of the nightingales that live here in the Alhambra.

[1] The best English edition is by J.B. Lippincott Company in Philadelphia. A complete German edition (only the critical studies, humorous short stories and a few poems are not included) appeared by J.C.C. Bruns in Minden. Individual novels are in the Reclam and Meyer's public library.

[2] Poe's biographer, the moralist Griswold does not hesitate to say; "In the entire literature we find only shadows and no example of Poe's missing conscience."

[3] It is completely mistaken for van Vleuten to state as fact that excessive alcohol consumption will lead to Bachus being the enemy of Venus. His remark, "Every doctor knows that alcohol is the enemy of physical love, it seems that in Poe it has also destroyed its psychological equivalent." (Tomorrow"1903 page 189)

For me to hear this from the mouth of a serious psychiatrist like van Vleuten is simply inconceivable. I have often had the opposite experience and several psychiatrists have confirmed to me that chronic alcoholics during intoxication often enough, sometimes even regularly, show an extraordinary increase in sex drive.

This is not the place to question this detail. At the least every police officer will confirm and van Vleuten will certainly not deny that three quarters of the nightly patrons of Bordellos spend much of their time one way or the other in a highly intoxicated condition.

Van Vleuten's hypothesis is wrong and his conclusion completely absurd.

"Alcohol seems to have destroyed in Poe the psychic equivalent to have and the feminine was banished from his deliriums."

"That is why the entire sphere of the feminine and human sexuality finds no root in the deliriums of this poet."

The sphere of the feminine is not missing and Poe has of course in the purest and most noble form related it often. By the way, van Vleuten contradicts himself when he notes that the "Raven" seems to come from a delirium." (Ibid. page 189) Well, woman plays the main role in this poem how can he claim the feminine has been banished from Poe's deliriums?

The sentence that "Alcohol is the enemy of physical love and even of its psychic equivalent" is certainly inaccurate; the effect is individual and entirely different in this case.

Baudelaire, in writing of the sexuality in Poe's work, noted van Vleuten's comment in his own remark, "I can find no real explanation for this finding." Baudelaire, the artist of intoxication par

excellence, did not avoid this well known remark and responded intentionally because he recognized its hollowness.

Unfortunately not one word of the sociality as well as the sexuality that leaps to the eye of Poe's readers seems to touch van Vleuten. Does he claim these psychic equivalents did exist before they were destroyed by alcohol?

Logically he must because there is no other way to explain his negation of something that is so obviously there in the internal context of Poe's work.

It is also outrageous for van Vleuten in his otherwise intelligent work to take the poet and attempt to force him into a time deposited Procrustean bed with its pre-established template.

He claimed, "Poe's landscapes are schematic and uniform, they show no illness and are not liable to remind one of amnesia."

This psychiatrist, who himself is a gifted poet, takes these songs of a high landscape, the fifty pages from Poe's "Landor's Cottage" and "The Domain of Arnhiem" and calls them nothing more than scenic beauties of speech!

I can only conclude that van Vleuten has only a fragmentary knowledge of Poe and has never read the two aforementioned cabinet pieces, or the majority of his poems with their scenic images.

I can do this safely without making false allegations but I can not save him from another more serious allegation. That he has prefixed a work for an elite audience without sufficient knowledge. While it is largely in the whole certainly laudable, it contains serious errors in detail that reduce the all-encompassing image of a great genius for future readers.